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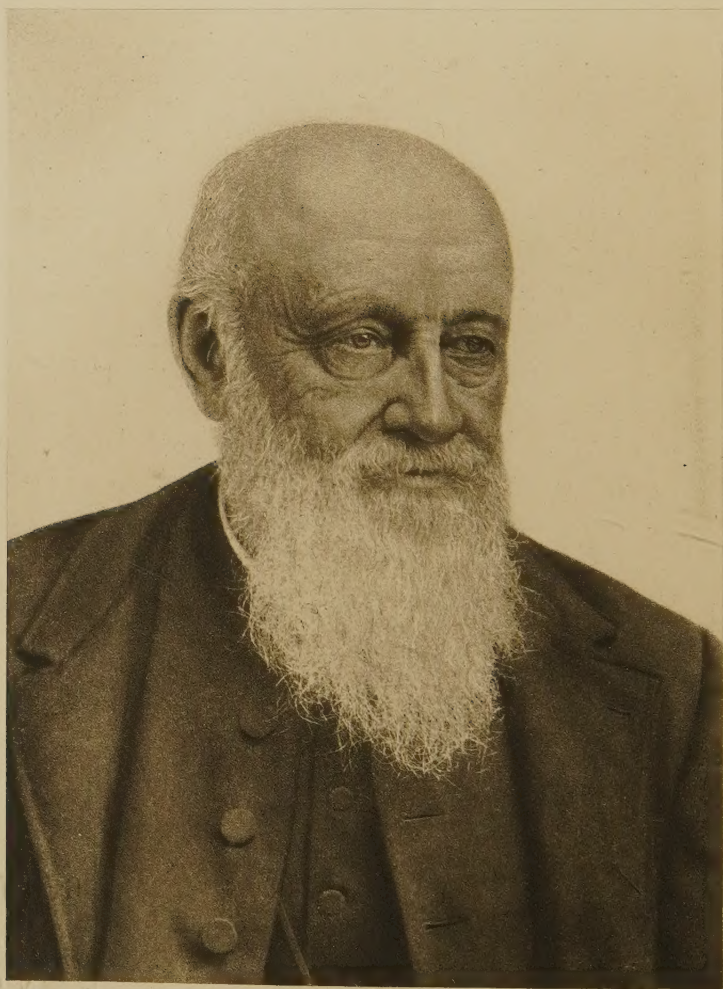
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**AN AMBASSADOR
OF CHRIST**

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Mr. Schuyler

AN AMBASSADOR OF CHRIST

BEING A BIOGRAPHY OF
THE VERY REVEREND
MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER, D.D.

BY
WILLIAM SCHUYLER



NEW YORK
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CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

	PAGE
THE SCHUYLER FAMILY—MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER'S YOUTH AND COLLEGE LIFE	9

CHAPTER II

PIONEER LIFE IN MICHIGAN	25
------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER III

THE CALL TO THE MINISTRY	39
------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER IV

TRINITY CHURCH, MARSHALL	50
------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER V

GRACE CHURCH, LYONS	59
-------------------------------	----

CHAPTER VI

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, BUFFALO	66
--------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER VII

THE CALL TO ST. LOUIS	93
---------------------------------	----

CHAPTER VIII

IN OLD CHRIST CHURCH	102
--------------------------------	-----

Contents

CHAPTER IX		PAGE
THE STRUGGLE FOR THE NEW CHURCH		122
CHAPTER X		
IN MERCANTILE LIBRARY HALL. DARK DAYS		157
CHAPTER XI		
IN ST. PAUL'S. WAR TIMES		171
CHAPTER XII		
CHRIST CHURCH CHAPEL. HOSPITAL WORK		203
CHAPTER XIII		
BUILDING THE NEW CHURCH		222
CHAPTER XIV		
THE BURDEN OF DEBT		257
CHAPTER XV		
ADVANCING YEARS. DECLINE OF CHRIST CHURCH PARISH		289
CHAPTER XVI		
THE CATHEDRAL		333
CHAPTER XVII		
LAST DAYS		365

Dedicated

TO THE MEMORY OF A SAINT
WHO WAS FIRST OF ALL A MAN
BY HIS LOVING SON WILLIAM



ENTERED
INTO LIFE ETERNAL,
IN THE EARLY DAWN OF THURSDAY,
MARCH 19, 1896,

Montgomery Schuyler,

PRIEST, DOCTOR OF DIVINITY, DEAN

OF

Christ Church Cathedral,

HONORED AND BELOVED

In the Eighty-Third Year of his Age;
The Fifty-Fourth of his Priesthood;
The Forty-Second of his Pastorate

OF

Christ Church

Eternal rest grant unto him, O Lord;
And let light perpetual shine upon him.
May he rest in peace!

AMEN!

Copied from Minute Book of the Chapter of the Cathedral.

AN AMBASSADOR OF CHRIST

CHAPTER I

THE SCHUYLER FAMILY—MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER'S YOUTH AND COLLEGE LIFE

DURING the rule of Peter Stuyvesant, in the Dutch Colony of New Netherlands, a certain Philip Pieterse Van Schuyler emigrated from Amsterdam and settled at Beverwyck (now Albany). He was a man evidently of some consequence for he had the right to armorial bearings,* and in 1650 he married Margritta Van Slichtenhorst, only daughter of the vice-director or head of the rising colony. All his undertakings seemed to prosper. He succeeded his father-in-law as vice-director, and possessed broad estates in and near Albany, besides houses and lots in New York City. Of his large family several became very prominent in colonial affairs. His eldest surviving son, Peter, was first Mayor of Albany, and for years during the troublous times of King William's and Queen Anne's Wars was one of the leading men of the colony on account of his great influence with the Iroquois Indians. Several times these tribes, "the bulwark of the colonies against the French," were only held to their alliance with the English by their absolute confidence in Peter or "Quidor," as they called him. He was always at the head of the Indian Board, and once, during the absence of Governor Hunter, was President of the Colonial Council, *de facto* gov-

* These were emblazoned on a memorial window in the Dutch Church of Beverwyck, and are : "Falcon *sable*, hooded, membered, armed, and breasted *or*; field of shield *vert*; crest same; helmet open-faced profile showing gold bars; (wreath and lambrequins as per usual principal color and principal metal). The falcon rests on hand issuing from dexter side of shield—sleeve of portion of arm showing, *or*. Motto, 'Aspiro.'"

An Ambassador of Christ

error of the colony. He also commanded as colonel a successful expedition against a party of French and Indians who had invaded the lands along the Hudson. In King William's War two of Peter's brothers, Arent and Johannes (the ancestor of General Philip Schuyler), also served with the commission of captain.

After the peace of Ryswick, Arent Van Schuyler moved from Albany to New York City, where he engaged successfully in business, being also employed by the Government in negotiations with the Minnesink Indians. Later he acquired large tracts of land in New Jersey, at Pompton Plains, and near Belleville, Burlington, and Elizabethtown. His wealth was also greatly increased by the discovery of a copper mine on his Belleville estate by an old negro slave. When asked what reward he should receive for his discovery, the old servant replied, "as much tobacco as he could smoke," and then "to live with Massa till he died."

On Arent's death the estates were divided among his numerous children. Of these, however, it is necessary to mention only two—Peter and Casparus. Peter became a colonel during King George's War. By insisting on paying out of his own private fortune the regiment he had raised, he greatly exasperated the Governor, who thought the best way to keep the soldiers to their duty was to be in arrears with their pay. Colonel Peter Schuyler also gained great reputation in the French and Indian War by the free use he made of his wealth in ransoming prisoners taken by the Indians, and relieving their distress.

Casparus received the estates near Burlington, where he lived and prospered, bequeathing them to his only son Arent, who bequeathed them to *his* son, also named Arent.

Aaron, the eldest son of this the third Arent, married as his second wife Hester Dey, daughter of Colonel Theunis Dey, of the Continental Army and a personal friend of George Washington. General Washington made the Dey mansion at Preakness, N. J., his head-quarters, besides visiting his friend after hostilities had ceased.

The eldest son of Hester and Aaron was Anthony Dey Schuy-

The Schuyler Family

ler, who embarked in business in New York City as a wholesale dry goods merchant and importer. While on a visit to a sister, who lived in Burlington, N. J., he met Miss Sara Ridg, a young lady from Philadelphia. She was also visiting relatives in Burlington. They were mutually drawn to each other and after a short engagement were married on October 25, 1810. It seems from a journal kept by Miss Ridg that she was especially attracted to Mr. Schuyler by his regular attendance at the Episcopal Church. She says in one place, "Thursday (Thanksgiving) we went to church. Dr. Wharton gave us a very excellent discourse on the occasion. I was sorry to observe he had very few hearers. Mr. H. and Mr. Schuyler are very good examples for the young gentlemen of this place. They are regular attendants at church. The latter joined me and came home with me to the gate." In New York City, on January 9, 1814, Anthony Schuyler's second son, Montgomery, the subject of this memoir, was born. The story is told that for some time the child remained unbaptized, the parents being unable to settle upon any suitable name. Finally, one day as they were out walking together, they agreed to ask the first pretty child his name, and, if it seemed suitable, to give it to their own. So the name "Montgomery" came into the Schuyler family to be given many times since to its children, in honor of him who first bore it.

For a time Anthony Schuyler prospered in his business, but the financial depression that followed the War of 1812, coupled with the loss at sea of a ship he owned, forced him into bankruptcy. It was an honorable failure, every dollar of indebtedness being paid in full.

While travelling in Western New York to collect some bills due him from the merchants of that new country, he visited the banks of Seneca Lake, where three maternal uncles of his had settled on land granted their father, Colonel Theunis Dey, in recognition of his services during the Revolution. Anthony's younger brother, Peter, had also settled near them. Attracted by the beauty of the spot, and disgusted with what he called "those anxieties so frequently produced by the uncertain issue of a com-

An Ambassador of Christ

mercial speculation," he decided after consultation with his wife, a woman of extraordinary strength of character, to give up business and begin life again.

And so, after a brief stay in Geneva, N. Y.,* he purchased, with the remnants of his broken fortune and some means which his wife possessed, a farm near Ovid, extending about a mile along the shore of Seneca Lake. It was no easy task for a highly educated man used to all the advantages of wealth and social position to accommodate himself to the rude life of a new country, and a few extracts from a letter written to a friend in 1823 may prove of interest:

The life of a husbandman appears more agreeable in theory than it really is in practice—it has its own petty vexations and troubles. One great inconvenience we have to contend with here, and which I believe is inseparable from this branch of business in all new countries, is a spirit of equality existing among our laborers. They become offended and have frequently quit my employment because not permitted to sit at table with my family. This style of living is so different from what we have been accustomed to that we find it difficult to get along. We were obliged to make a compromise between our *aristocratic feelings* and the necessity of the case and yield in part to the prejudices of such *good republicans*. The farm had been tenanted for a number of years previous to its coming into my possession, during which time it had been much abused, the fences and out-buildings suffered to go to decay, the majority of the fields overrun with noxious weeds very difficult to destroy, so that I may be said to have commenced under the lash the study and practice of agriculture. . . . I should like very much to give my sons liberal educations, but I am apprehensive that I shall find some difficulty in accomplishing it unless we succeed in establishing a college in Geneva [the chief town on Seneca

* A letter written by Dr. Schuyler in 1889 contains the only information remaining concerning this stay: "I have not been in Geneva for years. It was our home, you know, when father and mother first came from New York. He purchased a mill at Vienna, and we lived in the old Hyslip place on the hill back of where the college now stands. I remember one night his returning late from the mill, and mother had heard some story of burglars, and when he made a noise at the door, thinking the burglars had really come, mother put us children under the bed to shield us, fearless of danger to herself."

The Schuyler Family

Lake]. I should spare no exertions in giving our daughters every opportunity to acquire a genteel and useful education—as to most of the accomplishments which are acquired in cities, they are perhaps better without them. Music I should like them to be acquainted with, and this may perhaps be attended with some difficulty. My dear wife has enjoyed excellent health since our residence in this country. I cannot, however, say that she is perfectly reconciled to our present manner of living. She occasionally sighs after pleasures that have gone, and my own philosophy is scarcely sufficient to enable me to think of things that once were, without having a feeling of regret very difficult to suppress. I know Christian resignation teaches different things, but I am not the Christian that I could wish to be.

But in spite of regrets and misgivings he and his capable helpmeet made their way. After a time they ceased to offend “republican” prejudices and became universally beloved and respected in the neighborhood. Mrs. Schuyler was a notable manager, a woman of bright and witty speech, yet withal for her time an accomplished musician, and often, after the labors of the day, her husband and children and the farm-hands would gather about while she played the piano or sang for their entertainment. Although the mother of twelve children,* she never failed in her share of the management and work of the farm, and contributed largely to the success of the undertaking. Mr. Schuyler did not degenerate into a mere tiller of the soil. He kept up his practice of spending a certain sum each year on books, being a great reader, and also encouraged every intellectual effort made in the neighborhood. There has been preserved the notification of his honorary membership in the Euglossian Society of Geneva Academy (afterward Geneva College), on account of a “liberal donation” made in 1822. Agriculture was to him a science. New improvements and experiments were constantly being made on his farm, and the introduction of the breeding of Merino sheep into America was aided by his efforts, as was also the

* Names of children: William Ridg, Julia Ann (died in infancy), Montgomery, Augusta, Mary Ridg, Anthony (died in infancy), Anthony Dey, Anna Louise, Sara Ridg, Peter Seabury, Julia Wadsworth, Caroline.

An Ambassador of Christ

case with the use of machinery in farming. In fact, it was a new machine of his that caused his death.

That fervid and genuine practice of religion which had characterized him from his youth continued through life. As the distance from his farm to the nearest Episcopal churches was too great for the regular attendance of his family, he kept up family prayers, and, with his wife's assistance, instructed his large and growing family in the Bible and the doctrines of his mother church.*

In this large family and amid this healthy farm life Montgomery Schuyler grew up. His father's "aristocratic feelings" did not prevent his teaching his boys to work with their hands, to do the chores about the house and barns, to cultivate the flower and kitchen gardens, and, when they were strong enough, to assist in the heavier labors of the farm. Montgomery, while on a visit to the old place, "Woodside," as it was called, in the last year of his life, pointed out with pride a field that he had often ploughed, and to the very end his chief relaxation and delight was the cultivation of flowers. There was in him that intense love of the soil, which, as he often said, can only be acquired in early youth. A tall, handsome, muscular, well-built boy with luxuriant dark hair, full of life and spirits, he was devoted to athletic exercises. A story is current of his wagering that he could swim a certain distance—some two miles or more, and

* The only surviving child of Anthony Schuyler, Mrs. Julia Lawrance, writes: "Father and Mother missed so much the Church privileges, that although they were the only Episcopalians in the vicinity, they had frequent services held in the Court House at Ovid and hoped in this way to attract others to the Church which was so dear to them. I was baptized in this Court House. I think all the other members of the family who were born after Father left New York City were baptized in Geneva. The churches in Ithaca and Geneva were the nearest to us, and some of the family always went to one or the other place for all the High Festivals, and at other times whenever possible. Carrie and I were confirmed in Ithaca—the others in Geneva. Mother thought it right and expedient for the family to attend the Presbyterian Church in Ovid when we could have no services of our own, and so we always had a pew there and contributed to the support of the minister. She felt that otherwise the family might be considered as unchristian and regardless of keeping the Lord's Day. Everyone knew perfectly well how strong was her attachment to her own Church, and how carefully she brought up her children to love it."

The Schuyler Family

when he reached his destination wagering an equal sum that he could swim back—which he thereupon did. Whether the tale be correct or not there is no doubt that he was a most expert swimmer, a strong oarsman, a superb skater, and an incorrigible fisherman, for long after he had passed his fortieth year he still excelled in these sports. Being a lad of the most joyous and lovable disposition, his infectious, unrestrained laugh, which never left him even in old age, often rang out in the old farmhouse, and he was the leader in most of the fun and merriment which characterize a large and united family. An old friend writing to him in 1879 says: "I cannot realize the flight of time, and in thinking of you I only recall the warm-hearted enthusiastic young man whom I knew so well in the old Woodside days, when your noble mother was surrounded by her bright band of noble children. As Lockhart says, 'Death has laid a heavy hand upon that circle, as happy a circle I believe as ever met. Bright eyes now closed in death, gay voices forever silenced seem to haunt me as I write.'"

When Montgomery was absent at school and college (for his father realized his purpose in giving all his children a liberal education), the younger children looked forward with joyous anticipation for months to his return in vacation. One of his sisters remembers that all the younger children "loved and revered him," another that she "loved to look at him." From the very earliest days he seemed to be the most influential of all the brothers and sisters. Besides he was generous to a fault, and always managed to save enough from his scanty spending money to purchase some little present for each of the dear ones at home. And yet the jolly exuberant youth felt from the first that there was more in the world than "fun." There were many moods not only serious and thoughtful, but sometimes deeply melancholy. The mutability of life and its perplexing problems made a great impression on him, and the thoughts that arose in his growing mind were jotted down on scraps of paper and in note-books. These are naturally crude and boyish enough, but all that have been preserved show that for him life was no mere

An Ambassador of Christ

holiday. What he read often made a vivid impression on him, and some extant letters of these days indicate how deeply he felt about some of the master works of literature. The young lad also possessed a great power of abstraction, and his father used often to remark that it was extraordinary how "Mont" could calmly pursue his studies in the midst of the noisy games of the superabundant youngsters in that overflowing household.

Montgomery's most intimate friend was his cousin Anthony, his junior by two years, and his survivor by four.* Anthony's father, Peter Schuyler, owned a farm across the lake near Geneva, and after his death, in 1829, his children lived at "Woodside" with their uncle, who became their guardian. But long before this the two boys—"Big Mont and Little Tony," as they were known through the neighborhood—had become great cronies. The Rev. Dr. Anthony Schuyler writes: "It was in our boyhood that we became as brothers, and the attachment grew rapidly as we advanced in our teens and never for a moment was its growth disturbed. Every change in our respective lives served only to knit it tighter, till we were both brought into the ministry of the church—the first by several years the earlier. The elder's example had no little effect upon the younger." And in a letter to one of Montgomery's sons he says, "Sunday last was the anniversary of your father's death, and I thought of him specially on that day. Do you know I wonder what a strong link he was to bind me to earth and life here. I knew I should miss him. But I miss him at every crisis or epoch of Church or State far more than I thought I should. We almost always agreed in politics and religion."

Montgomery's preparation for college was made at the Ovid Academy, one of the best schools in Western New York. Here he distinguished himself especially in the classics. In mathematics, a study he disliked, he never did more than enough to pass his examinations. Nor was his love of fun stifled even in school or by the rather rough discipline of those days. In a

* He died Rector of Grace Church, Orange, N. J., November 22, 1900.

The Schwyler Family

letter to an old friend while in college he says, "If there is anything I do love 'tis telling over old stories and laughing at our boyish tricks. True, the old blue rawhide used to leave some rather large streaks on our *delicate* hands, but yet we must recollect that as the devil, when he rebelled against heaven, needed chastisement, so we (rather young devils to be sure) needed a small dose of hickory tea for our not infrequent rebellion against the supreme jurisdiction of his majesty W. A. Irving." *

The year before he entered college he lived in the family of a German minister in Ovid in order to acquire a thorough knowledge of the German language, which his father considered not only necessary to his general culture, but also advantageous in practical life. Thanks to the enterprise of the many educated men who had settled in Western New York, Geneva College (afterward Hobart) had by this time been established on the banks of Seneca Lake, and there in September, 1830, Montgomery began his college career. Here he showed himself the same joyous, earnest, hard-working youth that he had been on the farm. Greek and Latin continued his favorite studies, and in addition History and Philosophy. Nor did he refrain from the lighter side of student life. His play was as hard as his studies, and in the rudimentary athletics of those days he held a foremost place—especially in rowing. His exuberant spirits also found an outlet in the customary tricks and larks that college "men" affect. In later years he was fond of telling about two escapades in particular, always accompanying his vivid recital with his hearty, contagious laugh. One night, as the boys did not intend to go to bed early and wished to sleep late the next morning, "Mont" and some others climbed the belfry and took down and hid the importunate bell which usually routed them out of their beds for chapel at seven o'clock. On another occasion the same lot of madcaps captured an old sorrel horse, that nobody seemed to own, took it by main force up a long flight of stairs, and placed it behind the seats usually occupied by the faculty; where next morning at chapel the sight of the

* The principal of the Ovid Academy.

An Ambassador of Christ

old equine head wagging solemnly over the seats of wisdom caused inextinguishable laughter.

But in all his pranks there was never anything mean, anything of the nature of a practical joke. His most intimate friends, besides his cousin Anthony, who entered the college the following year, were his classmate James R. Doolittle, afterward senator from Wisconsin, and James C. Smith, later a distinguished judge in Western New York. Judge Smith says of Montgomery: "The first time I saw him he was coming up the street near the college swinging his cap and shouting a series of commands to the component parts of the universe, the only words of which I remember were 'Kingdoms to the right about wheel!' The fun of the thing, the heartiness of his manner, his pleasant features, and the laughter with which he ended his performance attracted me, and somehow, but how exactly I cannot say, we took to each other then and there, and were ever afterward good friends. While we were in college together he was a general favorite, warm-hearted and outspoken." Besides the curriculum, Montgomery carried on a general course of reading in literature, kept up his habit of writing on all sorts of topics, and became an active member of the Euglossian Society, which still flourished at Geneva. A few extracts from the last letter written to him by his father will show the relation existing between the two, and the beautiful spirit of the elder:

I am satisfied with the arrangement in regard to your room, it is better than to have gone up-stairs with Williams. The character you give of your roommate * is an additional gratification; be civil and polite and I have no doubt you will continue together in harmony. Let me remind you not to forget or neglect your German recitations, it will be an important acquisition to the stock of information you are now endeavoring to obtain. Never forget that knowledge is power, and, I may safely add, wealth. You say there are two very smart young men in your class. I am pleased to hear this—it will or *should* stimulate you to increased exertion. You should always aim

* James R. Doolittle.

The Schuyler Family

at being first in your class. It is a laudable ambition, and the first honor is a prize worthy of an arduous struggle. If you fail, defeat is no disgrace, but the benefit of your exertions will remain with you through life. You mention the great revival in Geneva as a matter of ordinary information without any appearance of interest or feeling on the subject. My dear child, has it ever occurred to you that the numerous and extraordinary revivals in religion with which we are at this time surrounded may be the work of the Almighty? . . . You say there are meetings every evening in the week, but you do not say you ever attended any of them. Do not let any sectarian feeling or narrow prejudice prevent you from attending public worship out of your own church. . . . You are now actively engaged in the acquisition of human knowledge; this is your duty, and it should be prosecuted with unceasing industry; but believe me, my son, there is a knowledge of infinitely more importance to you than the highest classic or scientific attainment to which you can possibly arrive—this knowledge is found in your Bible, and can only be obtained at the foot of the cross. Think seriously on these things. This is a solemn subject involving the happiness or misery of your future existence." . . . And as a postscript to all this advice is the consolation, "Enclosed is five dollars."

Who can tell but that this letter, so carefully treasured through life, encouraged the growth, if it did not plant the seeds, of that deep earnestness, that broad charity, which made Montgomery take for his motto, "*In certis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus caritas.*"

Shortly after this letter was written, in April, 1831, just before the Easter vacation, Montgomery was called home by the news that his father, in trying a new threshing machine had become entangled in the machinery, and was so badly injured that he was not expected to live. Anthony Schuyler died a short time after the accident, saying that his only desire was to leave behind him a "pious family."

But the burden of care laid down by this capable and faithful Christian husband and father was immediately taken up by those whom he had taught to love and revere him. His widow as head of the household displayed to the full her sound judg-

An Ambassador of Christ

ment and business capacity. The eldest son, William, now in his nineteenth year and in the Sophomore class at Geneva College, gave up with his classical studies his plans for a liberal profession, and, after a short course at the Troy Agricultural Institute, returned to Woodside to aid his mother in managing the farm.* Otherwise everything went on as before. At the close of the Easter holidays Montgomery returned to college and Augusta to her school in Geneva. None of the children except the faithful elder brother lacked the complete liberal education planned for them by their father. If the produce of the land and flocks did not furnish enough money for this purpose, portions of the immense farm, then some 1,000 acres in extent, were sold; for the devoted mother and elder brother realized that a proper mental equipment was far better than any mere accumulation of worldly goods. The self-sacrifice of the elder brother was worthy of the father and mother who had reared him. Year after year he toiled on the old home farm, denying himself the delight of a home of his own, until the education of the youngest child was practically completed.

When Montgomery returned to Geneva College it was in a different spirit. Though he remained as much of a popular favorite as ever, yet his serious moods became more frequent. In a letter to his mother he says: "Never do I sit down to write a letter home but the recollections of past happy hours crowd into my memory, and cast a gloom over my feelings which no doubt most of my letters will prove. Yet there is a melancholy pleasure in such thoughts, and I am in consequence often led to indulge in them to such an extent as to subject myself to the charge of being *sentimental*. William knows who has charged this to me. But no matter—'Tis no disgrace to be capable of feeling and feeling deeply too."

It was just this capacity "of feeling and feeling deeply too,"

* William became a scientific farmer like his father. "He had a little laboratory of his own where he spent a great deal of time with chemical experiments—principally those which might be useful in agriculture. He was one of the founders of the Agricultural Society of Western New York and a frequent contributor to its various publications."—Mrs. Lawrance.

The Schuyler Family

that gave him in after days such power in his work as a minister of Christ.

During the summer he assisted William on the farm, returning in the fall to Geneva to begin his Sophomore year. Here happened the most serious trial to which he had yet been exposed; a trial that brought out that character which, instinctively felt by his brothers and sisters, had given him such power in the family. With all his open, generous, and lovable nature he possessed a will of adamant, but a will which he never exerted unless he felt sure he was in the right. Always ready to yield unessential points he stood inflexible where principles were attacked. While the president of the college, Dr. Mason, was temporarily absent, a particularly daring escapade of the students occurred. A band of young rascals invaded the bedroom of an unpopular professor, and by an ingenious contrivance hoisted him out of bed. The culprits escaped undetected. But the poor professor with blind fatuity insisted upon some of the students being called before the faculty and questioned. The first to be called was Montgomery Schuyler, and his roommate Doolittle. Now Montgomery had since his father's death naturally refrained from these wild larks, besides the character of this, being a practical joke, was foreign to his nature. He readily admitted that he knew of this affair, though not a participant, and easily proved an *alibi* for himself and room-mate. He also admitted that he knew the perpetrators of the deed, but would not reveal their names, "because his father had taught him never under any circumstances to be an informer." And then he stood immovable, neither threats nor persuasions had any effect. When told at last that he would be suspended in disgrace if he did not comply, he made no plea for mercy, and, calmly, amid the ruin of his hopes of a liberal education, returned home. To his mother, however, he bore "a letter from the students of Geneva College," dated October 25, 1831. It was signed by every student, and reads:

DEAR MADAM: The unexpected return of your son, and the circumstances attending it, will, we hope, be a sufficient apology

An Ambassador of Christ

for thus addressing you. The intimate acquaintance existing between us and your son, and the *deep* and *lasting* friendships formed and cultivated during his residence at this Institution, have induced us to lay before you what we consider a true statement of the circumstances which led to his dismissal, and to express our sympathy in your sorrow. His general character and conduct have been without reproach. As respects his character as a student let his proficiency in his respective studies bear testimony. His standing in his class—a class eminent both for abilities and application, will serve to corroborate it. The crime (if crime it may be called) for which he has been sent from this Institution was his refusal to reveal a secret reposed in him by a fellow student. A course of conduct alike honorable to himself and gratifying to every one who has been placed in a like situation. Even our President himself (who, unfortunately for Mr. Schuyler, is now absent) approves of like conduct in every student. Such a course, however, has been adopted and we are compelled to submit; but we could not permit your son to return home without bringing testimony of our regard for him as a fellow student, our condolence with you and (in our private opinion) the impropriety of his dismissal.

No reproach was uttered by Montgomery's high-spirited mother, rather approval of his sense of honor. In the eyes of his adoring brothers and sisters he became a hero. For himself he had the consciousness of having done right, and so he assisted with the farm-work, continued his studies faithfully, and waited for his justification. It was not long in coming. When the president returned he sent for young Schuyler, investigated the affair and reinstated the dismissed student immediately. He was enthusiastically received by the students, and, of course, his popularity grew greater than ever. In the next year, 1832, he was elected president of the Euglossian Society, and did much to put an end to the skylarking, rule making and breaking that boys love, and brought it down to serious work in the way of perfecting themselves in debate and oratory. Here he, with Doolittle, Smith, and others, aired their ideas, and laid the foundation for their future eminence. The political campaign of that year was one of the fiercest in our his-

The Schuyler Family

tory. Andrew Jackson against Henry Clay and the United States Bank, complicated by the wild and fitful Anti-Masonic Movement. Some of Montgomery's notes for debates, short screeds on political subjects, "communications handed to the public reader," and his inaugural address as president of the society have been preserved. These, youthful as they are, show a strong love of liberty, a devotion to free speech, a consideration of others' opinions and feelings, and the desire to make in the highest sense the most of his opportunities, which grew stronger and stronger in him as years passed. He was no narrow-minded partisan even in his boyish utterances. Another characteristic also showed itself in those days, his fervent love of home. In a letter to his mother which rather emphasizes the material side, as was natural to a young man of his health and habits, he says: "I am waiting impatiently for the end of the term, which is on the eighteenth of next month, a week before Christmas. Then the spare ribs and sausages and buckwheat cakes shall suffer. Only two weeks and a half and I shall be home. I can hardly believe it. Time cannot fly too swiftly away."

At the close of his Junior year, in 1833, Montgomery left Geneva College and spent his Senior year at Union College, Schenectady, graduating there in the Class of 1834. Mayhap the professor who had sent him home had made things none too pleasant for him, but the main reason was that being very ambitious he desired to graduate from a college of greater reputation than little Geneva. Eliphalet Nott, one of the leading orators as well as educators of America, was at that time President of Union, and Alonzo Potter, then one of the professors, had given a fine tone to the college, and his reputation drew numerous students there to study the higher classics and philosophy with him. Several of Montgomery's classmates went at the same time. It is said that his influence counted for much in this exodus. There is nothing to record of his stay at Schenectady, save that he joined the famous "Kappa Alpha" secret society, and graduated with honor.

An Ambassador of Christ

In a letter written to his friend James C. Smith, shortly after leaving college, he says:

Jimmy, I am a free man! No longer doomed to obey the doleful sounds of the morning bell—no longer to be pent up within the old gray walls of college, no longer to go and come at the beck of a professor! Oh! how my bosom beat with delight as I threw my trunk into the baggage-wagon, and hurried down the hill with my diploma in my hand. I would not speak true should I say I cast not one lingering look behind. No, Memory told me of many a happy time and many a jovial scene, of friendship's ties, and a thousand little circumstances all bearing some claim to my remembrance. Yet all these only tended to throw a pleasing melancholy over my more buoyant feelings. Yes, my college days are over, and I am now a citizen of the world. The time has at length arrived which I have so long and impatiently waited for. I am soon to enter on the "arena" to contend with the multitude for wealth and honor. Oh, how often does the distrust of my abilities, and a consciousness of my incapacity, fill my mind with the blackest melancholy, and make me shudder at the thought of striving with almost a certainty of defeat. Why did the Creator endow man with desires without the means of gratifying them? Why make him ambitious and doom him to an ignoble obscurity? Yet this is often the case, and when I think of it I am often led to despair. But *perseverantia vincit omnia* speaks so encouragingly that it may not be useless to make the attempt.

CHAPTER II

PIONEER LIFE IN MICHIGAN

WHEN Mont Schuyler (for so he wrote his name in those days) left Union College he took a trip from Schenectady to New York City and New Jersey to visit relatives he had not seen for years. From Schenectady to Albany he went by the railroad, his first experience in that new method of travel. In a letter he says: "You are whirled along with such rapidity that your eyesight must be pretty keen to get even a passing glance of the objects you pass. If you wish to travel for pleasure keep away from the railroad. It is a mode of travel only fitted for business, where speed is the object and viewing the country only a secondary consideration."

On his return to his home he was asked by his old instructor, W. A. Irving, to assist him as teacher of English and the classics in the Ithaca Academy. He was very successful as a teacher, governing his pupils by love rather than by force, and by his enthusiasm and interest in their work urging them on to their best exertions. On the back of a corrected essay of one of his scholars has been preserved some remarks of his that show his attitude as teacher:

You may quiet your fears with respect to the manner with which your teacher would receive your productions. He never sits down to the task of correcting them with a critic's frown on his brow; he is more liable to err on the side of indulgence. To me it is a source of the highest pleasure to watch the development of the youthful mind, and it is not probable, therefore, that I would prune with an unsparing hand any expressions of the tender and affecting kind. I can assure you I would be far more likely to sympathize. I am very much pleased with your compositions. Write frequently, and the habit of composing would make it pleasing."

At the same time he entered his name in the law office of Benjamin Johnson, of Ithaca, and gave all his spare time to the

An Ambassador of Christ

study of law. "While there," he says in a letter, "I attended the Episcopal Church, as my parents were both communicants, though we were living many miles away from a church, and while at home very seldom had the opportunity of attending. But a sort of hereditary preference led me there, and I became personally acquainted with the clergyman. He was the Rev. Dr. E. C. Gear, who afterward became chaplain in the army and died a few years ago in Minnesota. To him I owe the first thought of studying for the ministry."

But at that time Dr. Gear's influence on the young teacher and law student was to fill his mind with spiritual thoughts and turn his attention more seriously to the real things of life—the eternal verities. The idea of serving his Master as teacher of His Holy Word was imparted later.

In a commonplace book kept by the young teacher we find a number of meditations upon Death and Eternity and the great truths of religion, dated in the spring of 1835. The opening is as follows:

Truly has the apostle said "the heart is deceitful above all things." Nor did he say it without meaning that Christians should derive some good from the truth it reveals. If the Christian life is a warfare against the powers without, much more is it a constant warfare with the inward passions of the heart. How soon would we be misled were not the blessed influences of the Holy Spirit continually vouchsafed to us, leading our minds from reposing upon the experiences of the past to constant and higher aspirations after heavenly and divine things. Prayer and meditation are the promised means by which these blessings are secured. To assist me in my meditations I am determined to transcribe my thoughts in this little book, as I can always confine them more closely by this means to the subject upon which I choose to meditate. Besides it will be pleasing in after days to revert back to the season of youth and read the feelings of my heart, fresh (as I now hope) from the washing of regeneration. Grant, Heavenly Father, should that time ever come I may be enabled to rejoice in the comfortable assurance that I have been growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Hear my prayer, O Father, for the Redeemer's sake.

Pioneer Life in Michigan

And so with successful teaching, hard law study, and deep meditation upon heavenly things, passed a happy year.

During his summer vacation at the farm, he not only assisted his brother as usual with his work, but joined with all his exuberant nature in the hospitalities of his home and the merry-makings of the neighborhood. Woodside was famed all over that region for its boundless hospitality. Often as many as thirty visitors would sleep under its roof, cots being put up in the hall for their accommodation. But no matter what the number of guests nor how unexpected the visitors might be, Mrs. Schuyler never failed in her duties as hostess. No one ever saw her flustered or put out, no apology ever passed her lips; but with the aid of her capable daughters this capable mother saw that all were housed and fed. And in the evening it was her music and her ready wit that formed the chief part of the entertainment. These family and neighborly gatherings became traditional with her children, and in the houses of all the same open-handed hospitality and jollity have reigned unchecked. Mrs. Lawrance writes:

I wish some outsider could have written a description of our dear old Woodside home and life in those early days. It seems to me, as I recall it, an ideal home. The natural surroundings were beautiful. The house was situated about three-quarters of a mile from Seneca Lake, the rich meadows and woods formed a gradual slope intersected by ravines with waterfalls where luxuriant mosses and ferns and a variety of wild flowers grew in the greatest profusion, so that there was everything to encourage a love and study of Nature than which there can be no more refining and uplifting influence. Both Mother and William (who was like a father to his younger brothers and sisters) had the highest ideas of true Christian refinement. Augusta and Mary, after graduating from the Geneva Seminary, taught their younger sisters. We had a school-room and regular hours of study, and were not forced to attend the "district school," which would otherwise have been a necessity, but were prepared for the Ovid Academy, from which we were sent to Rochester, Pennsylvania, or Massachusetts, as our choice might be. Each one was expected to contribute to the intellectual and social as well as the practical life of the family.

An Ambassador of Christ

We did not live an isolated life, each year brought friends and relatives from New York, Philadelphia, and other cities to breathe our pure, invigorating air and share our pleasures, and we kept open house all through the summer. There were several cultivated families near us,* and the younger members joined with us in exploring the beauties of the region lying between Seneca and Cayuga Lakes—all the wonderful glens and waterfalls being familiar haunts to us. Woodside was the gathering place for all. Nothing which could contribute to the happiness of her children was hard to our dear Mother, on whom, of course, the burden of this hospitality fell. Our winters were not dreary, though often some members of the family would spend part of them away from home. Those who remained would gather in the fine old hall, which was a feature of the house, and there would be reading aloud or music to make the time pass cheerily. There was a most enthusiastic love of home among us all, and, as one after another left the dear roof-tree to form homes of our own, remembrances of the dear old life were carried with us as an ideal of what a home should be; and, until the place finally passed out of the family, there were gatherings there year after year of children and grandchildren. The house was burned to the ground about three years after it was sold.

It was in the midst of the merry gatherings and neighborly excursions of this summer that Montgomery Schuyler was irresistibly attracted by a beautiful girl, eighteen years of age, Sara Sandford, the daughter of Dr. Jared Sandford. She lived on a farm but two miles from Woodside with her step-father, Dr. John L. Eastman, and had been the schoolmate of Mont's favorite sister, Augusta, at Mrs. Ricord's boarding-school in Geneva. She was mature for her age, always cheerful, very fond of music, with a sweet voice cultivated as well as could be in those days in the country. It was not long before this attraction became mutual, and the young people were engaged.

The young law student was now brought face to face with the problems of life. He must make a home for himself and his affianced bride. Seneca County offered no suitable open-

* Among them were the Eastmans, Woodruffs, Montgomeries, Coans, and Joys, between whom and the young Schuylers a number of marriages took place.

Pioneer Life in Michigan

ing, and, like so many young men of that time, he decided to "go west" in search of a location where he could finish his study of the law and begin its practice.

He persuaded his old friend James C. Smith, who had just graduated at Union College, to accompany him. They started for the new country on September 21, 1835. Judge Smith has kindly contributed the following reminiscence of the trip:

We drove from Phelps, N. Y., where I lived, to Newark, a village on the Erie Canal, and took a "line boat" on the canal to Buffalo. From that city we went in the steamboat "Thomas Jefferson" to Detroit. The point of destination which we talked of when we started was Zanesville, O. For what particular reason that place was thought of I do not remember, but in the course of the journey Montgomery proposed that we should go by the way of Marshall, Mich., where he had friends* living whom he would like to see before settling in Ohio. I assented, and at Detroit we and several other passengers took an open wagon called a stage, and, after jolting along for two days and nights (108 miles), through mud and stumps, on what was then known as the "Territorial Road," we reached Marshall about sunset of a chilly autumnal day. The stage landed us at the only public house in the lower village and the landlord met us at the door. On seeing the load of passengers dismount, instead of greeting us with a welcome, he began to storm about, and exclaiming angrily, that "he wished every steamboat on Lake Erie would burn up or sink," he declared that "he didn't want any more people to stop with him, for his women folks were worn out already with extra work." Tired and hungry as we were, we were somewhat dismayed by this inhospitable demonstration, and began to wonder where we could find food and shelter for the night. But some of the more experienced passengers pleaded with the irate landlord, and presented our needy condition so persuasively that he finally consented to see what he could do for us, and after some delay a plain but plentiful supper was spread before us, and in due time we were provided with beds which we occupied in couples. The next day Mont took me to the home of Dr. Greves, where we were kindly received. They apparently were pleased to see as

* Dr. James P. Greves and his wife Helen, who was Sara Sandford's elder sister, and had been a schoolmate of the young Schuylers at the Ovid Academy.

An Ambassador of Christ

much as possible of Mont and his friend, and their house was always open to us. Their kindness induced us to prolong our stay at Marshall. Our intended journey to Ohio was abandoned. We soon became acquainted with many of the prominent men of the village, and before long a business proposition was submitted to us, which we accepted. We thus became joint proprietors with several others, including Dr. Greves, of a tract of land adjoining the village which was laid out and divided into village lots to be offered for sale.*

Montgomery and I each had one-twenty-fourth part of the property. Each of us was to pay about \$600 dollars down, but neither of us had the money, and Montgomery went East in the winter and procured the money among his friends and mine with which we made our advance payment. . . .

Montgomery willingly volunteered for this trip, as it gave him a chance to see his fiancée.

There has been preserved a very charming letter, dated December 19, 1835, full of life and fun, written by him and his sister Augusta to their sister Mary, then at school in Geneva. Augusta accounts for "Mont's scatter-brained remarks" by the fact that "he has been writing a letter to *somebody*, and his thoughts are still on that subject." And the letter concludes with, "Ma says she would have written a postscript, but she would not disgrace herself by putting her name in any shape or manner to such a mess of trash."

To continue with Judge Smith's reminiscences:

Montgomery began by reading law with a practising lawyer in the village, and I obtained a situation as a clerk in the office of the Register of Deeds of the County of Calhoun. By way of earning a little money to defray daily expenses, he and I opened a sort of intelligence office, at which, by means of advices received by us weekly from the United States land office at Kalamazoo, persons wishing to locate government land in Calhoun County could learn what lands were unsold. We furnished maps of such lands, and executed commissions for purchases at the land office.

* This association was known as the "Marshall Company" and was one of the main factors in building up the village, then containing about 150 inhabitants.

Pioneer Life in Michigan

It was before Montgomery took his trip to the East that he received a letter from Dr. Gear, a letter which was to change his whole career. The good clergyman of Ithaca had seen with unerring perception in this young school-teacher and law student those qualities which go to make the true laborer in the Lord's harvest, and so wrote to him his views on the matter. In after years Dr. Schuyler wrote of this letter:

I cannot now remember a word of it. How I wish I had retained it, that I might, if possible, trace the source of its power. But it aroused my conscience, and I could not keep it down, though it was years before I became a communicant. I was married and continued the study of law and engaged in business during the wild speculations of 1836-37. But during all this time the subject of the letter would come up unbidden, and I would try to hush it by engaging more perplexingly in all sorts of occupations. But, strange as it may seem, at times apparently the most unfitting, the question would come up "What doest thou here? Why are you not in the ministry of the Church?" and I would put it away with a careless reply, a thoughtless unconcern, and yet it was only for the present time, till at last I was forced, as it were, to the decision that I would set aside all earthly considerations and begin preparation for the study for Holy Orders. That letter of "Father Gear," as he was afterward called, was the unceasing monitor that would not let me rest till I had begun my studies. Here is certainly a very important era in my life, and one with which the unwearied love of the Holy Spirit is clearly expressed. Often in the reverential reading of God's Holy Word, a passage will be suddenly illuminated with an unearthly light, and some great truth will be deeply impressed upon our minds that will influence our whole future life.

Still it takes time for the sprouting seed to push its way above the soil, and no external sign at first appeared of this call to God's service, except that the young pioneer returned to his book of meditations and wrote the following penitential entry dated November 8, 1835:

Six months have passed away since I last wrote in this little book. It was then my intention frequently to transcribe here

An Ambassador of Christ

the meditations of my heart upon those things which concern my eternal interests—to make this a record of my thoughts, that I might refer to them in after days when Time should have obliterated them from my memory. But oh!—how fleeting and changeable are our best resolves. The things of time and sense too often engross our whole hearts, and leave not even the gleanings for that Being from whom “every perfect gift cometh.” The world with its allurements, the devil with his innumerable temptations, our corrupt natures, all unite to banish God from our thoughts. This has been too much the case, I fear, with myself. I have been too eager to satisfy my present wants, and too careless of my future necessities. Yes, I know and feel that there is a time coming when the scroll shall be unrolled and the final account once and forever settled with my Maker. Oh, how anxious should I then be not to leave unregarded the claims of eternity! Help me, thou blessed Savior, to improve my precious moments that when death shall summon me away, like the faithful steward, I may be able to render in my account with joy and not with grief.

But this return to his “meditations” was almost instantly dropped, and for a time he gave himself up to the wild fever of speculation. The desire to make a suitable home for his future wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, also urged him to the accumulation of worldly possessions.

Marshall was a lively and interesting place in those booming days before the great panic of 1837. Numbers of young men came there to seek their fortunes, and, finding money easily made, drew their friends after them. One of the early arrivals was a cousin of Sara Sandford, Dr. J. H. Montgomery, who afterward married Mont Schuyler’s sister Mary. Marshall, which then had a good chance of becoming the capital of the new State, attracted large numbers of college-bred men, and was long considered the most intellectual place in Michigan, outside of Detroit. There were two factions of “boomers” in the growing village, those of the “lower town” and those of the “upper town,” or the Marshall Company, which had in charge the sale of lands belonging originally to Sidney Ketchum, a brother of the first settler in the village. Everything was fought

Pioneer Life in Michigan

over—the location of the hotel, mill-dam, bank, and school-house, and each faction strove to pull the new settlers into its own section. But, although Montgomery threw himself with all his usual enthusiasm into the fight, yet the innate kindness of his nature kept him out of all personal bitterness. It is the universal statement of all the old settlers who knew him, that “Mont Schuyler, though an uncommonly keen business man, was so honorable and upright in all his dealings and such an all-around good fellow that every decent man in town was his firm friend, though the same could not be said of all the other members of the famous Marshall Company.”

While preparing for admission to the bar he determined to practise in the Justice's court, and this brought his legal ambitions to a sudden termination. The first client who presented himself was a man accused of horse stealing. The young law student was so impressed with the case that he wrote an account of the event, a fragment of which has been preserved:

He told me his case, but it was not till after I had thought long and deeply that I determined to undertake it. Though circumstances seemed to be all in our favor, yet the agitated, downcast look of my client as he told his story seemed evidence sufficient to my mind that he was guilty. He even confessed to me his guilt after I had promised to defend him, but at the same time assured me, could he only escape this once, he would never give the public a cause to arraign him again at the bar of justice. The case was indeed a perplexing one, and required all my cunning to devise expedients to defend it. I labored hard for over a fortnight hunting up precedents and framing my arguments, until I thought I had woven a texture that would require considerable skill and time to unravel. The case was at last tried, and I was successful. I shall never forget the look of my opponent as the foreman pronounced the verdict, “not guilty.”

Although the case occasioned considerable comment, and the young law student was highly praised for his cleverness, his conscience would not let him rest. The thoughts awakened by Father Gear's letter, which would constantly recur, would not

An Ambassador of Christ

agree with the feelings of triumph arising from a clever victory over justice, and after a severe struggle he recoiled from the open door of a profession which promised him earthly fame and fortune. As he expressed himself, "he wanted to be honest." He was never a casuist, and could not reconcile his ever-deepening feelings with the practice of law as it was carried on in that time in the "wild west."

But the home for his loved one must be provided. This aim overshadowed all others, and he well knew that real estate speculation, though it had already netted him a large sum, was not a safe basis for the support of a family. And so, in April, 1836, he undertook the running of a saw-mill which furnished the material for the rapidly building town. In this, too, he was successful, and shortly afterward associated with himself as partner in the enterprise his cousin, James Wright Gordon, who had just come to Marshall at his solicitation. At the same time he took part in the organization of a stage line running from Detroit across Michigan, and that part of the line between Jackson and Marshall, thirty miles, was owned and stocked by him and Dr. J. H. Montgomery in partnership.

His old partner, James C. Smith, had in the early summer of the same year returned to New York to study law, selling Montgomery Schuyler the greater part of his interest in Marshall real estate, and carrying with him, so the old Marshall inhabitants say, several thousands as the result of some eight months' speculation.

But earlier in the season Montgomery had taken a business trip westward to the banks of Lake Michigan, passing through Allegan, where he had purchased some "Government pine lands." Part of a letter written at Saugatuck, April 21, 1836, to Miss Sandford, has been preserved, and some extracts, which throw much light on the life of those days and the character of the young pioneer, are as follows:

You see I hail from a new quarter. Probably you will need a translation of the name at the head of this letter in order to find out in what part of the world your roving Mont may be

Pioneer Life in Michigan

found. "Saugatuck," in the Indian language, means the mouth of the river, and for your further information I would state that I am now at the mouth of the Kalamazoo. I left Marshall just a week ago to-day. I left it in a storm, determined no longer to delay an expedition which I had determined making two months ago. Sickness and bad weather had delayed me thus long, but, having nearly regained my health, I resolved to make the attempt. I travelled through the storm the whole of the day. An unusual freshet had swept through the whole country and had carried away every bridge on the Territorial Road. Instead of going the direct road to Bronson I was obliged to strike off to Gull prairie, about eight or nine miles out of the way. I travelled alone on horseback, and arrived at Gull about "sundown," a distance of thirty miles from Marshall. Need I tell you how often I thought of you on my lonely ride all day through the storm. Memory and Fancy often painted you with me in some favorite spot where we had often been together, or beside the cheerful fireside of our anticipated home.

The next morning after breakfast I started for Bronson. The morning was beautiful, the sun shone out brightly, and, as I scampered over the prairie, rolling as gently as the sea waves after a storm, I wished that you were with me to enjoy the beauty of the scenery. After I left the prairie the road lay through the "oak openings," level the most part of the way, but now and then varied by a romantic little ravine. The birds were singing about me on every side, and, as I was riding along humming to myself and thinking of my Sara, a drove of deer crossed the road in front of me only a few rods off. I yelped out at them—they stopped, pricked up their ears, curved their necks most gracefully, then whisked their tails and galloped off. I looked after them till they turned round a rise of ground and were hidden from my view. I was glad no huntsman was near to rob the poor innocent creatures of life.

A ride of a few miles farther brought me to the Kalamazoo River. On its banks I found an old French trader in a little log cabin. He was entirely alone, his little cabin was full of all kinds of furs and trinkets, which he had purchased of the Indians. He could not speak a word of English, but I found out by signs the road I wished to travel. As I mentioned before, the streams generally through the country had overflowed their banks, and once or twice I was obliged almost to swim my horse across them. I arrived safe in Bronson, a little wet to be sure, but in very good spirits. The next day (Saturday) I left for Allegan, the

An Ambassador of Christ

weather very pleasant and the road through a beautiful country with the exception of four or five miles of timbered land near the village. . . . We approached the town from the opposite side of the river. We found the ferryman at his post and were soon snugly housed in Allegan City Hotel. The "hotel" I speak of, which is the only one in the place, is a little board shantee, hardly large enough to accommodate a man and his wife, and yet they stow away in it very frequently twenty or thirty persons. The floors are rough boards, and the partitions of the same materials. Benches supply the place of chairs and sofas, and blankets form the partition in the bedrooms between the men and women. Our fare was very good. We had fresh fish of every kind in abundance. You can form some idea of our wolverine manner of living from what I have written, but you must live and travel in Michigan to be fully satisfied. (Here follows an account of the manner of fishing of both Indians and pale faces, a matter of much interest to him, and the letter continues:) I spent the Sabbath at Allegan and heard some very good preaching at the new meeting-house, court-house, and school-house which was opened for the first time.

Monday morning I put out into the woods* with a guide. We carried a blanket, a pack on our backs containing some bread and pork, and an axe. We tramped the woods during the whole day and encamped at night beside a beautiful little stream in an old deserted wigwam. We found the other stragglers there, and we all encamped together. After we had made a rousing fire, gathered some fir boughs for a bed, and spread our blankets, we opened our knapsacks, pulled out some raw pork and bread, broiled the pork well, by holding it over the fire on a sharp stick, and made as hearty a supper as I ever ate at home in the good old Schuyler Hall, linked in my mind by association with many a pleasant meal. In the morning, about daylight, my companions took an early start to look around in the woods before breakfast. I got up, felt tired, lazy, and sleepy, curled down again in my blanket, and went to sleep. I woke after two hours of fresh sleep and, as I was sitting in the wigwam in a kind of indefinable reverie, I was aroused by a noble looking Indian who hailed me with "bou jou," which means "good day"—evidently derived from the French "bon jour." I returned his salutation and offered him a seat on my blanket. He was dressed in blue leggings with moccasins, a blanket cut in the shape of a frock-coat and fastened around his body with

* To see his new purchase.

Pioneer Life in Michigan

a red belt. He had a hatchet stuck in his belt and a gun on his shoulder. Across his shoulders he had slung a large duck and a musk-rat which he had just shot. He took a seat and we very sociably ate breakfast together. After breakfast, when my guide returned, we went with the Indian to his wigwam.

And with a vivid description of the Indian family the fragment ends.

After the departure of his partner, Smith, the young pioneer, not satisfied with his enterprises already under way, determined upon a voyage of exploration further west, feeling that he ought not to marry and settle down until he had seen whether there were not better chances of fortune elsewhere. So he spent the month of July in a trip to Chicago, thence to Galena and down the river to St. Louis, where he attended services in Christ Church, in which parish was afterward to be the great work of his life.

A portion of a letter written to his brother William shows how carefully he observed everything on the way, not only the beauty of the scenery, which always appealed to his soul, but the agricultural advantages of the country. Yet it must be admitted that even after his year of successful real estate speculation, he was not cut out for a genius in business, for, after examining into the real estate prospects in all three cities, he concluded that Marshall offered better opportunities than either!

Perhaps the fact that the house he was building for his bride, in Marshall, was almost completed and the wedding-day set, had much to do with the golden light through which he viewed the little village, which had doubled its population in less than a year. However, he found his way back to the banks of the Kalamazoo, and hastily completed the preparations he had been making for his future wife and home.

He formed a partnership with a certain David Wallingford to open a hardware store, the first one in Calhoun County, in the first brick block built in the village, paid the last bills on his dwelling-house, which was now completed, and at the end of August started for his old home in Seneca County. There

An Ambassador of Christ

on September 7th he married Sara Sandford, and after a short stay in Buffalo and Detroit, where he purchased stock for the new store, he reached Marshall on September 21st and installed his bride in the home he had prepared for her.

His first dream was now realized, and he looked forward to many happy peaceful years as a prosperous merchant amid the comforts of home and the solace of wifely love. But God willed it otherwise.

CHAPTER III

THE CALL TO THE MINISTRY

FOR a time life was sunshine to Montgomery Schuyler and his fair young wife, who soon became as popular in the village as her husband. It is said that their hospitality was boundless—and their little home was the resort of the choice spirits of the town. Here were not only to be found open-heartedness and sweet manners, but also intellectual conversation and the latest literature, for the young merchant had continued his father's habit of spending a certain sum each year for books. This habit he never abandoned, and at his death his well-selected library contained between two and three thousand volumes.

The new hardware store of Schuyler & Wallingford prospered exceedingly. The stock carried was what was most necessary to a growing country, and people liked to trade with "Mont Schuyler." They were sure of honest goods at honest prices, and what is so dear to the country purchaser, a chat with the genial senior partner, whose sympathy, good humor, and hearty laughter were inexhaustible. With the needs of the rapidly growing town the saw-mill was constantly kept running. The stage line, ever bringing new settlers, paid good dividends, and the real estate business of the Marshall Company continued to wax more profitable. The Calhoun County Bank, of which Sydney Ketchum was president and Mont Schuyler one of the directors, was founded on so strong a basis that, though its notes were what was called "wild cat," it was solid enough to endure the financial cyclone of '37.

Young as he was, Mr. Schuyler was one of the "prominent citizens" of the new town, and for a time was appointed to a place on the military staff of the Governor of the State. His rapid success and glowing accounts of the new country began to draw not only investments from his family and friends in New

An Ambassador of Christ

York, but also immigration from the same quarter. One of the first to come was Anthony Schuyler, his cousin and dearest friend, just fresh from Geneva College. And in September, 1839, when Montgomery's favorite sister, Augusta, married George Woodruff, she persuaded him to give up a promising practice in Buffalo, and to migrate to Marshall so that she might be near her beloved brother and her best friend—his wife. Then, too, Mary Schuyler came to visit them, and there, meeting again with Dr. John H. Montgomery, married him and settled down in Marshall. And as with the passing years the other children grew up, they (with one exception, Sara, who married Dr. Sanford L. Eastman, of Buffalo) came to the little town and settled there, till, in 1851, the old place at Woodside was sold and the mother, her work being done, came also to Marshall to end her days in peace among her beloved children and grandchildren.

But to return to Montgomery Schuyler's sunny home. In September, 1837, was born his first child, Mary Louisa, and in October, 1838, another daughter, Sara. His cup of happiness seemed full. Above almost anything else he loved little children, and they with unerring instinct ever returned that love. To the full he felt our Saviour's words, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." None of his many surviving children can ever forget the boundless love with which he enfolded them. Their earliest recollections are of being rocked in his strong arms, and of hearing his sweet voice crooning old tunes, or talking that delicious nonsense so dear to the infant heart. They felt no difference between him and them, for with them he was also a child, feeling with them and playing with them. They remember how they scampered noisily in and out of his study, while he was engaged in reading and deep thought, and were not checked or banished by a harsh word or forbidding frown, but always greeted by a genial smile, a cheerful laugh, or kindly word. They will never forget that, when it was necessary for him to correct them, it was always in sorrow and never

The Call to the Ministry

in anger. And as they grew older, and, moved by the perversity of human nature, sometimes ran counter to his wise plans and loving wishes for their good, they never even in their "lowest aspirations" forgot his noble example, his unfailing love. And when suffering and repentant, they ever turned to him for tireless sympathy and uplifting aid. When from home his letters were always filled with longing for his return to beloved wife and children. Even late in life he writes over and over again, "I am growing more and more of a baby about being separated from my dear ones." And in his sixtieth year, when his family were absent for the summer, he wrote, "I wander about the house—everything is so dreary and lonesome without you and the children. How I miss their noisy play and endless prattle." On the other hand the letters received by him when away from home invariably contain quotations of the children's sayings—all harping on the same string, "When will papa come back?" and all filled with pressed flowers, kisses, pictures, and little notes, printed and scribbled by childish hands, and overrunning with love.

And so it was in the little home in Marshall where he gathered his first-born into his arms.

The great panic of 1837, the natural result of the overworked "boom" of the preceding years, swept over the country, knocking the bottom out of real estate values in all the new States, and Michigan was no exception to the rule. The "Marshall Company" went to pieces, and many of its members became bankrupt. But, although a large portion of Mr. Schuyler's worldly possessions were thus swept away, yet such ventures as the stage line, the saw-mill, and the hardware store weathered the storm. For, in spite of the famous "specie circular" demanding coin for government lands, which was foolishly thought to have caused all the trouble, the country continued to grow. Hardy immigrants kept coming over the "Territorial Road" by stage, or in the "ships of the prairie," to settle in favorable places, and these needed tools for their work and boards for their dwellings. The brawn, muscle, and pluck of the country was

An Ambassador of Christ

undiminished, only the bubble of speculation had been pricked and collapsed.

But during this period the mind of the young merchant was not wholly occupied with worldly affairs and the joys of a happy household. The seed of religious feeling sown by his father and watered by "Father Gear," continued steadily growing, even in the uncongenial soil of a pioneer town. When he brought his bride to Marshall there had been but one service of the Church held in the village since its settlement. That was in the summer of 1836, when services had been held and a sermon preached in the school-house by a visiting clergyman. In the same school-house were occasional meetings of Methodists and Congregationalists, and a society of the latter denomination had been formed consisting of seven members.

"Never shall I forget," he wrote years afterward, "the loneliness and desolation that characterized the return of each Lord's Day, when as yet there was no place of worship in the little hamlet consecrated to the service of Almighty God; especially when for months those of us who from our childhood had loved the Church, were precluded from joining in its time-honored forms."

Family prayers, in which he followed the customs of "Woodside," and attendance at the Methodist and Congregational meetings could not satisfy the longings of his ever-growing soul for the beautiful services of the Mother Church. A letter from an old friend, C. L. Trowbridge, says:

I remember our first meeting, in 1836, when we went to the little school-house to hear Elder Pierce (the Congregationalist) preach a sermon on the topic "Whatever is, is right," rather optimistic when put in that bald way, but all right as he preached it. And I remember that I suggested to you to begin at once and organize a parish, and that you acceded and promptly acted upon the suggestion.

A Sunday-school was started in Mr. Schuyler's house in which his young wife greatly aided not only in gathering the children, but by playing the piano and leading in the singing of the hymns. At the same time, during the winter of 1836 and 1837,

The Call to the Ministry

the few Episcopalians got together and the village was thoroughly canvassed to ascertain what amount could be raised toward the building of a church. In the spring of 1837, the good work had progressed so far that a parish was organized and Montgomery Schuyler and his cousin, J. W. Gordon, were chosen wardens, and Dr. J. H. Montgomery, Bradley K. Crissey, Sydney S. Allcott, C. T. Gorham, and Andrew Mann were elected vestrymen.

Lay services were held in the school-house. The same spring the Bishop of the Diocese, Samuel A. McCoskry, visited Marshall and preached in the school-house, which was the second service of the Church held in the village. And, though at this moment the financial crash of 1837 was wrecking hundreds of fortunes, especially in the western States, this group of churchmen, fired by the words of the Bishop, who seemed to have had an unusual gift of inspiring others to do God's work, determined not to turn back from their undertaking.

The building of the church was immediately entered upon and prosecuted with such earnestness and diligence that early in the Autumn it was completed. That was a glad day for the little band of Churchmen when they were ready to present to the Bishop a neat and tasteful church for consecration. It had been built at a cost of over \$2,000, chiefly by the wardens and vestrymen, none of whom were rich, and hence at much sacrifice of time and money to the very few engaged in it. And yet it was gladly met and cheerfully endured by them, grateful that it had pleased God to give them the ability and willingness to contribute.*

Services were kept up in the little church for a couple of months or so, and then lay services were held until the calling of the first rector, Rev. Samuel Buel, in February, 1838.

The lay reader was Montgomery Schuyler, who had now become a communicant, and it was with a holy gladness that he repeated the beautiful services of his Church or read some instructive sermon. But the success of these services still further

* Written in 1860 by Dr. Schnyler.

An Ambassador of Christ

aroused that voice of conscience awakened by Father Gear's letter nearly three years before. Why should he who could lead a little band of Christians to build a house for the worship of Almighty God, who could so fitly read the marvellous services of the Church, who felt his highest pleasure in this holy work, fritter away his energies in the petty cares of worldly business, when he should be about his Master's business?

During the twenty months of his pastorate, the Rev. Mr. Buel found no more efficient helper in Sunday-school and Church work than the hardware merchant, "Mont Schuyler."

In August, 1839, his beloved daughter, Sarah, was taken to Paradise. In their sorrow both husband and wife were drawn still closer to God, and found their solace in still furthering the work of the Church.

Mr. Buel resigned in October, 1839, leaving a list of communicants numbering twenty-eight, and then for a year and a half a certain Rev. W. N. Lyster preached monthly at much self-sacrifice, and in the interim lay services were again maintained.

As Mr. Schuyler once more took up the work of lay reader, the question of his calling came again to the front. Day by day the petty chaffer of the village store became more and more distasteful to him, week by week the reading of God's revealed word and the perfect petitions of the Church services became more and more seasons of holy gladness. Cold reason kept him, as the father of a family, behind the counter, but the Holy Spirit would not let him rest. No one knew better than he the need of more servants of God to stem the ever-rising tide of devotion to mere material prosperity, of Mammon worship, that was engulfing the country. More brave, unselfish men were needed to snatch struggling souls from this maddening flood and save them for eternity. And deep in his heart he knew that he was well fitted for this task, and that only in this labor of love could his tortured soul find peace.

The death of his remaining daughter in March, 1840, brought matters to a climax. Husband and wife, by the loss of all that was dearest to them, were now alone with their God. His waver-

The Call to the Ministry

ing resolution was strengthened and confirmed by her loving trust, and the decision was made. They saw in their earthly bereavement the finger of God pointing away from earthly joys—even the purest—to heavenly things. And so “Mont Schuyler” laid aside his calculations of gain and loss, and Montgomery Schuyler entered the service of his Master where earthly loss is heavenly gain.

He sold out his interest in the hardware business to his partner, David Wallingford, and, leaving his brother-in-law, George Woodruff, to close out all his other business ventures, he returned with his wife to his old home at Woodside, to devote himself to the study of theology, as a preliminary to his ordination as a minister of God.

It is worth noticing that the prosperity of the hardware store rapidly declined after Mr. Schuyler’s withdrawal. For a time David Wallingford carried on the business alone. Then he in turn sold out to his brother, Alanson Wallingford, who moved from the old stand to what he thought a better location, but there, after a few months’ trial, he also sold out to a third party. and both brothers served in the new store as clerks. In dissolving the partnership there was one thing Montgomery Schuyler could not sell, and that was the charm of his honest, enthusiastic, open-hearted nature which had made him beloved by all his fellow-citizens, and which is of much account even in the dickerings of trade.

While engaged in brushing up his Greek and Latin, and in reading the theological and doctrinal works necessary for his examination for Holy Orders, he undertook of his own accord a study which had far more to do with his success in the ministry than anything else but his own lovely nature. And that was a practice in elocution under a certain Mr. Taverner then residing in Ovid. He not only learned how to manage his voice so that he could talk in a low sweet tone yet making every syllable distinct, but he practised under his teacher the reading of the Church services. He felt that one of the chief attractions of our Church lay in its beautiful prayers and collects; that each

An Ambassador of Christ

service was a perfect work of art of the very highest quality because dedicated to God, and that to bring out properly the beauty, the impressiveness of each phrase to the extent of his ability, was the duty of every servant of God. In avoiding the monotonous, soulless method which is the fault of so many of our good divines, he did not go to the other extreme of "preaching the prayers," of making their poetical language the basis of rhetorical display, attracting attention to the minister rather than to the petition. So great was his reverence for the holy sentences, that he studied a method, so quiet, yet so intense and penetrating, that his hearers thought not of the ministrant, but of the holy office he was serving, and were often moved to tears by the poignant perfection of the sacred utterances. This art, so perfect as to conceal all evidence of art, was the result, so he said in later years, of a long and faithful practice. And in this he was but following what was his leading idea, to give to God the best of what he possessed, and, knowing that he possessed this power, he developed it to the utmost. The effect of this showed through all his later life and work. Many an outsider, many a scoffer was drawn to the Church by the services as he read them; many a mourner wrote to him of the consolation received from the funeral services; many a sick soul has been uplifted by his rendition of the marvellous sentences of the Holy Communion.

These were happy days at Woodside farm. Far from all the worry and fret of the busy world this young man, upheld by the sympathy of his faithful wife, his loving mother, and his adoring sisters, prepared himself for a new start in life. He was to begin all over again, but upon a much loftier plane. And the thought that he was henceforth to strive for heavenly things upheld him amid the annoyances and troubles that attended the closing out of his business ventures in Marshall. Owing to the carelessness of his late partner and his assignee, the settlement had become considerably involved; but so desirous was he of beginning his ministry with his hands free from all worldly entanglements that he sacrificed much valu-

The Call to the Ministry

able property in order to have the matter closed out. And so, as he neared the completion of his studies in the spring of 1841, he found himself as much without resources as he was when he started out seven years before to make his fortune.

At the same time in the old homestead was born his first son. This was a great joy to the young couple, who saw in this a happy omen of their new life. The child was named Anthony Dey after his grandfather.

As the time of Mr. Schuyler's ordination to the diaconate drew near, the question of his location became important. Under the canon law it was necessary for him to spend the year of his diaconate in the Diocese of Michigan, and so he wrote to Bishop McCoskry upon the subject. He naturally desired to begin his ministry in some other place than Marshall. Although there were many ties to bind him to the parish which he had done more than anyone else to found and keep alive, yet he knew and dreaded the difficulties that would attend the Reverend Montgomery Schuyler in a place where "Mont Schuyler," merchant and real estate speculator, had been so prominent.* He also felt it would be better to begin his new life in new surroundings.

Bishop McCoskry, who had taken the greatest interest in him, had confirmed him, and had supervised his studies, wrote in answer that could the money be raised for his salary he would wish him to be his assistant in St. Paul's Church, Detroit. But the financial depression then prevailing made that impossible, as it also forbade another scheme of his—that of organizing another parish in Detroit to relieve the over-crowded condition of his own. St. Paul's Church, Jackson, was suggested, and the plan of accepting an offer of the chaplaincy of the State Prison most emphatically vetoed. In conclusion the bishop advised him to wait till after his ordination and to visit Jackson before deciding.

* In after years Dr. Schuyler was fond of telling that on one of his missionary trips in the neighborhood of Marshall he had been introduced to an assembled congregation as "The Reverend Montgomery Schuyler, of the well-known firm of 'Schuyler & Wallingford.'"

An Ambassador of Christ

In the latter part of April, 1841, with his wife and child he left the old home for Marshall, where he gave a short time to the complete winding up of his business affairs. And then, about the middle of May, he met the bishop at Ann Arbor, where he was examined for Holy Orders, and there on the 17th was ordained deacon. He made a short visit at Jackson, where he held services and preached, and then returned to Marshall, where he awaited a call to the new field of labor.

No sooner had he reached his former home than all his old friends and colaborers in the building of Trinity Church crowded about him, urging him to take the parish. No one, they said, knew better than he what the Church there needed—no one knew better the character of the people and the difficulties to be overcome. As for his former life as a business man standing in the way of his usefulness, that was a mistake. Everyone knew the work he had done as a layman, and how genuine had been the call of the Spirit which had led him to sacrifice his excellent business prospects to take up a vocation which meant a life of self-sacrifice. On May 27th a formal call was issued by the vestry, and on the very next day came a call from Jackson. In each case the salary was the same pitiful sum, though it was all that the struggling parishes could afford, so that any worldly consideration was eliminated.

For a week the young deacon prayed for the guidance of the Spirit, and on June 3d he sent a letter to the vestry of St. Paul's Church, Jackson, in which he said: "After long and prayerful consideration I am induced to refuse your kind proposition. A sense of duty alone has influenced me in this decision. The peculiar condition of the church at this place seemed to demand the immediate services of a clergyman, and, though on many accounts I should have preferred to commence my ministry elsewhere, yet I could perceive no sufficient reason to justify me in declining the invitation."

The reply to the vestry of Trinity Church is given in full:

Your communication of May 27th, inviting me to take charge of the Parish of Trinity Church, in Marshall, at a salary of six

The Call to the Ministry

hundred dollars per annum, was duly received. After long and prayerful consideration I have decided to accept your proposition. I do so in humble reliance on Divine aid and trusting to His precious promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee." Whether in the orderings of Providence the connection now formed shall prove of long or short duration, be assured it shall be my earnest desire to do all in my power to further the interests of our beloved Zion, and I confidently trust to receive your cordial co-operation. That the blessing of God may rest upon our united labors shall be the unceasing prayer of

Yours with much respect,

MONT SCHUYLER.

CHAPTER IV

TRINITY CHURCH, MARSHALL

REV. MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER had taken charge of Trinity Church, Marshall, because the "circumstances of the church at this place seemed to demand the immediate services of a clergyman," and in truth his services were greatly needed not only to minister in the chancel of God's house, but also to aid the needy, to visit the sick, to cheer the dying, and to comfort the bereaved. It was a terrible year for the little town. A malignant fever spread rapidly among the population—numbers sickened and died. Business suffered from the country folks' fear of infection, and the grinding needs of poverty were added to the sufferings of disease.

But everywhere, in the fever-tainted sick-room and in the poverty-stricken hovel, the young deacon was to be found. All his sympathy, all his love, all his energy and enthusiasm he brought to the work, not as a task, but as a labor of love—of love to his Heavenly Master.

And in this work of relieving poverty and sickness, he was cheerfully and capably aided by his wife, whose presence became almost as familiar in the abodes of sickness and distress as his own, though they too were not exempt from suffering and bereavement. For on July 31, 1841, their only surviving child, but four months old, was taken from them and buried beside his sister in the little cemetery on the hill that overhangs the town.

This loss only seemed to draw the bereaved husband and wife still closer together, to make them still more devoted to their chosen work, and so, setting their own sorrow behind them, they labored on, with sickness and squalor until, in September, the devoted Sara herself was stricken down by the fell disease which had devastated the town, and, after a short illness, was laid to rest beside her children.*

* * The following obituary notice, in the quaint language of the time, appeared in the Marshall paper: "In this village, on Saturday morning, the

Trinity Church, Marshall

For a time Mr. Schuyler was stunned by this blow. He took refuge for a while in the old home at Woodside "to heal him of his grievous wound." One of his sisters says: "I remember dear Montgomery coming home for a few days so nearly heart-broken, lonely, and desolate, and yet so sweetly submissive and courageous. I can recall his reading at that time to my mother Longfellow's beautiful poems, 'Footsteps of Angels' and 'The Reaper and the Flowers,' so singularly appropriate to his case—and how his voice seemed full of tears. They had been published shortly before, and I never read them now without being reminded of that first time I ever heard them as a child."

But he was not one to give himself up to idle regrets or fruitless despair. Although his dearest ones had been swept away, yet he was not alone. More than ever he felt the presence of God in his life not only as a present help in time of need, but as a promise of future blessed reunion. On his return to Marshall he wrote and delivered on November 7th a beautiful sermon on the text: "For our light affliction which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen." This sermon was appropriate not only to his own sad case, but to those of his parishioners who like him had lost their dear ones. In it he says:

We are placed in this world as scholars for Eternity. We are taught, as well in God's word as by our own sad experience,

18th inst., Mrs. Sara Schuyler, wife of the Rev. Montgomery Schuyler, aged 24 years. By this afflicting dispensation of Providence a deep wound has been inflicted upon a large circle of relatives and friends, by whom she was universally beloved, and now, alas, most sincerely lamented. In her Christian decision, unaffected piety, uniform and zealous devotion to the best interest of the Redeemer's kingdom, she was eminently conspicuous. By the death of this excellent woman, he who most deeply feels her loss, by whom his path through life has been so much smoothed and enlightened, and by whose exemplary yet engaging manners he has been so greatly encouraged, and strengthened in the discharge of the important duties of his ministry, may truly say in the fullness of his heart,

'She was my guide, my friend, my earthly all !
But peace, my sorrows ! nor, with murmuring voice,
Dare ye to accuse Heaven's high decree ;
She was first ripe for everlasting joys ;
She waits, my soul ! she waits above for thee.'

An Ambassador of Christ

that here we have no continuing city, that we are "to seek one to come," that while we are at home in the body we are absent from the Lord, in whose presence alone we are to realize our perfect consummation and bliss both in body and soul. That the end of our existence consists not in the pleasures or sufferings of this life, that, however much we may be blessed with earthly goods, or, however much we may be tried with sore troubles and perplexities, these are but harbingers of the everlasting joy or wretchedness which attend upon the improvement we make or neglect to make of the lessons they teach. A deceitful heart gilds the present with the glories of future realities and too often we are content with the short-lived pleasures of a day, instead of regarding them only as the earnest of those pleasures which are at God's right hand. So, too, with our trials. . . .

We do not realize that we are placed under a tuition *all* the results of which have a direct bearing upon our eternal interests; that the present is not so much our *life* as a state of preparation for life, a pathway from the past to a future eternity—during the short passage of which the soul is to array herself with the garment of an endless life, or else go on naked, heedless, and unconcerned to the chambers of everlasting death. . . .

For what affliction can be compared to the want of the Christian's hope, the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, in contending with his spiritual foes. We can always rejoice in the sovereign Grace of God which snatches him from the multitude of those who are daily passing through the gates of everlasting death. He feels, that possessed of the "pearl of great price," though deprived of health, property, and friends, yea, of every mere earthly comfort, still he is rich indeed. He has no reason to murmur or complain, he can even weep for those who surrounded by family and friends, and blessed with all the world can afford, yet lack the one thing needful. . . .

When laid upon a bed of death, how short to the dying man seems the journey of life! Almost the very consciousness of past existence is unfelt. The soul, as the bright glimpses of eternal day are bursting upon its vision revealing athwart the boundless prospect of eternity new glories rising into view, distant and yet more distant still, becomes, as it were, unconscious of the past, and is overwhelmed with the idea of eternal duration, and "lost in the wilds of immensity." Time seems, as, indeed, it is, but a speck on the ocean of eternity. . . .

The dear ones we have lost shall be ever dear. Interwoven

Trinity Church, Marshall

with the very cords of the heart and living in the memory and affections, the life blood must chill and the powers of the soul be utterly destroyed before they can be forgotten. No; this affliction is light, because they are always remembered, remembered as they were lovely in their lives, lovely as the disciples of that Savior upon earth in whose presence they are now rejoicing in Heaven. . . .

They are remembered too (and the memory is full of holy comfort) in all their more private communings with us, in the unreserved intimacy of connubial affection or the chastened confidence of filial or parental love. Fresh and green in the memory of the past are those seasons when we talked with them of a Savior's love, of the ground of our mutual confidence in Him, of our mutual hopes and fears—when we lamented our coldness and indifference and knelt in our closets together to seek for pardoning mercy and sanctifying Grace. Upon these hours of holy communion together we love most of all to dwell, as they furnish a well-grounded confidence that “we mourn not as those without hope,” that after a few short days or years at most we shall be again united to be no more separated. . . .

It is the natural tendency of prosperity to lead the heart astray from God, to fill it with a proud self-confidence. We swell with a fancied independence and look upon ourselves as the arbiters of our own destiny. We need to be constantly reminded that “the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.” But when He comes and removes from beneath us the props on which we have foolishly leaned, when He takes away those sources of joy and comfort in which we had vainly trusted, then are we led to feel our own nothingness and recognize the hand of the Almighty Ruler. When we are brought to see God aright in the dealings of His afflictive Providence, the way is open to the Christian to adore Him for His love. Knowing that God is Love, he knows too that all his dispensations proceed from the fountain of Love, and in the spirit of humble resignation he is enabled to say “It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth good.” Yes, and, as through the Spirit of Grace, his repeated afflictions be even more and more sanctified to him, and he grows more and more humble and submissive, with a holy boldness he can exclaim, “Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him.” . . .

But how does the Apostle teach us that the trials and sufferings of life are to be made instrumental of this glorious

An Ambassador of Christ

result? "While," he says, "we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen." We should not be swallowed up with the present grief, we should not linger around the joys we have lost, but with an eye of faith should look upward and forward to the increasing glories in store for us in Heaven. We should feel that every new trial if duly improved is adding jewels to our crown, that the more severe the affliction the greater the coming bliss. . . .

My dear Friends, we have all as individuals and as a community been of late most sorely afflicted. What has been the influence upon our hearts and lives? Have we been taught the insufficiency and uncertainty of all earthly comforts, and surely there to place our hopes where true joys are to be found? Do you still feel the same attachment to the world and its fleeting pleasures? Are you still looking at the things which are seen, with no desire after the things which are unseen? Have you no desire to meet the friends that have gone before, or are you willing that it should be an eternal separation? God, in the afflictions with which He has visited us as a people, has spoken in a voice of terrible warning—shall it be unheeded? Shall we go on in the same spirit of indifference and worldliness? Shall we forget the past in our eager haste after the perishing baubles of time and sense? Is there not a voice from that sacred receptacle of the dead? "Be ye also ready?" And will you not listen and be wise? That when the Son of Man cometh you will be found watching and ready to depart. You will hope and pray for these blessed results, that a rich harvest time is here, that a glorious resurrection of the Dead in trespasses and sins is at hand, and that multitudes shall be "baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence."

These were no mere rhetorical phrases for pulpit display, but thoughts which had been wrung from the young clergyman's inmost heart by his own and others' suffering and loss. And as he said, so he acted. Fixing his soul's gaze steadily on the things which are not seen, he plunged once more into his Master's work, and a "rich harvest time" soon was his reward. The Sunday-school doubled its membership and the congregation grew larger and larger, till, before the winter was over, the little church was insufficient to hold the members that came there to worship. The enlargement of the building became a

Trinity Church, Marshall

necessity, and the accomplishment of this formed the chief work of the next year.

On February 19, 1842, at St. Paul's Church, Detroit, Montgomery Schuyler was ordained priest by Bishop McCoskry—and thus entered fully into those Holy Orders which he was to fill with such honor for more than half a century. Soon after his return to Marshall, he received a letter from the church in Kalamazoo requesting him to consider the question of becoming their pastor. On the same day came another call from St. Paul's Church in Jackson, this time offering him a larger salary than he was then receiving, and a promise of a still further increase at the close of the year.

But the young pastor felt that it would be shirking his heavenly duties for the sake of mere worldly gain to leave the field where God was so blessing his labors, and, refusing both calls, he bent his energies to raising the sum needed for the enlargement of Trinity Church. But times were hard in 1842. The renewal of the squabble over a United States bank in Tyler's administration had severely shaken commercial confidence, and in the West, though there was plenty of all the crude necessities of life, yet cash was most difficult to obtain. So, after a careful canvass of all in the village who could be counted on had resulted in raising only half the required amount, the young pastor determined to go at his own expense back to New York State to see if the liberal churchmen there would not come to the aid of his thriving mission.

Just before he started, however, he received a letter from Ithaca requesting him to become pastor of that church, where, under Father Gear's influence, his thoughts had first been definitely turned toward heavenly things. It was a great temptation. He would be once more among his old friends and near his family and old home, to which his thoughts always turned with longing. Besides, with his cultivated tastes and love of intellectual pleasures, the surroundings there would be much more congenial to him than those of the lively but rough little pioneer town where he was now laboring. The close of the let-

An Ambassador of Christ

ter was: "Let us hear from you as soon as convenient; but, if you are about to visit this part of the country before long, as has been intimated, you might reserve a final answer until that time when we can have an opportunity of conferring with you personally."

The young rector's journey was successful. He visited a number of towns in New York, preaching, telling of the mission work in the West, making many friends, and returning with the amount needed to enlarge the church. Though he visited Ithaca, it was only regretfully to refuse the call, feeling certain that for the present at least his duty lay in the then half-settled wilds of Michigan.

On his return he took up the work with new vigor, and not satisfied with what he was doing in Marshall, he preached in many of the surrounding villages where there were as yet no churches, and in Battle Creek, thirteen miles away, he was so successful that on August 7, 1842, he organized St. Thomas's Church. To this struggling parish also he gave his services, riding over and back from Marshall two Sundays every month in all sorts of weather.

The following may prove interesting:

BATTLE CREEK, December 17, 1842.

The wardens and vestry of St. Thomas's Church, of Battle Creek, for themselves and in behalf of your friends, herewith transmit to you for your acceptance a horse, as the most acceptable and suitable offering within their means for your generous and gratuitous labor amongst them.

And they solicit your acceptance of the gift as a slight testimonial of the respect they entertain for your talents and worth.

MARSHALL, December 17, 1842.

DEAR SIR: The very generous present of the Wardens and Vestry of St. Thomas's Church, Battle Creek, accompanied by your kind note in their behalf, was received this afternoon. Allow me to request that you will present my most grateful acknowledgments to the liberal donors. I shall value the gift for its intrinsic worth, but chiefly as a token of your affectionate regard and esteem. Heartily would I rejoice could I feel that

Trinity Church, Marshall

it was more deserved. With my earnest prayers for the temporal and spiritual welfare of all who united in this unmerited offering, and for yourself personally,

I remain yours truly,

MONT SCHUYLER.

Early in the following spring the alterations on Trinity Church were completed at an expense of over one thousand dollars. The capacity of the church was increased thereby at least one-third, and a tower and bell added.

While these improvements were making, the young rector, who was rapidly becoming known as one of Bishop McCoskry's most indefatigable assistants in evangelizing the new State of Michigan, received a most pressing call from Trinity Church, Monroe, a much older and then much larger town than Marshall, offering a wider field for an enthusiastic and energetic laborer in the Lord's vineyard. In answer to this call he sent the following letter:

I have already delayed writing too long, but the difficulty of arriving at a decision satisfactory to my own mind must be my apology. The question of *duty* in accepting or refusing your kind invitation to be your pastor, has, I humbly trust, been *singly* and prayerfully considered. Many were the conflicting reasons which alternately swayed my mind, yet amid all my hesitation and doubt there still seemed a preponderance in favor of my present scene of labor. Here Providence seems to have placed me at present with my task yet unfinished. The more I have reflected upon it the more I am convinced that to leave this church *now* might be attended with most serious results. We seem to have arrived at an important era in our history when (if humanly speaking we would expect success) we must not falter in our course. Many are now looking to the Church, and design, as soon as our enlargement is completed, to become worshippers among us, who, if the church were left without a pastor, would doubtless attach themselves to the different sects. And I trust it will not be attributed to vanity if I say that some of these persons will be led to the church out of attachment to me, who may be induced to remain among us from better motives. As there is a prospect of the population of our village rapidly increasing the present season, the church

An Ambassador of Christ

here could not be left destitute of a pastor without in all probability incurring much loss. I know the prospects of usefulness for a faithful pastor in your parish are cheering indeed, and it would have given me great pleasure to have accepted your invitation had I been relieved of my present charge. Could I have induced Mr. F., of Jackson, to have taken my place I would not have hesitated. I called upon him on my way home and presented the subject to him, but he could not be induced to leave his present parish.

I know of no other arrangement which could be made which would justify me in leaving Marshall at present, and, therefore, with the warmest sympathy for your destitution, I am compelled to decline your invitation. But be not discouraged, your dependence is not upon an arm of flesh, and in due time God will send you a pastor after His own heart. With many kind wishes for each of you individually, and with many prayers for the Divine blessing upon yourselves and the congregation, I remain with much respect,

Affectionately yours,

MONT SCHUYLER.

And so he went on with the good work in Marshall and Battle Creek until in the former place the congregation was more than doubled, and in the latter a flourishing parish built up, soon capable of supporting a rector of its own. And to the present day the old inhabitants of these towns, who were under his ministrations, have never forgotten that period of their lives when he was their spiritual helper, counsellor, and friend. A crowded congregation always listened to him whenever he officiated here in his passing visits in after years, and it was he who preached the sermon at the laying of the corner-stone and the consecration of the beautiful stone church that took the place of the humble but tasteful wooden church he had done so much to build and improve.

But circumstances were soon to compel the young clergyman, who had refused so many calls, to look elsewhere for his field of labor.

CHAPTER V

GRACE CHURCH, LYONS

ON October 10, 1843, Rev. Montgomery Schuyler married for his second wife Miss Lydia Eliza Roosevelt, daughter of Nicholas J. Roosevelt, of Skaneateles, N. Y.* While in New York the young clergyman preached in several of the towns of the western part of the State, and making as usual a most favorable impression as to his clerical abilities and his character as a man. While at Lyons, where the parish of Grace Church was without a rector, several of the congregation, among them the well-known jurist, Honorable Ambrose Spencer, ex-Chief Justice of the State, laid the condition of the parish before him, and while not making him a formal call intimated that if he wished to settle there the invitation would not be lacking. On his return to Marshall, while welcomed enthusiastically by the members of his old congregation, he felt that circumstances had greatly changed, both for him and the parish. His wife, whose health was delicate, found that the climate and the conditions of life in the little western town did not agree with her. Her husband, feeling that he owed a duty to his own family, began to entertain serious thoughts of removal. Besides, his personal presence was not so seriously needed as it had been during the enlargement of the church building, and with his usual humility he felt that any earnest servant of the Lord could now carry on the work as well as he.

At the end of November, 1843, came a formal call to Grace Church, Lyons, offering the same salary he was then receiving. This was accompanied by a cordial personal letter from Judge Spencer urging his acceptance, and promising him that, as soon as the then prevailing business depression had passed, an addition would be made to the amount of his salary.

*The children of this marriage were Montgomery Roosevelt, Frank Hamilton (died in infancy), and Louis Sandford (died of yellow fever in Memphis, 1878).

An Ambassador of Christ

This communication was answered on December 5th by the following reply, which is interesting as showing the young rector's views on the support of the clergy—views which he never changed:

GENTLEMEN: Yours of the 20th ult. transmitting me a call to take charge of Grace Church, Lyons, as your pastor, was received a week since. I have seriously and prayerfully weighed the matter and am not yet prepared to give you a definite answer. I have about determined to leave Marshall in the spring. There are reasons for such a step which seem to make the path of duty quite plain. I was much pleased, while at Lyons, with your place, with the church, with the appearance of the congregation, and particularly with those with whom I became acquainted. It seemed to me from what I saw and learned of the village and vicinity, that the congregation might be increased, and, by the blessing of God, many added to the Church through the faithful labors of a pastor.

The principal objection in the way of my accepting your invitation is the amount of salary. Since I have been in the ministry I have been for the greater part of the time unmarried and cannot tell what I can *now* live upon comfortably for house-keeping. I have received here \$600 per annum, and, judging from my expenditures, there would be little left from this sum after deducting the support of a family. I have thought that if you could furnish me with a house in addition to the salary I might feel warranted in accepting your invitation. It is my aim wherever I go to keep out of debt and yet live comfortably as becomes the station of a clergyman. I do not believe that it becomes a Minister of Christ to place himself in a situation which excludes him from extending hospitality to his brethren and friends. I have no expectation of making money by preaching the Gospel, and wish nothing more than a comfortable support. I should not be able to leave this place before the middle or latter part of April, and could not therefore get settled again before the middle of May. I am aware that the delay (inasmuch as you are without a clergyman) is unpleasant and may be unfavorable to the interests of your parish, yet I cannot feel that I should be justified in leaving here without giving the people timely notice, that they may not be left without a pastor.

With earnest prayers for the prosperity of your parish, and with sentiments of the highest respect and esteem for yourselves personally, I remain your friend and servant, MONT SCHUYLER.

Grace Church, Lyons

At the same time he wrote to Bishop De Lancey, of Western New York, telling him of the call to Lyons, and of his intention of leaving Michigan, and asking him "should you wish me in your Diocese I should be much obliged to you for any assistance you may be willing to render me in securing a suitable parish."

But the bishop's assistance was not needed, for a reply from Lyons soon came, stating that the vestry had unanimously agreed to furnish the house in addition to the salary, and, while they regretted that he could not come to them sooner, they felt that the reasons of the delay were such as convinced them of the propriety of his conduct.

And on January 1, 1844, he wrote an acceptance of the call in which the following occurs:

I trust I duly appreciate the responsibility connected with the acceptance of this charge, and if (in the Providence of God) I shall be permitted to enter upon the duties connected therewith, it will not be in any vain reliance upon my own strength, nor with the hope that my labors among you will be of any avail, only so far as they shall be accompanied by the Divine blessing. I feel deeply my own weakness and insufficiency, and throw myself wholly upon Him who has said "My Grace is sufficient for thee." And that I may receive a full measure of this Grace may I not hope for *your* prayers and the prayers of the Church, that I may come to you strengthened with the might of the Holy Ghost. In the meantime I shall not cease to pray that God may bless you individually and the parish you represent, and in His good time bring us together as pastor and people for our mutual edification and for the advancement of His glory.

It was very hard for the young clergyman to sever his connection with Marshall. Here two of his sisters were settled with their husbands, brought there mainly by his influence, and besides there were the many close friendships formed in the early pioneer days. One of these friends had written the preceding fall: "Allow me to say that your society has been much and often missed by me since you last left us, and that no one can more anxiously desire your return." Then, too, the church was mainly his own work; but having again bound his earthly lot

An Ambassador of Christ

with that of another human being, no mistaken sense of duty could lead him to the possibility of sacrificing her health or happiness to his own particular work. And from his visit to Lyons he had seen that there was a greater opportunity to labor for the Lord there than in Marshall, where he felt that his usefulness, for a time at least, had reached its limit. In this connection his letter of resignation may prove of interest.

I cannot express to you the sorrow and anxiety I feel in taking this step. This parish is endeared to me by ties peculiarly strong. My attachment began while a layman. As one of its founders and one of its first wardens I witnessed its struggle in the infancy of its being, and have shared with many of you from the first, the care, anxiety, and toil necessarily connected with the founding and sustaining the church in the midst of a population where but few were acquainted with her peculiarities.

Here I first entered upon the discharge of my pastoral duties, and here have I spent the short period of my ministerial life, and by the blessing of God I have reason to believe that it has not been spent entirely in vain. The congregation has greatly increased, the church edifice has been enlarged, and there are many cheering indications of increasing prosperity in outward things. In spiritual things we have also been greatly blessed. The communion has increased from twenty-eight to eighty-four, all of whom (so far as short-sighted man can see) are living consistent Christian lives. Thus have many ties been formed. I speak of this with no feeling of vain boasting, but wholly as evincing the nature of these ties which bind me with particular strength to this parish. In severing them *now*, I think I can safely say that no mere unwillingness to serve you longer as a pastor, no idle desire for change, no high hope of worldly aggrandizement have influenced my decision, but simply and solely a conviction of the duty I owe to myself and the Master I serve. Be assured that, though impelled by a sense of duty to leave this parish, I can never lose my interest in it, but wherever I go it will always rejoice my heart to hear of your continued increasing prosperity. And may I not hope that I shall not be entirely forgotten, but sometimes be remembered at your fireside and in your prayers.

The pastorate at Lyons, which began in May, 1844, was a very short but very happy period in the life of the young clergyman.

Grace Church, Lyons

In this little town he found a society most congenial to his tastes and habits. His friendship with his old partner, James C. Smith, then residing there, was renewed, to the mutual delight of both, and he was honored with the confidence and intimate friendship of Judge Ambrose Spencer, one of the most distinguished jurists of that period and a man of great intellect and broad culture. The relation was beneficial to both—to the ex-chief justice in the deepening and strengthening of his spiritual life at the close of his honored career, and to the young pastor in broadening his view of the world. Dr. Schuyler in after years would frequently allude to the great and lasting benefit he had derived from his association with the venerable judge.*

But in the delights of congenial companionship and society he did not neglect the work of his calling. Everywhere, especially among the poor and lowly, was he to be found, arousing the indifferent to a sense of the spiritual privileges they were neglecting, and instructing the ignorant in the benefits and beauties of the services of the Church. And his expectations of usefulness were not disappointed. The little church was soon filled with a throng of earnest worshippers, and by the next spring the number of communicants had been greatly increased, and there were presented to the bishop for confirmation fifty-eight candidates, which was a very large class for that little community. Truly his labors were blessed exceedingly.

That same spring, 1845, in the neighboring city of Buffalo, a new parish, St. John's, was organized to accommodate the overflow from the churches already established. And, on looking about for a pastor to guide the new enterprise, the attention

* In a letter written to Dr. Schuyler by the son of Judge Spencer, after the latter's death, is found the following :

"He has often spoken to me of you and of your faithful attentions to him ; and if you needed any reward you would have found it in the admirable Christian state of his mind—his deep humility combined with an infantile trust in his Savior.

"In my Father's will, drawn by himself, is the following clause: 'I give to my esteemed friend, the Rev. Montgomery Schuyler, a walking-stick or cane made for me by Hugh Jamison, Esq. This last direction is intended as a mark of the affection and esteem I entertain for the high and pure qualities of that pious, zealous, and eminent man and divine.'"

An Ambassador of Christ

of the vestry was called to Rev. Montgomery Schuyler, who had accomplished so much in Lyons. A call with the offer of \$1,200 salary was sent him by two of the vestry, but he was absent from the village at the time. It was forwarded to him with a letter stating the prospects of the congregation, the wide field of Christian labor opened for him in the rapidly growing city, and "earnestly soliciting your immediate compliance with the deliberate wish of the vestry and the enthusiastic choice of the parishioners. We hope you will find it convenient to visit us at once, and must beg to *insist* that you will not dismiss our application without coming to see us, when we feel confident we shall make out so strong a *case of duty* as to secure your co-operation and services in our Christian enterprise."

The young rector went immediately to his venerable friend, Judge Spencer, for advice. The judge, who with his keen insight had measured the young man's capacity, advised him, much against his own personal desires, to visit Buffalo, and, if he found the field promising and the organizers of the parish enthusiastic and liberal-minded, to accept the call. He considered it the duty of a man of Schuyler's character and abilities to work in as large a field as possible.

And so the young rector went to Buffalo, met the vestry and many of the congregation, preached in the rooms of the Young Men's Association, where the services were being held, met with a warm and hearty reception, and, seeing what a great opportunity there was for a devoted and enthusiastic servant of Christ, resolved to accept the call.

It was hard to leave the little church in Lyons, where in the short period of his pastorate he had formed so many strong ties; for the warm-hearted rector always had a speedy and infallible passport to the hearts of most men—but it seemed to him that his course could not consistently be other than this. In his letter of resignation, June 13th, he said:

I have received a call from St. John's Church, Buffalo, which to my mind presents a much more extended field of usefulness than the one I at present occupy, and which must continue with

Grace Church, Lyons

the blessing of God to increase in importance. I am well aware that much additional labor will be imposed on me, and much more care and anxiety be the result of the change, yet I feel it my duty not to shrink while my strength is competent to the task. I cannot feel that it is right to neglect what I am persuaded is a most promising opportunity (with God's blessing) to build up a large and flourishing church among those the great majority of whom are excluded by want of sittings from the enjoyment of our services. It does seem to me that multitudes may be saved to the Church and prevented from wandering into other folds, or else neglecting entirely the privileges of the Sanctuary by furthering the Christian enterprise of the new parish of St. John's. I may be misled in my judgment as to its importance, yet viewing it as I now do my duty seems plain.

[Then with his usual honesty he continues.] Besides, the additional salary I am to receive seems to me to be a justifiable consideration, as I am entirely dependent upon it for my subsistence, and possess no other means for providing for the future wants of myself and family should I in the Providence of God be disabled or removed by death. I have stated these reasons plainly because I feel that it is due to yourselves and the Church.

And with expressions of regret on parting with his people and friends the letter closes.

Short as his pastorate was he had made an indelible impression on the little flock, and in after years in the time of sore trial, they were anxious and ready to come to his assistance.*

* Judge Smith, in a letter to a son of Dr. Schuyler, says: "After he left Lyons for Buffalo, we met but seldom. The last time was at the General Convention at Chicago in 1886. The first morning of the session I went to the seats of the Missouri delegates and asked a gray-headed and gray-bearded delegate sitting there if Dr. Schuyler was in the house. 'My name is Schuyler,' said he; 'may I ask who it is that inquires for him?' I gave him my name. I also was gray-headed and gray-bearded, and neither had recognized the other. But each was soon grasping the hand of the other, and during the sitting of the Convention we had many pleasant talks together, in which old times were recalled, and there was one very delightful occasion when we dined with our old Geneva College friend, Senator Doolittle."

CHAPTER VI

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, BUFFALO

WITH his usual enthusiasm Montgomery Schuyler threw himself into the work of building up the new parish of St. John's. He entered upon his pastorate July 27, 1845. There were many difficulties to be overcome. He was a stranger in the city and had to make his personal influence felt in order to draw people into the little congregation, so that it might grow strong enough to build a suitable house for the Lord's service. At the same time he had to be very careful not to cause offence to the worthy rectors of the other two parishes—Trinity and St. Paul's, from whose overflow his parish was organized.

That his relations with them not only remained unruffled, but that to the last he retained their highest confidence and esteem, speaks well not only for his Christianity and goodness of heart, but for his tact and knowledge of men. Dr. Ingersoll, of Trinity, wrote to him in 1859, "I rejoice that your talents and other excellent qualities are appreciated. You will pardon me for saying that I do not know any clergyman who more richly merits the affectionate regards of his people than yourself. God bless you and yours." And Dr. Shelton, of St. Paul's, to the close of his long and useful life, took every opportunity of testifying his affectionate regard for his former co-laborer.

Although Mr. Schuyler was thirty-one years old when he came to Buffalo, yet he was always spoken of then as the "young clergyman," so buoyant were his spirits, so unflagging his energy, so exalted his enthusiasm in his Holy Calling.

Another difficulty to be met was the character of the congregation. Although the organization had been formed by a little band of liberal and devoted churchmen, yet the great mass of those who came to the services were, as an old parishioner, Mr. L. G. Sellstedt, expresses it, "largely made up of people

St. John's Church, Buffalo

whose affinities were more or less strange to the Episcopal Church, having been in large part gathered in from persons without particular ties, and whose adherence was quite as much due to the popularity of the rector as anything else." And to retain and strengthen this popularity among such a heterogeneous gathering required more than clever preaching and expressive reading of the Church services. It required endless tact and consideration of others, care not to offend foolish but vigorous prejudice, and above all, the power of restraining that unruly member, the tongue. All these qualities the young clergyman possessed in an eminent degree. An admirable sermon preached in 1847 from the text "If any man among you seem to be religious and bridleth not his tongue but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain," shows that he considered it one of the chief duties of a Christian not only to refrain from tale-bearing and false slander, but to abstain from uttering unpleasant truths in passion, or when they would unnecessarily cause pain to others. As he wrote once to his wife, "he hoped that he would receive as much benefit from his own sermons as those he endeavored to teach." And in a letter from her is found the statement that "she thanked God she was married to a clergyman as guarded and cautious as he was." There is a pretty story that one of his parishioners, then a little girl, tells: "We always loved the day when he came to catechise the Sunday-school, which he did regularly once a month. We always understood what he said, for he had the gift of talking to children. One day he was telling us about our Lord, and, as was his wont, interspersed his story with questions which kept our interest fixed, making us feel that we too had an interest in the matter. One question was, 'What do you think, dear children, that Jesus looked like?' That was a poser. We had never thought of that. 'Try to imagine what you think He must have looked like?' Then one little girl emboldened by his loving smile raised her hand, and with solemn earnestness replied, 'I think He must have looked like you, Mr. Schuyler.'"

And yet no weak though kindly character could have retained

An Ambassador of Christ

such popularity as he enjoyed, for he not only possessed the love, but the respect of his flock, and respect is only given to strength. Whenever it seemed right for him to take a determined stand, he was never found wanting. The inflexible will he had shown even in his college days was then brought into play. In the spring of 1847, when the church edifice was in process of erection, and the first fruits of his untiring zeal, labor, and tact were about to be realized, he came to the aid of a brother clergyman in a way that was thoroughly characteristic. In a letter to his wife he says:

You speak of T.'s story with respect to Mr. ———. I have heard it all from Mr. ——— and believe it to be a vile persecution. When I was in Geneva the Bishop showed me a retraction from one of those who had been detailing slanders against Mr. ———, in which the scamp confessed that all he had said had been out of sheer malice, and that he had no foundation for the charges. Mr. ——— has commenced suit against every one who has made the charges. One man, who had the impudence to make the charge to his face, he caught by the collar and threw upon the ground. I could not blame him for doing it, for it is more than poor human nature can be expected to endure to be so outrageously abused. Mr. ——— has a certificate from three lawyers whom he has engaged to prosecute his suit, who certify that they have personally and fully investigated all the charges, and believe them to be without any foundation. Some of these people wrote to the Bishop, and the Bishop answered that if they had any charges they must present Mr. ——— for trial; but in a cowardly manner they have refused to do so. So you see I have not been acting in the dark. I believe him innocent and feel bound as a Christian Brother to hold up his hands. I can never make up my mind to turn a cold shoulder to one I believe innocent for popularity's sake. If his Brethren in the Ministry will not uphold him, I do not know where he is to look for sympathy and support. He feels deeply indebted to me for my kindness, and I feel amply repaid. He preached for me again this morning—an excellent sermon.

And it was a determined stand he made in another matter, which cost him a strong friend and in many ways proved the source of sore trials while he remained in Buffalo.

St. John's Church, Buffalo

The most active and energetic of the founders of the parish was a certain "X," one of the most prominent citizens of Buffalo, a man of rare attainments and strongly marked character, a devoted, zealous, and liberal churchman, but an extremely eccentric and self-willed individual. It was he that had done more than anyone else to secure Mr. Schuyler's acceptance of the call, and during the early days of the parish, when its very existence was beset with troubles and perplexities, had done much to aid the young clergyman in his work. His social prominence had attracted many to the church, and his liberal donations greatly aided in furthering the enterprise.

In 1846 the congregation, which was crowding to its utmost capacity the lecture-room of the Young Men's Association on South Division Street, felt strong enough to undertake the building of a house of worship on the corner of Washington and Swan Streets, which should be the largest Episcopal church in the Diocese of Western New York. All through that year and the next the work went on, the rector giving every detail his personal attention, seeing that everything was honestly done and up to the specifications; for, as he expressed it, "nothing but the best should be offered to the Lord." And in all this he was most capably aided by X.

In February, 1847, while work was going on in the interior of the church, the event occurred which was to cause him so much trouble and distress. One of his parishioners and devoted friends writes: "One day he came into my studio showing signs of being greatly agitated, and on my pressing him for the reason, he, after much hesitation, was induced to inform me. He had had a falling out with X, the senior warden, growing out of some difference of opinion as to the propriety of placing a large wooden cross before the principal aisle in front of the chancel; Mr. Schuyler not deeming it advisable in the then uncertain state of feeling on the part of the congregation, many of whom had come into the church with sectarian antecedents." These had been won over by the rector's personal influence, and he well knew how foolish notions will often block the way to good

An Ambassador of Christ

thoughts and noble aspirations. He would not have sacrificed a prescribed act of ritual or even a line of a rubric, but this matter was not required by the Church, and, therefore, though it might be excellent, was unessential.

Besides the wise decision not to offend unnecessarily the wandering sheep he had drawn into the fold, the young rector had another reason for his determined stand, and that was the respect which he felt was due to his position as minister of Christ. He knew that in all matters connected with the conduct of the worship in the sanctuary the priest should be supreme, and could not allow, while he remained priest, any dictation in regard to either doctrine or ritual from the laity without proving unfaithful to his high trust. And the sacred trust which he had undertaken remained throughout his life his highest and holiest possession. For one of his firmest beliefs was in the "Apostolic Succession" of the clergy of the Anglican Branch of the Holy Catholic Church. He always felt himself to be "an Ambassador of Christ."

It was a great surprise for the good X to find his young *protégé* shaking off his guidance in this matter, and he never entirely forgave it.

On the rector's side it was a great sorrow to think that perhaps some hasty expression of his had alienated his friend, and he did everything in his power, without compromising his dignity as priest, to gain back his fellow-worker. But in vain, for, though X remained a member of the congregation, he worked rather for the hindrance than the furtherance of its progress. His aim was to make it so unpleasant for the Rev. Montgomery Schuyler that he would be finally forced to resign, and some more pliable rector be secured. It is the opinion of several of the parishioners that in the first part of his plan he finally succeeded.

At the end of January the young rector went to Skaneateles to be with his wife, who was seriously ill at her father's house, and remained there until he was assured she was out of danger. A couple of extracts from letters written to her after his return

St. John's Church, Buffalo

will show how he felt in regard to the trouble in the parish that had been brewing for him during his absence.

You ask me if you were not right in your suspicions of the "one dissatisfied"? You were. I have heard of no dissatisfaction from any quarter but from X and Mrs. Y. I understood she was down Sunday morning (the Sunday before I returned) and made the remark that she thought it "a fine way to build up a church to go off and leave the people five or six weeks." The other one "was astonished that I could go off and be so indifferent when my laymen were working so hard. The congregation were all leaving. Mr. Ingersoll and Dr. Shelton were at home. Mr. Ingersoll was studying very hard, and Mr. Ingersoll was growing very popular, etc., etc." There, I have told you the sum and substance of it all, and you must not suffer yourself to be worried about it one moment. I am perfectly satisfied the whole congregation are with me and have not been disposed to find fault. Undoubtedly they were anxious for me to return, which I think we ought to regard as a high compliment, as the other churches were open and they could very readily have gone there. As for our *quondam* friend—I do not know what to make of him. He is evidently very restless now, but, as R. says, I would not be at all surprised if in a short time (after finding he could effect nothing by his dissatisfaction) he would become again as loving as ever. I try to treat him with as much attention as ever, though I must confess it goes *terribly* "against the grain." But, as I preached to him and others to-day, we must be meek under injuries and bear with provocations. It is a part of our necessary discipline, and, though it is a hard lesson to learn, yet we ought to try to improve every opportunity. . . . You must not be disturbed by what I have said of the dissatisfaction. It amounts to nothing. . . .

It would be a sore trial for me, and I know it would for you, to be separated another long week, but would it not be best? I don't know what to say about it. The congregation have attended the week-day services so well that I feel they ought not to be deprived of them more than possible. There is another consideration. I can't bear the idea of your coming back without going to see Mother. I know she has calculated so much on a visit, and she and all of them at home are so anxious to see the baby, that it would be a very great disappointment if

An Ambassador of Christ

we did not go there. If they were not so sensitive about my absence so that I could go home, visit Mother, and spend a Sunday there, I should propose it. But I am satisfied that just now I must avoid being absent as much as possible. Mr. R. tells me that X has been counting up the weeks, and the number, it is not likely, will diminish by his count. We are getting on now very smoothly, and I should dislike to do anything that would change the good feeling that exists. . . .

At the same time Mr. Schuyler felt it necessary to make a statement from the pulpit of his exact position in the matter in dispute, in order to counteract the contradictory and exaggerated reports which he soon discovered were floating about the congregation; and so he preached a sermon from the text "Be ye of one mind," from which the following extracts are taken:

Would we have all of one mind in the Church everything like party feeling must be laid aside. There must be no saying "I am of Paul and I of Apollos and I of Cephas." There must be no recognition of the terms High and Low Churchmen. Let this be the case, and no matter how nearly brethren may in reality agree in sentiment, if they wear the name of either party they are as much separated as though they held what may be deemed the most objectionable dogmas of either. The existence of parties in the State may be necessary to preserve purity and excite watchfulness and zeal in the conduct of its rulers and a jealous oversight on the part of the people, but it is a libel on the Church of God to advocate such a necessity here. If the consciousness that "God is witness" is not enough to impose the needful constraint upon us, and if the Glory of God and the Good of His Church is not enough to excite us to diligence in learning and declaring the truth, then we are not worthy to be ranked among His children, and it were better for the Church that we were dis severed from her as dead branches from the living vine. No good can possibly come out of any discussion among Brethren, but, on the other hand, their inevitable tendency is to warp the judgment, blind the understanding, embitter the feelings, and estrange the affections. The truth for which they are both contending almost invariably lies between the two, which either from partisan blindness they cannot, or from partisan prejudice they will not, discern. They range themselves under different Masters, and all their reading and all

St. John's Church, Buffalo

their investigations are directed to support preconceived theories or maintain their own system. With such it is enough to know *who* are the *men* who advance or oppose any doctrine to determine them in recommending or condemning it.

Would we be all of one mind we must strive to avoid a dogmatic spirit. We have none of us a right to entertain or disseminate a doctrine, upon which there is admitted difference of opinion among the learned and pious fathers, with a stubborn and boasting confidence. It was the province of Christ alone to teach with an authority that demands an unquestioned obedience. No *man*—no matter what station he occupies in the Church—has a right to proclaim an “*ex cathedra*” judgment as though *he* were uttering his voice upon a question in regard to which differences have existed. And it argues great want of Christian modesty and proper humility when any man or set of men presume “*par excellence*” to take to themselves the name of “Churchmen.” No matter how clear these points in dispute may seem to us as individuals, we should remember there is a possibility at least that we may err, and, unless we believe in the infallibility of the Church or the decision of our own private judgment, it becomes us to be modest as well as firm in asserting and maintaining them. Charity in our judgment of those who differ from us is absolutely essential to Christian Unity. Charity has nothing to do with opinions, it deals with individuals alone. Its province is confined to the duty of forming a generous and impartial judgment of the motives by which others are actuated, and of dismissing from our minds every consideration of a personal or sectarian character. It would teach us that when we profess to investigate Truth, we are to set aside all reference to the character either of its opposers or advocates, and to view it as abstracted from every relation save that of pure logical deduction. If after such an investigation we are induced to believe that we have arrived at the Truth, we are not to vary from such a decision because attended with unpleasant consequences, because it bears with unsparing severity upon the erroneous views of this or that friend, or because it clearly controverts the cherished opinions of those we love. Charity never requires us to compromise the Truth. Rather than suffer us to abate one jot or tittle of our Faith or to parley a moment with known and acknowledged error, it would lead us to the stake and kindle around us the fires of martyrdom. Still we are not to harbor an illiberal or unkind thought of the most unrelenting opponent. We are most

An Ambassador of Christ

scrupulously to avoid giving any construction to his motives which is either disavowed or not plainly warranted by his conduct. We are to regard him as honest and sincere, and, so long as he professes to be pursuing the same object with ourselves, to leave his professions unquestioned until clearly belied by his acts. And especially should such views characterize our treatment of those who are of the same Household of Faith. Nor can we doubt, did such a spirit characterize our religious controversies, that we should soon arrive at a much nearer agreement in the faith.

To promote such an agreement we must be satisfied with unity in essentials and be willing to accord liberty in non-essentials. It is true it is doubtless desirable that in all things there should be agreement in doctrine and uniformity of practice in the Church, but this is not to be sought by infringing on the rights of any. When their teaching is clearly heretical and their practices in direct violation of the rubrics, then there is a remedy provided and the offender may be tried and suspended. But so long as the diversity proceeds not to such a length, friendly counsel and advice is the utmost limit of the prerogative even of those who have authority to minister discipline in the Church. Could we all think and act alike even upon minor points, there can be no doubt but that it would tend greatly to the peace and quiet of the Church, for it is oftentimes upon these very questions that bitter controversies arise. But while this should admonish us all not to advance fanciful speculations, or to obtrude novel or revive long-forgotten useless observances, it should at the same time teach others to bear with our childish fancies, which, if not harmless, will yet, if opposed with partisan feeling, most surely work a still greater injury. We ought to be willing to allow our Brethren to do their work their own way, claiming for ourselves the same privilege, and—so long as neither violate their ordination vows—according to both clergy and people, the latitude of opinion and practice the Church is pleased to sanction. If we only contend earnestly for the Faith once delivered to the Saints, and preach the Gospel faithfully and receive it into good and honest hearts, it is a matter of comparatively small moment whether we kneel in the chancel or whether the cross or the altar stand conspicuous to view, remembering always the injunction of the Great Apostle, “But take heed lest by any means this liberty of yours become a stumbling-block to them that are weak.”

Nor is there anything that better serves to liberalize the soul,

St. John's Church, Buffalo

to lift it above petty differences and disputes, than a warm-hearted zeal in doing good. To such an one the trifling differences in the arrangement of a chancel, or the position of the individual in performing Divine Service, is no matter of offence. When liberty is allowed, he as freely concedes it to others as takes it to himself. Yet, let me by no means be understood as saying that this zealous devotedness will authorize either Minister or people in disregarding in the slightest particular the requirements of the Rubrics or the long-settled customs of the Church. True piety is content to do its own business without unnecessary interference with others, and we may safely lay it down as a general rule that the most pious and devoted are the most quiet and peaceable.

As another means of promoting unity in the Church let us remember that we are all to have the same home together in Heaven. *There* all is harmony and love. Did we raise our thoughts oftener to that blissful abode, and seek more diligently to be made meet for the inheritance of the Saints in Light, we should have less and less disposition for controversy.

Let me then urge you, my beloved Brethren, by all the various motives to which I have alluded, to cultivate that unity of mind which is so necessary for the peace and prosperity of the Church, and especially for a congregation like ours, where we have a work to perform which will require our united energies. We have no time, and I trust we have no disposition, to enter the arena of controversy, or to hang out upon the rising walls of this Holy Temple we are building any other banner than that of Christ and His Church. Under this alone can we hope for God's blessing. We need no other badge than that which shall distinguish us as Christians and Churchmen. Let us then *love* as Brethren, studiously avoiding everything like party spirit. Let us be charitable in our judgments of those who differ from us, satisfied with unity in essentials and according liberty in non-essentials. And, then, earnestly engaged in working out our own salvation and furthering God's Glory with our thoughts and conversations in Heaven, as the future home of all who truly love the Lord Jesus Christ, we shall be sure that our labor shall not be vain in the Lord. In due time our beautiful Temple shall be reared and its hallowed courts shall be thronged, and as one by one we are called away from the scene of our earthly probation, we shall be gathered together in our Heavenly Father's House above, to be all of one heart and one mind throughout Eternity.

An Ambassador of Christ

In reference to this sermon he wrote to his wife:

Our congregation was larger than I expected, as it has been a very unpleasant day here. I hope, however, my preaching has not been altogether vain, though there were not as many as usual to hear. "Yet Paul may plant and Apollos water, but God alone giveth the increase." How perfectly powerless we are, and how utterly vain all our efforts if God is not present to bless us. And this is one of the greatest comforts the minister of God can enjoy, that his feeblest efforts with the Divine blessing may accomplish as much as the most powerful appeal. No, where are we made to feel more emphatically our own weakness than by the discouraging results which so often attend our labors? And still we are not authorized to conclude that we are doing no good unless we can see the results. It is our privilege to believe that the seed faithfully sown may spring up and bear abundant fruit, even years after we have removed from the field of our labor. We ought not, therefore, to be discouraged, though I am sometimes (I must confess) disheartened when I see so few willing to avow their allegiance to Christ. And sometimes I am weighed down under a sense of my own unworthiness and insufficiency, when I think what awful responsibilities are intrusted us as Ambassadors of Christ, and what an account we must render for the souls committed to our care. Pray for me that I may be faithful unto death, and that that Grace which is so kindly promised may sustain and comfort me.

You must not think from what I have written that I am low-spirited. The feeling I have expressed (it seems to me) is but the language which serious reflection upon the responsibilities or duties of our Holy Office must always elicit, though we think of it too seldom and realize it too little.

The young rector, with all his humility, was right after all in his belief that the congregation was with him. As the cause of his difference with the eccentric X and his position in the matter came to be generally known, those for whose prejudiced, though genuine, feelings he had taken his stand, naturally were all the more attached to him, while those of his congregation who would personally have preferred a more ornate ritual, but who had the wisdom to see the rector's stand-point, stood by him in his efforts to draw as many sheep

St. John's Church, Buffalo

as possible into the fold of their beloved Church. And as the story spread outside of Buffalo it of course grew more and more exaggerated, till Mr. Schuyler, who always refused to identify himself with any party in the Church, was talked about in other cities as an energetic and aggressive representative of the Low Church or Evangelical party.

But, unconscious of his growing notoriety, he worked steadily at the building of the church. It is said that he did the work of several laymen in raising money, looking after the building in all sorts of weather and urging it to completion, at the same time not in the least neglecting his priestly duties or pastoral visits.

The following, from a letter of January 19, 1847, seems characteristic:

I have spent all day in the Rooms expatiating upon the plans. [The sale of seats in the unfinished church was about to take place.] What will be the result of our united efforts to-morrow will disclose. To mention one little instance where I know I have been of service—there is a Mrs. C. here who has lately come into town, and, about a month since, began attending service at our Room. Yesterday it was suggested she might possibly buy a seat. There was half of a seat with Mr. F. at \$75, and as she is a widow and alone we thought she might like it. So I took the ground plan and trudged up above Chippewa and Pearl, and after talking it over she said she would tell me to-morrow. So to-day she sent down word she would take it. We have had our sale this morning. The amount is about \$3,500, which is \$1,500 better than I expected.

And so the work went on through the year. Emboldened by the rapid growth in 1845 and 1846, both rector and congregation had planned the building on a scale of magnificence quite unusual for those times, and as the rector had a natural taste for architecture the building was much more churchly in character than those usually erected in that region, where the meeting-house was the ideal. The amount of money required was more than the parish at that time could raise, and

An Ambassador of Christ

so a debt was incurred in the hope that the growth of the congregation in the more commodious edifice would soon accomplish its payment.

On January 30, 1848, the first service was held in the new building, and the enthusiastic rector preached to a crowded congregation from the text, "But when his disciples saw it they had indignation, saying, 'To what purpose is this waste?'" In this sermon he set forth his view that nothing could be too elaborate, too fine, for the service of God, and what they had done was not for their own pride and glory, but as honoring the Maker and Giver of all good things. And in the conclusion he made the following remarks, referring to the past history of the parish:

Two years and a half ago we were a very little band assembled in an upper room, and before we had fixed upon any plan for a Church edifice. The number of our communicants did not exceed fifty, and our congregation regularly assembling did not exceed four times this number. We then felt that we had a great work before us, and to mere human view but little upon which we could rely. We knew that the task upon which we had entered was one which plainly devolved upon us in the Providence of God, that another Church was absolutely demanded by the rapid increase of our population, that hundreds were wandering about as sheep without a shepherd, who had need and might be gathered within the fold, and that though we were like Gideon going out with his three hundred men against a Mighty Host, yet like him we had the God of Battles on our side, and that we need not fear the issue. Sustained by these convictions and even cheered and encouraged by the difficulties in our pathway, at *that* time did I feel it my duty and privilege to speak to you in unhesitating confidence to "*Go forward*" in your noble enterprise for the Glory of God and the salvation of men. And thus sustained and cheered we did go forward. Two years of intense anxiety and care, of unremitting persevering labor succeeded, and what has been the result? Such a result, my beloved Brethren (I hesitate not to say), as has been seldom witnessed in this country. We have it *here* before our eyes in this beautiful and commodious edifice where hundreds may now weekly assemble to worship God, who were

St. John's Church, Buffalo

before necessarily excluded from His Sanctuary. And we have it, too (I trust), as a witness on high in the spiritual fruit which has by God's blessing been garnered up for us in Eternity. Truly may we say—"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us"—His blessing has attended all our efforts, and not infrequently has the result in particular instances far exceeded our highest anticipations. We can have but one record for the past, and that must be uninterrupted mercies. Our communion, which at the first annual report numbered but 46, has now been increased to 140. There have been 62 baptisms of adults and infants and 33 confirmed. There have been but 19 deaths in the congregation, though many more deaths are recorded (being of strangers), only three of the number are from the list of communicants, all of whom, blessed be God, died in the full hope of a blissful immortality.

Buffalo at that time had no city gas-works, and St. John's was at first lighted with lamps, but soon these were replaced by a gas apparatus, which supplied a grand chandelier, side-burners, and lights on the altar screen. These filled the sanctuary with a light which was "brilliant, but not dazzling," and generally satisfactory, except on the second Sunday evening. What happened then the rector describes in a letter to his wife:

We had a tremendous rush at the church this evening, and quite a catastrophe. I noticed about the middle of my sermon that the light was growing dim, and it soon seemed to fail so fast that I closed, before I had finished my sermon, with a short collect (omitting the singing) and the benediction, and then, before half the people were out, we were left in total darkness. They had been careless and not made a sufficient supply of gas. It was too bad, as some scamps that were there shouted and clapped their hands. The moon let in a little light through the windows, and all were enabled to get out. I expect we shall see something of it in the papers to-morrow.

The expense of this apparatus, a grand organ—the finest at that time in Buffalo—together with other improvements that made the interior of St. John's, as a visitor expressed it, "second to none in the United States," rendered necessary

An Ambassador of Christ

a visit of the rector and two of his vestry, Messrs. Hemenway and Hibbard, to New York in May, 1848, to negotiate another loan.

While in the metropolis he preached in St. Thomas's Church by invitation of the rector, Dr. Whitehouse, afterward Bishop of Illinois, and then one of the leaders of the Low Church party. Mr. Schuyler was greatly impressed by the wickedness of the great city, which he had only seen during his brief visit after graduation. He wrote in a letter: "May God preserve me from such scenes as I have witnessed walking down Broadway this night. Oh! what reason have I to be grateful to my Heavenly Father that I have been kept from such a course of wickedness, and several times during my walk I could not but exclaim, 'By the Grace of God I am what I am.'" He visited Lewis and James Sandford, the brothers of his first wife, who were greatly rejoiced to see their old friend. "After I had kissed them all, Lewis said he had a great mind to kiss me himself. They insisted upon my coming right up there with my baggage."

To this period belongs a letter which is so significant and valuable that it is given almost entire:

I am deeply grieved to hear you express yourself as to your spiritual state as you do in your last letter. There is no reason why you should do so. God has not given you over to hardness of heart, so long as you feel as you do. In the case of those who are given over to "strong delusion to believe a lie" there is a perfect insensibility to their condition. The great difficulty with you is that you are resting too much upon particular frames and feelings, and, because you cannot enjoy these comfortable feelings, you conclude that you have no religion. Now this is all wrong. God often tries us in this way by seeming to abandon us that we may feel more our entire dependence upon His Grace. He would teach us that it is not by these particular frames and feelings that we are to be justified in His sight, but that we are to look alone to Jesus who died that we might live, and whom, therefore, we should strive to obey. It is not *because* we enjoy certain frames and feelings or do certain good works that we

St. John's Church, Buffalo

are accepted. You know the poor publican was justified when he smote upon his breast and cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner." And it is our privilege to believe we are forgiven when we humble ourselves in the same way. But do you say that your heart is so cold and unbelieving that you cannot believe? Then put up the prayer, "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief," and in due time it shall be heard and answered.

But you despond without making proper effort. The great difficulty is that you are not particular enough in reading your Bible and in private prayer. Because you cannot feel as much enjoyment in the exercise as you think you ought, you therefore give it up. Now, this you should not do. You should go on humbly endeavoring to do your duty, and gradually you will find it more pleasant and profitable. I know this to be the case in my own experience. When I grow careless and neglect my duty in this respect it grows burthensome to me and gives me no satisfaction. But, when I return to greater diligence and regularity in these duties, they become again more comforting and profitable. Now I know you say you have not time for this. But you should take time. If you say the care of your darling boy interferes, remember, if this is made the excuse, God may be pleased to take him from you, for the very purpose of bringing you to a right mind. It is for purposes like these He so often chastises us. Oh, strive to realize this and to live as though you did not forget the Giver in the *gift*, and as though you were determined to show your gratitude by a life devoted to His service.

In this connection it may be interesting to give a short extract from a letter written in after years to his son Philip, who was studying for the ministry:

And let me say, with reference to the habitual reading of the Bible, for many years past I have been accustomed daily to read a chapter in the Old and New Testament. Of late I have read them in course, and have come to the conclusion that it is as profitable as to try to make selections. Of course there will be times when the Old Testament will seem to be unprofitable reading, but in the long run it will not fail to be edifying, and it is singular how often the most unexampled lessons of wisdom will be presented.

In the next year, 1849, Mr. Schuyler wrote his first book. It was an unpretentious little work—the true story of the

An Ambassador of Christ

short life of a child who had been a member of St. John's Sunday-school, and whose parents were intimate friends of the rector. The pathetic yet instructive story was told in a simple way, well suited to the comprehension of the youngest children, and its lesson was drawn clearly and succinctly. Mr. Lewis Sandford offered the work in the autumn to the American Sunday-school Union. It was immediately accepted and brought out in time for the Christmas trade, and the chairman of the committee wrote to Mr. Schuyler: "The work which you are so good as to offer is most admirable and will do much good."

A single paragraph taken from the conclusion will give an idea of the style of the little book and the spirit which pervades it, the spirit which made his teaching so intelligible and interesting to the children he used to catechise in the Sunday-school:

As I have said, when we are baptized, we are adopted into God's family, we are made members of His Holy Church, we are under the most sacred vows to live as Christ's disciples. We are not to think we can live as we choose till we grow up, and that then we shall be converted to live like Christians. It is our duty to begin *now*. Every day, after we are old enough to understand our duty, we are breaking our solemn vows by not beginning. We are to feel that, though *young*, we are Christ's disciples, and that we have the promise, "They that seek me *early* shall find me;" and, therefore, we should read and study our Bibles; we are to pray; we are to govern our tempers and strive to obey our parents, and in all things to please God. In this way we would *grow up Christians*, and there would be no need of our being converted, as must be the case with those wicked men and women who grow up forgetful of God and His commandments.

One of his nearest and best friends in Buffalo at this time was the now well-known artist and portrait painter, Lars G. Sellstedt, who came to Buffalo in 1847, and having attended services in the Young Men's Association rooms, became acquainted with the rector. This acquaintance soon ripened

St. John's Church, Buffalo

into a warm intimacy and a friendship which was only terminated by death. Mrs. Schuyler shared in this relation, and made the young artist so much at home that he almost counted as one of the family. In closing some data, which he kindly furnished for this chapter, he wrote, in 1897: "These reminiscences may be outside the object of your letter, but they are dear to me, and I love to dwell on them, for in all my pilgrimage on earth I cannot recall any family to whose friendship I have been more indebted."

Not only did Mr. Sellstedt paint excellent portraits of the entire family of his rector, including both his wife's mother and his own, but it was with him that his friend loved to enjoy his favorite sport of fishing. It was on these excursions that the clergyman would drop his load of care and responsibility, and entering into the sport with his whole soul would find the needed rest and recreation. And even in later years, "after his removal to St. Louis, when he came to Buffalo on his summer excursions, as soon as I knew he was in town," says Mr. Sellstedt, "I used to arrange for a day's fishing on the Niagara River, and no boy ever entered on a fishing trip with more zest or enjoyed its pleasure more than he, especially if a big fish was on his hook. But with all his abandon to the fun in hand he never wholly laid aside the dignity of the clergyman and no derogatory expression ever sullied his conversation, however genial and free from cant it might be." And years afterward, in 1880, when his old rector was in serious trouble, the artist wrote: "My heart will always be in the right place toward you as one of the best friends I ever had, especially in days of adversity."

Another prominent friend and efficient supporter of the rector was the well-known William G. Fargo, the founder of the American Express Company and the Wells-Fargo Company. This friendship was also life-long. And in his letters Mr. Schuyler makes frequent references to Mr. Hamilton Rainey, on whom he seemed to rely especially for counsel and

An Ambassador of Christ

guidance in the many difficulties which beset his path as rector. He often speaks of him as "my true friend," and his diaries make frequent mention of consultations with him upon the affairs of the parish.

In 1850 he published another book, entitled "The Ministry and Worship of the Protestant Episcopal Church." The volume is now out of print, the edition being exhausted. The following is from one of the reviews that appeared in a church journal:

This volume consists of five Lectures delivered in St. John's Church, Buffalo, in the course of last spring. They were prompted by a sermon of the Rev. M. L. R. P. Thompson, D.D., of the First Presbyterian Church in that city, assailing Episcopacy, and we can say that Churchmen have reason to thank Dr. Thompson for calling forth such a volume. If such results are likely in future to follow such attacks, we earnestly hope he will continue them. Mr. Schuyler treats the subject in a most able and lucid manner. His style is animated and forcible, and this volume, though small, embraces the principal points in dispute. We regard it as an important addition to our controversial works. . . .

The introductory lecture enforces that we should not "receive our religion on trust," that "we have no right to connect ourselves with this or that society of men claiming to be a church, until we have candidly and faithfully examined the ground of their claims;" "that it is the absolute duty of every person to *prove* all things" respecting the faith he espouses, since "upon each individual rests the responsibility of a choice." The author next shows up the figment of an "invisible church" as a novel and vague speculation utterly unscriptural and untenable, and he adduces the Presbyterian Confession of Faith to support him. He then proceeds to the main topics, and, resting upon Scripture and History as the "two pillars upon which all rationally established faith must ultimately repose," he considers "the Divine origin and apostolic character of the Church and the beautiful consistency of her mode of worship." Firmly persuaded of the truth of what he urges, the reverend author combines in an eminent manner a mild and charitable spirit with a fearless and inflexible position. . . . Throughout the work he evinces that Christian forbearance taught by St. Paul: "The

St. John's Church, Buffalo

servant of God must not strive, but be gentle unto all men, patient, in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves, if God peradventure will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth." . . . The appendix contains a fund of information, conspicuous in which are the analogy of the polity of the Protestant Episcopal Church to our Republican Government, and "Calvin's views of Episcopacy, and efforts to secure it." The work commends itself to all those who would dispassionately examine the grounds upon which is founded the belief in Episcopacy.

This little book was quite extensively read and commented upon at the time, and did much to make his name known outside of Buffalo as a fearless and able advocate and defender of the Church.

In another Church paper of a little later date the following appeared:

We understand that Dr. Thompson, of this city, is preparing a work which will soon be published, entitled, "The Church, its Ministry and Worship," being a review of a book published by the Rev. Montgomery Schuyler, of St. John's Church, Buffalo, on the same subject.—*Buffalo Commercial*.

We are happy to hear it. The Doctor will find in Mr. Schuyler an opponent both willing and able. And if this review will but call forth another volume from Mr. S., it will be but an additional instance in which Dr. Thompson has done good service to the Church by his attacks upon her.

The promised work did in due time appear, but Mr. Schuyler, who never liked an extended or bitter controversy, was relieved by the Rev. A. B. Chapin, of Connecticut, who assumed the task of silencing the Presbyterian divine. Mr. Chapin was one of the leading writers at that time in the Episcopal Church. He had been for years the editor of a prominent Church periodical, had written some very able and well-known theological works (chief among which was one on "The Primitive Church"), and was one of the regular contributors to the leading secular magazines of the day. In 1851 there was published a little pamphlet entitled, "Notes

An Ambassador of Christ

on Thompson's 'Church Ministry and Worship' in a Letter to Rev. M. Schuyler, of Buffalo," in which it was proven to the satisfaction of all good churchmen that Dr. Thompson "was wanting in the learning requisite to discuss the subject," and that, as an assailant of the Episcopal Church, he was "ignorant, incompetent, and untrustworthy." The pamphlet was prefaced by this characteristic "editorial note" from Mr. Schuyler:

The following letter, which I have received from Rev. A. B. Chapin, contains such an admirable notice of the work upon its title page, that I take great pleasure, with his permission, in presenting it to the Public. It is another, among the many instances he has furnished the Church of his thorough and extensive learning, and his general and intimate acquaintance with the whole subject of Ecclesiastical History and Church Polity, and sets forth in no enviable light the character of Dr. Thompson's book.

It has relieved me from the most unpleasant task of noticing the same as it seemed to deserve, a task peculiarly unpleasant to me, from the bitter spirit and the offensive personalities which everywhere characterize it. No fuller answer, and no farther notice is required.

And so ended this controversy, at least so far as Montgomery Schuyler was concerned; but it had accomplished not a little for him by making his name and work known outside of Buffalo. And so there soon came a request from New York City for his biography for insertion in the leading cyclopædia of that day.

Early in 1851 Mr. Schuyler paid a visit to Woodside, his mother and his brother William having finally decided to sell the place and move, with the two unmarried sisters Sara and Louise, to Marshall, where all the rest of the family except Montgomery had now settled. He writes in his diary: "Bid farewell to old Woodside. It was sad because linked with so many fond associations. But it is not like losing one of the happy circle. *They* will make a *home* anywhere."

In the same diary we also find, under date of July 28th:

St. John's Church, Buffalo

"To-day I have been all excitement, and this evening I have heard the unrivalled Jenny Lind. I consider it an era in my life." In after years he was fond of expatiating on this wonderful experience, saying that the divine Jenny's rendition of "I know that my Redeemer liveth" was one of the finest sermons he had ever heard. But the entry of July 30th adds: "To-night Jenny has given another concert. I have practised self-denial and stayed away."

In October he paid a short visit to New York City with his wife, and when there preached again for Dr. Whitehouse, of St. Thomas's Church, renewing the favorable impression he had made three years before. He also listened to some of the most noted divines of that day. On his return to Buffalo, finding that his old teacher of elocution, Mr. Taverner, was in the city, he persuaded Mr. Ingersoll and Dr. Shelton to form a class with him, and took another course in elocution as applied to preaching and the reading of the church services.

In the early part of 1852 the Rev. Dr. Whitehouse having been elected Bishop of Illinois, the vestry of St. Thomas's Church, New York City, looking for a suitable successor, turned their attention to the rector of St. John's, Buffalo. He received a letter asking if he would consider a call should one be extended to him. He was desired, however, to commit himself definitely to the Low Church party. But this was what Montgomery Schuyler would never do. He always insisted that he was a "good churchman," and not even the bait of a great New York parish, the munificent salary, or the broader field of work offered could induce him to commit himself to any section whose partisan activity in the Church he deeply deplored. So, with a brief reply, he put aside this tempting chance of clerical advancement.

But the fact that their rector had been seriously talked about in connection with one of the greatest parishes in this country had its effect in different ways on the congregation for which he so faithfully labored. The first result was a

An Ambassador of Christ

substantial increase of his salary by the vestry, who felt they must do something to keep with them a man whose popularity was spreading so far outside their city. And the second was the announcement of a ticket for the coming election of vestrymen with the avowed purpose of "electing a body of men who would pay the strictest attention to the secular concerns of the church, who would cut down all useless and unnecessary expenditure, and devote their energies to establishing her financial affairs on a secure and healthy basis." Coming, as this did, immediately after the augmentation of his salary, the fact that he had not been consulted in the matter, and that the name of his irreconcilable opponent, X, was at the head of the list of candidates, left no doubt in Mr. Schuyler's mind as to the purpose of this movement. The old personal difficulty had grown to an open opposition in the congregation to the rector, and he promptly met it by the public statement that he would resign if X were elected. The fear of losing their beloved pastor caused Mr. Schuyler's friends to exert themselves to the utmost, and roused even the indifferent to activity. So great was the pressure brought to bear upon them that X and his supporters finally withdrew their names. That the great majority of the congregation were with the rector was shown by the election of his special friends to the vestry—"there being an unusually large attendance of voters."

And yet all through this his heart was agitated by the keenest anxiety. On March 2d his wife had given birth to their third son, Louis Sandford (whom they named after their firm friend, the brother of his first wife), but as the days passed she grew weaker and weaker, and though during the summer she rallied slightly and was enabled to revisit her father's home, yet after her return to Buffalo in the autumn she sank again. At last, on October 10th, the anniversary of their marriage, she passed away.

Mr. Sellstedt writes of her: "A better woman never was, and I never had a better friend." And in the resolutions

St. John's Church, Buffalo

passed by the vestry the following occurs: "By the death of Mrs. Schuyler, the parish of St. John's Church has been deprived of one of its most useful and valuable members, whom to know was to love—one who ever felt a deep and lively interest in all that concerned its temporal and spiritual edification; who has been foremost in every work of charity and love since the organization of the parish; whose deeds of kindness and acts of mercy will ever live in the remembrance of the poor relieved by her generous nature and sympathizing heart; whose benevolence knew no limit of sect nor race, and was only limited by her inability to gratify and relieve their wants."

Sara Schuyler, one of Montgomery's sisters, came immediately from Marshall and took charge of his house and his motherless children. The elder boy was frequently seen driving through the streets with his father, who usually took the child with him on his pastoral visits; but the little Louis, who was only seven months old when his mother died, fell ill and, in spite of all the care of his devoted aunt, continued to grow worse, until his life was despaired of. At that time Mrs. Fargo, who lived next door, took him into her home and cared for him as one of her own brood, and finally saved the life of the motherless babe, who, grown to manhood, was to do such noble work in the vineyard of the Lord.

At first a deep melancholy settled upon the bereaved husband, showing itself in almost every act. But, as time passed on, his buoyant, energetic nature reasserted itself. Constant references are found in his diary to a "little book" upon which he was writing in December, January, and February. Whether it was ever finished, or what it was about, we have not been able to discover. At the same time he was exceedingly active in the establishment of a "Free Church" as a mission station. Frequent references are found in his diary at this time to work done to raise the money, and time spent in looking for a suitable lot.

An Ambassador of Christ

On January 24, 1853, at a meeting of the vestry it was resolved to make a strong effort to pay off the debt which still burdened the church, and Mr. Schuyler, in utter forgetfulness of self, and determining to do more than his duty as rector, resolved to act as vestryman also. So, during the days preceding Lent, the rector, sometimes alone, sometimes accompanied by Messrs. Mack and Hazard, went about trying to raise the sum by subscription. But it was slow and dispiriting work—the subscriptions pledged were small, and quite a number wished the matter postponed till some future date. For some time the rector was puzzled to account for this state of affairs, but the Friday after Ash Wednesday he learned the cause. X and his supporters had resolved to make their opposition at last effective, had again held a meeting and had nominated an opposition ticket for the vestry, announcing that this time they would under no circumstances withdraw. Divided against itself, this was no time for the parish to enter upon an undertaking of such magnitude as paying off the debt. It was therefore abandoned, and during the holy season the friends and enemies of the rector gathered together and laid plans for the election on Easter Monday.

This was the rector's sorest trial. The day he heard the news he made a record of it in his diary, where, after a keen characterization of X, is added, "May God remember his service for good." And on the next day, Saturday, speaking of the opposition ticket, he says: "What a sad state of things when such proceedings are resorted to. May God prepare me for the duties of His Holy Day."

The following day, learning that Bishop De Lancey was in town, the rector "saw him and had a good talk with him about the difficulties in the parish." Whatever the bishop's advice may have been, or whether the rector followed it or not, the fact is that there is no further mention of the matter in the diary till Easter Monday, when the following appears: "To-day has been an anxious day, but, thank God, it has resulted

St. John's Church, Buffalo

gloriously. X has been defeated by 120 majority—218 votes polled."

The fact that X had been able to gather less than fifty supporters, and the general feeling that the best interests of the church were suffering from this difficulty, led the mutual friends of both parties to take steps toward effecting a reconciliation between the rector and his opponent. Montgomery Schuyler was not one who would let his personal feeling stand in the way of peace and concord, especially when he had just defeated his opponent so thoroughly, and an agreement was effected on April 19th, of which the following record has been preserved by one of the wardens:

Whereas, much misunderstanding and unfriendliness of feeling has existed for some time past between X and Rev. Mr. Schuyler, and as they are now disposed to meet each other in the spirit of reconciliation and forgiveness, and to endeavor, by the Grace of God, henceforth to live in mutual kindness and good will, it is understood that they shall at the first opportunity recognize each other, and mingle in the ordinary intercourse of life as friends. They are in no way to make allusion to the past, but to forgive and forget, as far as possible, every cause of fresh difficulties, and so far as concerns the future they are to be governed in their treatment of each other as if they had heretofore been strangers, giving to each other's conduct and acts, as they are bound to do in their intercourse with all, the benefit of the judgment of charity, and determined in all honesty and good faith to give to each other no just cause of offence either by word or deed.

An old parishioner being asked if this agreement was kept, replied: "By Dr. Schuyler, perfectly."

"But by X?"

"Well, I can't say as much as that."

And so it was. Though in his diary the record of pastoral visits to X are always underlined, evidently showing the effort they took, yet ever afterward the rector spoke of him in the kindest terms, always recognizing his great merits in many directions.

An Ambassador of Christ

But X, after an earnest effort to live up to *his* part of the agreement, found his antipathy too strong to be overcome, and once more recommenced hostilities, which continued till Mr. Schuyler had left Buffalo—but left it for a field where, through many vicissitudes of suffering and joy, he was to accomplish a far greater work for the Master than he ever could have done had he remained in his “beloved parish of St. John’s.”



The Mary E. Bofinger Memorial Chapel, St. Louis Mo.

CHAPTER VII

THE CALL TO ST. LOUIS

THE year 1853 might truly be called a "wanderjahr" in the life of Montgomery Schuyler. During the summer and autumn he made quite a number of short trips—to Skaneateles four times, to Cleveland to preach the sermon at the laying of the corner-stone of a church, to Syracuse, to Lyons, his old parish; to Geneva, where at Commencement the Faculty of Hobart College conferred on him the degree of M.A. In May he went with his children to Marshall to attend the ceremony of the marriage of his sister Sara to Dr. Sandford Eastman, a half-brother of his first wife, who had settled in Buffalo as a practising physician.

He had not been in his first parish since he had left it, more than nine years before, and many changes had taken place in that time. Some of his old parishioners had died or moved away, but, on the other hand, the entire "Schuyler clan," with the exception of himself, had settled there, and great was his joy in meeting the dear ones once more.

To add to his pleasure, his old friend and partner, James C. Smith, was there at the same time, trying to secure something from the fragmentary assets of the old "Marshall Company," but, if we may judge from Mr. Schuyler's diary, without much success. The two friends, however, drove about the country renewing their recollections of their pioneer days. He also went with Dr. Montgomery to the cemetery where his dear ones were buried, and wrote in his diary: "How sad and yet how full of hope my reflections there!" As for the Schuyler family, they made the most of their visitors, and almost every evening before and after the wedding saw some cheery family reunion at one of the different houses. Mr. Schuyler preached in his old church to a crowded congregation, and the next Sunday, attended by nearly all the family,

An Ambassador of Christ

went over to Battle Creek, where he held services and preached in the church he had founded, meeting with an enthusiastic reception. He also helped his brother William plant corn on his new farm. But the third Sunday found him back in Buffalo, with his children, in his home, which was "very lonely, Sara and Sandford being away," and "little Louis quite troublesome."

However, the return of the newly wedded pair from their trip made things look much brighter, especially as they had decided to remain with him at least for some time.

During the summer he engaged with tireless energy in all sorts of work outside of his regular parish duties. In his diary are found constant references to visits in the tenement districts to the poor, the sick, and the afflicted, to projects for lifting the burden of debt from St. John's, and especially to work done in establishing the "Free Church"—for finally enough money was raised to rent and furnish a room where services could be held, and here Mr. Schuyler preached the opening sermon to the congregation, gathered mainly through his efforts. The text was, "Fear not, little flock."

But all this feverish activity and mental excitement proved at last too much for even his vigorous constitution, and at the end of August his health broke down so completely that his mother came on from Marshall to care for him. She saw immediately that what he needed was rest and change, so in September and October mother and son made quite a long tour, that not only was most enjoyable to both, but was destined to have a momentous influence on his future career. They travelled by way of Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence to Montreal and Quebec; then through Vermont, visiting Bishop Hopkins at Burlington; then to Boston and Lowell, where both, full of enthusiasm, enjoyed all the sights; and then to New York City to visit the Sandfords.

Some extracts from a letter that the mother wrote to one of her daughters, dated New York, October 10, 1853, may prove interesting:

The Call to St. Louis

I have been so very busy since I came here that I have had but little time to write. Monty and I spent nearly a day at the Crystal Palace and are not yet satisfied. We think of going again this evening with Mrs. Sandford. My expectations were more than answered; it was worth coming to N. Y., for if I had no other object I should have enjoyed it to my heart's content, if *all* my children had been there to share it with me. I shall not attempt a description of anything, but leave it till we meet. . . . Monty will leave me at the Junction and go on to Skaneateles—how much I wish he were going on with me—I do dislike so much to leave him after being so long with him. You cannot imagine, dear Sara, how much I have enjoyed this journey. We have had nothing to retard us even for a day, and everything has appeared on the bright side. I think Monty will be much benefited—he is quite well now. . . . Yesterday we attended Grace Church. I was anxious to go there, as it is called the most beautiful church in the city. We heard Mr. Goodwin, from Hartford, in the morning, a very good, practical preacher, and who do you think preached in the afternoon?—none other but your own brother. While we were eating dinner on Sunday a note came from Dr. Taylor, inviting him to preach that afternoon—he hesitated a good deal, but all the company urged him so much he finally consented—and all went to hear him. After Church we heard it whispered all round the church “Who preached this afternoon?”—everyone seemed anxious to find out. *I* never heard him preach better, and in that large church he could, I think, be distinctly heard all over it, which Mrs. Sandford says is the case but seldom with their own clergyman. I expected to have gone to some other church in the afternoon, but I gave it up, as my vanity was a *little* gratified by the invitation. We could not imagine how Dr. T. found out where Monty was staying.

The General Convention of the Church was then being held in New York, and Mr. Schuyler became acquainted with Bishop Cicero S. Hawks, of Missouri, who had, previous to his Episcopal election in 1844, been rector of Trinity Church, Buffalo, and whose wife Mr. Schuyler had frequently visited when she was ill while staying with friends in that city. The bishop was strongly attracted to the rector of St. John's, and inquired minutely about his work in Buffalo and the state of his parish.

An Ambassador of Christ

Shortly after his return to Buffalo he received a letter from Bishop Hawks, saying, that owing to the increasing burden of diocesan visits he was unable to give the proper attention to the parish of Christ Church, St. Louis, of which he was rector, that in consequence of this the congregation was declining, that the church was in the business district of the city, and a new edifice farther uptown would soon be a necessity, that this move was even now being considered, but could only be successfully accomplished under the leadership of an active and enthusiastic rector who could give his whole time to the project and build up a large and flourishing congregation. He wished to know if Mr. Schuyler would consider a call if he, the bishop, would resign his rectorship.

About the middle of November Bishop Hawks stopped in Buffalo on his way home, preached in St. John's Church, and had a long conversation with its rector, where he set forth still more fully the state of affairs in St. Louis, and did all he could to impress him favorably with the prospects of a noble work for the Lord in that city.

The bishop struck the right note. Throughout his entire clerical life Montgomery Schuyler's aim ever was to labor to the limit of his powers in the Lord's vineyard. Here in Buffalo, though he had built up from feeble beginnings one of the strongest parishes and the largest church in the diocese, where over three hundred communicants and their families worshipped, yet the period of progress seemed over, the parish having practically attained its full growth. And then there was that division in the church, that opposition, which, in spite of all his efforts, he had been unable to overcome, and which was even now again beginning to show itself. Might it not be better for him to go away to a new field, where, with his past bitter experience, he could avoid making enemies, while some other pastor might come to St. John's who would be able to heal all differences.

Moved by these reflections, he promised to consider the matter, and the bishop went home to make the necessary ar-

The Call to St. Louis

rangements for resigning his rectorship and securing a call for Rev. Montgomery Schuyler to be his successor. This was finally accomplished in May. The congregation of Christ Church pledged itself to pay \$2,000 per annum for five years toward the bishop's salary, and then sent a call to Mr. Schuyler at a salary of \$2,500, with the use of the parsonage. At the same time the warm-hearted bishop wrote as follows:

I trust you will come to this flock as promptly as you can. I am sure that no more noble field can be presented to you in the whole American Church. Come and see it for yourself. . . . The Rev. Mr. Clerc, of St. John's, Mr. Estes, of St. Paul's, and myself will gladly welcome you. The parish is the old Mother parish of this region and only needs a good man to carry all before him in a city of more than one hundred thousand souls, and that city the most important and rapidly growing in the Mississippi valley. Please accept the call and come. Let me hear from you promptly—after long deliberation they have settled upon you *unanimously*. Come to this vast field.

At the same time came a cordial letter from the Rev. Mr. Clerc urging acceptance, and a long statement from the senior warden, Mr. B. B. Dayton, exhibiting the condition and prospects of the parish in detail. The call was brought in person by Mr. Dwight Durkee, a member of the vestry and a former resident of Buffalo, who was to meet any objections that might be raised, and if possible to bring the rector of St. John's back with him to St. Louis for the purpose of viewing the field for himself.

Mr. Durkee found Mr. Schuyler in the midst of preparations for his wedding with Sophie Elizabeth Norton, which occurred on May 29, 1854.* Miss Norton was the daughter of Captain Walter Norton, who was one of the first to own and run steamboats on the Great Lakes. She was then residing with her sister, the wife of Warren Granger, one of the lead-

* The children of this marriage were four boys: William, Walter Norton, Philip, Eugene Paschal, and four girls: Eleanor Glasgow, Mary Bertha, Gertrude Lindell, and Sophie Norton. All are living at the present time.

An Ambassador of Christ

ing citizens of Buffalo, and at that time a parishioner of St. John's.

The following extract from a letter written, just before this marriage, by his brother-in-law James Sandford, is of interest:

I cannot think it necessary to say that we are all rejoiced to think that you are to marry again. You are eminently fitted for the enjoyment of domestic life, and can make home a little paradise. Your life thus far has been chequered to an unusual degree. You have had much, very much of affliction. May God grant that the clouds may now pass from your life, and that the future may be radiant with peace and happiness. I have the guarantee of it in your own affectionate heart, and in what she must be whom you have persuaded to share it with you. . . . Assure her that she will have in our family the welcome of a dear sister. Such she will be to us when she is your wife, and we must ask a small place in her affections if, on making our personal acquaintance, she can admit us to it. . . . Can you not visit us here? If not now will you not give us some hope of a visit in the autumn? Don't be rash now and say "no" the first thing, but think well of it. . . . I would send a brother's kiss to Miss Norton, but that might infringe upon your rights.

Mr. Schuyler consulted with Miss Norton about the call to Christ Church, and they resolved to visit St. Louis on their wedding journey. This they did, going by the way of Marshall, where they received a hearty welcome from the whole Schuyler clan. On their arrival in St. Louis they went to the home of Mr. Dayton, and during their stay there they were entertained by everyone with that warm hospitality for which the city is proverbial. Mrs. Schuyler was particularly attracted by the place. Though born and bred a Northern woman she had always been a great lover of the South, and the warm-hearted people she now met convinced her that she would soon feel as much at home among them as among her own people. And her husband's examination of the parish's opportunities showed that the bishop's letter had not been an over-statement of his chance of doing good service for the Lord in this new field. At a meeting of the vestry which he attended, the

The Call to St. Louis

state of the church was fully set before him, and the promise was definitely made that a new and larger edifice should be erected as soon as the growth of the congregation should warrant it. This met the natural objection to giving up his large church of St. John's for one at present considerably smaller.

Besides it was as though he were beginning life once more, and it would be much better to commence in new surroundings than to remain in Buffalo with its sad memories. And so, after his return to Buffalo at the end of June, he sent his acceptance of the call to Christ Church.

In this he stated that he could not enter upon his duties before the first of October, in order to give the parish of St. John's an opportunity of securing another rector, and he made the following condition, "that I shall expect a vacation of a few weeks in the summer of each year, except during the prevalence of any epidemic disease, when it would always be my wish as well as my duty to remain."

It may be well to observe that the condition as to a vacation was more honored in the breach than in the observance by his own self-sacrificing devotion to duty.

But it was difficult to part from his old charge. In his letter of resignation of the parish of St. John's, to take effect on the first day of September, occurs the following:

I cannot express to you the sorrow and anxiety I feel in taking this step. This Parish is endeared to me by ties peculiarly strong. . . . They are ties which have been cemented by the associations of years, as its first and only Pastor, in its feebleness as a little Flock, amid the anxiety and perplexity of its early struggles, in the more cheering days of its brightening prosperity, and in the fuller satisfaction of its present settled and promising condition. God has blessed my labors here, and in the review of my ministry in this portion of His vineyard, I have every reason to be grateful for His signal favors, while I know that shame and sorrow alone become me for my many shortcomings.

How much might have been done which has been neglected, and how much wrongly done which can never be amended! I

An Ambassador of Christ

can cherish no feelings of self-complacency in such a review, and can only pray that, wherever as Pastor and People we have failed in our duties, we may receive forgiveness of our ever kind and forgiving Master.

And that this feeling was shared by the greater part of his congregation the following, from the resolutions of the vestry, will show:

It is to the able, earnest, and truthful efforts of Mr. Schuyler in our Parish, under the favor of Providence, we owe our substantial prosperity at this time. His mission here has been crowned with beneficent results, and this Church will not forget his devotion to her interests during the troubles of the early years. His mission has been eminently one of truth and love, and as a friend and Pastor, a counsellor in all times of affliction and bereavement, the members of our congregation have leaned upon him and received that sympathy and kindness which have endeared him to all; and their individual hopes and prayers go with him to his new home.

On his way to St. Louis in September he paid a visit at Marshall, and while there he received (forwarded from Buffalo) a call to Christ Church, Baltimore, at the same salary he was to receive in St. Louis. In this occurred the following sentences, which called forth from Mr. Schuyler a reply most significant as defining his attitude in Church politics:

The congregation is composed of persons holding what is called and understood to be Low Church doctrines, and none other will answer. We want a man who can and will boldly speak the truth as it is in Jesus—one who will cry aloud and spare not—one who is neither ashamed nor afraid to do his Master's will.

And this is the reply:

I thank you for the compliment of having thought of me in connection with the Rectorship of your Church, though I could never have accepted it upon the condition you propose. I am not nor have I ever been a Low Churchman. I am not in any

The Call to St. Louis

sense a party man, being content to be styled simply a Churchman, and to hold what I conceive to be a conservative position between the two extremes of ultra Protestantism on the one hand and semi-Romanism on the other. But while laying no claims to being Evangelical in the party sense of that term, yet I trust by God's Grace I may lay claim to the designation of being one "who can and will boldly speak the truth as it is in Jesus, one who will cry aloud and spare not, one who is neither ashamed nor afraid to do his Master's will." And in this I claim no more than I think hundreds of others of my brethren in the Ministry who are not styled "Low Churchmen" are justly entitled to. I am sure if there were less party feeling and partisan prejudice in the Church, there would not be so much alienation among our brethren, both of the clergy and laity, and we could all work together more heartily both for the Church we love and the blessed Master we delight to serve.

And so ended the first half of Montgomery Schuyler's life. The coming years were also to be full of toil and struggle, of anxiety and suffering, but there was to be victory and peace at the end.

CHAPTER VIII

IN OLD CHRIST CHURCH

AT the time when Rev. Montgomery Schuyler entered upon his duties as rector of Christ Church, St. Louis was a very different place from the great metropolis and railroad centre of to-day. It depended almost entirely upon the river trade, and along the levee for nearly three miles was to be seen a line of the great white steamers made fast, sometimes two or three deep, to the wharf boats. The nearest railway from the East was the Chicago and Alton, which then terminated at the latter city twenty-five miles up the river, while the Missouri Pacific Railroad, of which about eighty miles were then built, was the only road to the West. It was then a distinctly Southern city, though Eastern and Northern men were beginning to settle there. The Roman Catholic Church was very strong, the different Protestant sects having a few churches, the Methodists possessing the majority. There were only five Episcopal parishes—Christ Church, St. John's, St. George's, St. Paul's, and Grace Church—none of them very strong, the most important of them, Christ Church, being able to muster but 113 communicants. As the rector wrote, twenty-five years later, "There was not a church building having any claim even to respectability in point of architectural merit, our own being a nondescript of which nothing can be said save that it furnished uncomfortable sittings for 600 people. And of these sittings about fifty pews were unoccupied."

To quote from a sermon preached in 1865:

I entered upon my duties as your Rector on the 1st day of October, 1854. I well recollect the occasion. The day was bright and bland, and the autumnal loveliness of the atmosphere seemed to breathe that peaceful calm so consonant with the rest of the Sabbath. The Church had been tastefully repainted, the pews newly upholstered, and the desk and altar provided with

In Old Christ Church

new books. Those who had been active and earnest in bringing about these changes were full of hope for the future.

I had accepted the invitation to become your Rector with hesitation and with some misgivings, which I must confess were by no means lessened or removed as I looked about the congregation scattered over the Church, with many empty pews intervening in every direction. I well knew that the strength of the Parish was gathered there on that day, and the congregation more than could be relied on for ordinary occasions, and, therefore, it was with no overweening confidence that I looked forward to the future. For months many sad hours were passed in striving to cast off the regretful fears that crowded upon me. If I had ever before cherished any vain ideas of my popularity as a preacher, they were all dissipated under the experience of my first few months of labor among you.

Bishop Hawks, his predecessor, was a most eloquent orator, but Mr. Schuyler's chief power for good did not lie in his preaching, rather in his rendering of the Church services and in his personal character and influence.*

The reminiscences of the two clergymen who were associated with him in old Christ Church are of interest.

Rev. De Witt C. Loop, his first assistant, writes:

My recollection of him is very vivid, and nothing but what is good and kind and pleasant enters into it. He was one of the best men, most obliging, most sympathetic with me in my work, whom I have ever met among the Presbyters of the Church, having much of the priestly combined with the gentle and social qualities of men. His rendering of the Church service was always devout, deliberate, attractive even to one not of our communion; many being won by its impressiveness to

* Of his preaching at that time the Rev. T. I. Holcomb writes: "Physically, in the pulpit in his prime, he was one of the most attractive personalities I ever knew. His glowing face, his rich mellow voice, his graceful gestures—he was an orator, a preacher not equalled (all round) by anyone I have ever known. His average sermon was always good, sometimes brilliant—given the occasion and the time to prepare, he was equal to it. In *extempore* he was indifferent and it was not in vogue in his day, but he did not read his manuscript, but preached a sermon from it as if it were *extempore*. I always considered myself extremely fortunate in having such an example of good reading before me at the beginning."

An Ambassador of Christ

love the Church and its holy ways, who perhaps otherwise would never have entered its fold. His manner of presenting the claims of the Church was so convincing and winning that few could resist it if attentive, and he commanded attention. In my private intercourse with him I cannot recall an unkind word or anything like a slight. He was never dictatorial nor pompous. His greatness was not only in his talents but in his gentleness, whose influence could not be long unfelt by those he met.

And Rev. Theodore I. Holcomb, Mr. Loop's successor, says:

For Dr. Schuyler I always had the tenderest love coupled with admiration for him as a priest, pastor, preacher, and man. He excelled in all these. Everything he did was without passion and yet with enthusiasm. He was one of the purest minded men I ever knew. He was such an amiable man, so well rounded, so full yet so free from extremes, that, like Washington, he was not to be easily placed. Dr. Schuyler was a *pastor* in the best sense. He spent his mornings in his study, but just as certainly he spent his afternoons among his people. It was in their homes that he became acquainted with his people and their trials, and there he secured their friendship and their love. Everywhere a winning smile of real interest went with the warm grasp of his hand—and it went to all, the poor and the rich alike. He was natural, amiable, wise, believing the best of everyone. Dr. Schuyler was a true Church Catholic, tolerant, moderate, believing thoroughly in the Church methods. It was given me to touch his life and to love him as I have never loved another priest in the Church of God, and his memory to-day is to me a benediction.

And he himself said in one of his "historical discourses":

When I first came among you I chose as the topic of my first message the words of St. Paul: "Now, brethren, we are all laborers *together* with God." It was my design to illustrate the doctrine that the pastor and people are fellow laborers in the service of God; that neither can or should be independent of each other; that we have enlisted together for the mutual good, to advance each other's spiritual and eternal interests, and that therefore all should feel that we have a common cause to subserve; and that it should be with each individual a matter of

In Old Christ Church

interest and care to do what he could in his appropriate sphere to enlarge the bounds of the Parish, and to extend the usefulness of his Pastor. In every object, whether it concerns the interest of the Parish, the Diocese, or the Church at large, he should feel that it is a privilege as well as a duty to do his part; and if he has a just pride in maintaining the *credit* of the house with which he is connected in secular business, he should have no less pride in behalf of the credit of God's House.

And in this connection it may be well to give a few extracts from a journal he kept for the first few years of his rectorship in Christ Church:

Jan. 9, 1855. This is my birthday. I am 41 years old to-day. It is hard to realize I am so old. I feel as young now as I did ten years ago, and, though my life has indeed been a chequered one of sunshine and storm, yet it seems to have had very little influence in curbing my natural buoyancy of spirit.* I trust, however, my many afflictions have not been altogether without their fruit in chastening my heart and making me realize the vanity and worthlessness of mere worldly enjoyment. And it is my earnest prayer that, entering another year of my earthly probation, I may grow wiser and better each day I am permitted to live, and at the same time be made the instrument of good to others.

Nov. 28, 1854. I have performed no strictly official act to-day, and yet it has been a day of peculiar interest to me. I called in the afternoon on Mrs. H., who has been sick for months and suffering at times most excruciating pain. It was really a pleasant visit to me, as she manifested so much Christian resignation and humility, being content to suffer God's will, and, though at times disposed to question the reason of her protracted suffering, yet willing to leave herself at the entire disposal of "Him who doeth all things well." After an hour's pleasant conversation with her and her husband, who seems a man of true piety, I left, feeling that it had been good for me to be there. I went from this sick chamber to another, but a very different one in many sorrowful particulars. The patient has been an invalid for the past fifteen years. . . . So much

* One of Dr. Schnyler's old friends says, that when he first came to St. Louis he was generally spoken of as "the young clergyman from Buffalo."

An Ambassador of Christ

and such long suffering seems to have worn upon him, and his mind has become debilitated and warped so that he is inclined to look upon the dark side of everything, and to give himself up almost entirely to despair. He told me he could derive no comfort or profit from reading the Bible or from prayer, and yet he was not willing to give up all hope. I spent a long time with him trying to give him more cheerful views of life, to quiet his mind, to right his views of the chastening of his Heavenly Father. . . . It seemed hard for him to acknowledge that the dealings of the Almighty could be just with him. I left him, however, seeming to be more cheerful and hopeful and quite pleased with my visit. I shall call upon him soon again, and trust that with God's blessing on my humble endeavors I shall see him restored to a better mind before his departure from this world. He made no objections to my having prayers with him, and excused himself from kneeling on account of his feebleness.

Jan. 5, 1855. I have visited also to-day, as I have done every day for this week past, the sick man of whom I spoke Nov. 28th. It is really very pleasing to notice the change that has been wrought in his feelings since that time. He is still depressed and yearning after stronger faith, but yet he is humble, uncomplaining, patient, and submissive, and cherishes the hope of a better world. He has cast off all self-righteousness, and looks alone to the merits of Christ for acceptance. I can but believe that through God's grace he is gradually preparing for his departure. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

Jan. 16, 1855. I went this afternoon to administer the Holy Communion to Mr. T., but he was seized with spasms and became for the time unconscious. It is a great comfort for me to know that he was brought to such a state of mind as to feel it a privilege to partake of the Holy Communion. Through God's grace his mind has been gradually changing from a state of dark Atheism and a spirit of wilful rebellion to that of perfect submission and comforting hope. What a privilege to be the humble instrument in God's hands of bringing about such a change. I have seen him every day and have had prayers with him for more than a month, and I trust it has been a profitable discipline for me.

Feb. 11, 1855. Though not well yet I have been able to preach all day.

In Old Christ Church

April 14, 1855. The Lenten services are over. . . . I have been very much engaged, a good deal of the time, in going about visiting and conversing with persons upon the subject of confirmation. I have not in consequence been permitted as much time as I should like for retirement, and yet I have been greatly gratified in witnessing the religious feeling apparent in the congregation, and in finding so many who are willing to renew their baptismal vows. In doing good to others we can advance our own spiritual interests, and this has been my consolation in being obliged to be so much from the retirement of my study. May the seed sown during this Holy Season continue to spring up, and grow and bear an abundant harvest.

Ash Wednesday, 1856. To-day has been a stormy day, snowing hard all day. Snow has fallen to the depth of 8 inches. The congregation was very small, and the services seemed particularly solemn. . . . The greater part of the day has been spent in visiting the sick and the afflicted. The path of duty seemed to call me away from my study and closet, and I cannot doubt that the day has been spent with as much profit to myself as it could have been in my closet. I trust, too, that I have done some good to others. In two instances I have conversed directly on religious subjects with individuals I had not before ventured to address, and apparently without giving offence. This evening Mr. L., who has lately lost his wife, called to seek instructions in religious things, and seems as humble and teachable as a little child. God grant that he may find his faith growing brighter and brighter to the perfect day.

And an extract from a letter written him by a parishioner shows how these ministrations were received:

I feel that I am wanting in that faith which is so necessary to Salvation. I pray night and morning that He may give me a new and contrite heart. Will you not pray for me, my dear Pastor? Pray to Him that He may give me that peace which passeth all understanding, for the prayer of a righteous man availeth much. I am perplexed by many doubts, and exposed to many temptations. My earnest prayer is that His Holy Spirit may guide me. Could you find time from your duties to write me a few lines? I would indeed be thankful. May His blessing rest upon you and your family.

An Ambassador of Christ

It was in the manner and spirit shown by the above extracts that Montgomery Schuyler entered upon the task of rejuvenating old Christ Church. And as the time passed the spirit of the rector spread through the congregation. To quote again from one of his "Historical Discourses":

Our growth was at first by no means rapid. The congregation increased gradually, but under no spasmodic influences such as crowd the churches where the *popular favorites* are to be heard. Nor was this increase owing to the influence of your Rector alone; the Wardens and the Vestrymen and the members of the congregation interested themselves in securing attendants at the services and in renting the vacant pews.*

One of Mr. Schuyler's first acts was to organize a Sunday-school, which he always considered a most valuable adjunct to the church as a training for future communicants, and a place where by his monthly catechising he could come into closer relations with the children, upon whom the future of the church depended. At a parish meeting called October 22d, twenty-seven persons offered themselves as teachers. Judge Hamilton was appointed superintendent, and did most efficient work in this capacity. His successors were Mr. C. J. Martin, Mr. J. R. Triplett, Mr. W. Wallace, Mr. Robert Eagle, General J. H. Simpson, and Mr. H. N. Davis.

But he was not content to work only in his own parish. On October 18th he writes:

This evening Rev. Messrs. Estes, Clerc, and Brown met at my house, and after tea we had a brotherly chat as to the work before us in this city of Romanism, Sectarianism, and Worldliness. The matter of the application of Dr. Massok, a reformed

* Among those who were most active at this time in this work, and who were the steady friends and supporters of their beloved pastor, may be mentioned Mr. B. B. Dayton, the Senior Warden; Messrs. Asa Wilgus, William H. Glasgow, W. N. Switzer, J. R. Shepley, A. J. McCreery, J. C. Swon, A. Mackay, John R. Triplett, Judge A. Hamilton, Benjamin Walker, George R. H. Clark, Dwight Durkee, George D. Appleton, John C. Wilson, C. J. Martin, Dr. Joseph J. Clarke, William Bennett, Z. B. Curtis, John T. Douglas, Thomas D. Day, Franklin R. Alexander, and John R. Wendover, while the ladies of the parish also brought their most efficient aid to the work.

In Old Christ Church

Romish Priest, for reception into the ministry of the Church and for his support among the Bohemians as a missionary, all of whom are Romanists, and, with but one Bible in their own language, was discussed. We all agreed that it was an object demanding our sympathy and aid. Mr. Clerc pledged \$200 per annum for his support, and I promised \$250.*

Rev. Mr. Wilcox called in the course of the evening and remained with us. It was really a very pleasant and I trust not unprofitable interview, and we agreed to meet weekly alternately at each other's houses for friendly converse and consultation. I think it will do us all good and help to cultivate a brotherly feeling with one another.

How long this gathering of the clergy continued is not known, but there are several references in the journal to their meetings, and they did succeed in at least starting Dr. Massok in his proselytizing mission among his fellow-countrymen.

Coming as he did from a Northern city, where the only Roman Catholics were to be found among the lowly or among those of foreign birth, the social strength of the Roman Catholic Church was a great surprise to the "young clergyman from Buffalo." In another place he writes: "I am more and more convinced of the absolute necessity of being constantly on the watch against the insidious influence of Romanism in this city. The Jesuits, as I have learned of late, are using every endeavor to proselyte the young men and are growing daily more bold in their attempts. I am determined to put my people on their guard both from the pulpit and in private intercourse with them."

But as time passed, and he constantly met the Roman Catholic clergy on his errands of mercy among the poor, in the hospitals, and in the prisons, his fear of them gradually changed into respect, and he came to count many of them as his good friends, among them the "eminent prelate" † Archbishop Kenrick, and Father Ryan, afterward Archbishop of Philadelphia.

* Later on he says of this Dr. Massok: "I have pledged him on my part \$300, and have confidence that with God's blessing I can raise it by some means. The tithe of my salary will nearly pay it if this becomes necessary."

† His own words.

An Ambassador of Christ

The old parsonage of Christ Church overlooked the jail-yard, and it was not long, as we find from his journal, before he was devoting much of his time to the outcasts and criminals there immured. There are notes of confessions, spiritual consolation, baptisms, and communions, so beautiful that only their length and the limits of our space compel their omission. In his journal he says: "I have had some as pleasant hours in the discharge of my ministerial duty in the jail as I have experienced anywhere." The most striking case was that of a man, who had murdered one of Mr. Schuyler's own parishioners, whom he won over to a full confession and repentance. When the murderer's parents came to St. Louis at the time of their son's trial, Mr. Schuyler secured a provision for their support, and was with them through the last sad act of the tragedy. For, like his Master, he was no respecter of persons.

All through the year 1855 the congregation gradually increased in numbers, and the interest in the church services, the Sunday-school, and the parish work steadily grew. However, one thing was from the first a great disappointment to him. In Buffalo the largest congregations were those at the evening services, but in St. Louis the reverse was the case, and, unless some special occasion called forth a crowd, numbers of empty pews always met the rector's eyes as he opened evening prayer, and this in spite of all his efforts exerted in personal intercourse and in the pulpit. This, however, was the result of the social habits of the city, due probably to the "old Catholic families" who then stood at the head of the local society, and it was no lack of love for their rector which prevented his parishioners from giving up their settled habits of entertaining visitors on Sunday evenings, with the traditional hospitality of the city.

On May 25, 1855, after a severe illness, an entry appears in the journal in a very shaky hand:

To-day I have determined to note by an entry, which, though I feel hardly strong enough to make, my feelings of gratitude

In Old Christ Church

to God will not suffer me to withhold. "Praise the Lord, O my soul." To-day, as Messrs. Dayton and Wilgus have just told me, the church has been freed from debt, the old standing debt of \$5,000 and the floating debt of some \$2,000 having both been paid. This was effected by the sale of the ground adjoining the cemetery. I feel as if we were now in a condition with God's blessing to go on prospering and to prosper. May it please the great Head of the Church to vouchsafe that blessing both in temporal and spiritual things.

The summer of 1855 was exceedingly hot, and as during the month of June he did not recover his strength, he took his first summer's vacation in July and August, spending it in Marshall, Buffalo, and Skaneateles.

On July 29th he writes:

This Sunday has been spent in my last and well loved parish of St. John's, Buffalo. It has done my heart good to witness the kindness and affection with which I have been received by all the members of my old flock, and by my many friends in all the churches of the city. The crowded congregations were indeed most grateful evidences of the kind remembrances of those to whom I had ministered in faithfulness and love, and it was with feelings of deep unworthiness that I received this unmerited token of their esteem. May God continue to bless them and their chosen pastor.

This vacation completely re-established his health, and he returned with new energy to carry on his work. And so successful were he and his faithful helpers in the parish that the attendance at the services began to tax the seating capacity of the church, and the scheme for a new edifice, which had slumbered since 1853, was revived. The vestry appointed, on December 5, 1855, a committee "to ascertain if a suitable lot on which to erect a church can be obtained, and report at some subsequent meeting in full."

And in furtherance of the project the rector delivered, on January 6, 1856, the first of his "historical discourses," reviewing his ministry in the parish. In this he was able to

An Ambassador of Christ

state with just pride that the number of communicants had increased from 113 to 187; the attendance upon the church services had more than doubled in number; all the pews in the church except two or three had been rented; the debt had been paid, and, over and above the ordinary expenses of the parish, between \$7,000 and \$8,000 had been contributed to various objects. This sermon was printed "by request," and later produced an effect little dreamed of by the enthusiastic rector when he delivered it.

This same year the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon Rev. Montgomery Schuyler by Hobart College.

At a meeting of the vestry held March 4, 1856, another committee was appointed to "ascertain the views of the parish in regard to building a new church." That a new church building was becoming an imperative necessity to the growth of the congregation was shown by the fact that at the annual renting of the pews at Easter-tide every available pew was either sold or rented.

While the vestrymen were ascertaining the views of the congregation, Dr. Schuyler still further extended his work by establishing a mission station, to be supported by his congregation and to supply church services to those for whom there was no room in the old church. A room over the engine-house on Market Street, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth Streets, was rented and named Christ Church Chapel, and Sunday afternoon services were commenced May 4th, "with a very good congregation"; Dr. Schuyler being assisted at first by the Rev. D. F. Warren and later by Rev. J. I. Corbyn, then recently ordained deacon.

During his vacation in 1855 the church had been closed, but this summer the Rev. Mr. Corbyn was engaged to keep up the services at both church and chapel during his absence. This vacation was spent in the same places as that of the year before.

At the first vestry meeting held after Dr. Schuyler's return

In Old Christ Church

in September, when the usual business had been concluded, he was requested to withdraw, and the next morning he received a communication stating that, on motion of Mr. Asa Wilgus, his salary had been raised to \$3,000. In his letter of thanks, he says:

I cannot express to you the gratification I felt upon the receipt of this information, coming, as it did, without the least expectation or intimation of such generosity. It is but another instance of the uniform and uninterrupted kindness with which I have been treated by the Vestry and the Parish since my relations with them as their Pastor. I should be most ungrateful did I not appreciate and acknowledge this evidence of their confidence and regard, and I can only assure you that with God's grace I shall do all in my power to make the best return I can by faithfulness in the discharge of my duties.

It is well to mention here that there has been preserved a "list of presents" received by Dr. Schuyler from members of his congregation, in which, among such things as wine, groceries, game, cigars, books, etc., appears a horse, carriage, and harness, and also a saddle-horse with accoutrements. These generous gifts, that were the natural expression of the love which the individual members of his parish felt for their warm-hearted rector, continued throughout his life, always gratefully appreciated; but far more than the mere material expression, generous though it was, did he value the spontaneous love that prompted the gift.

Just before Dr. Schuyler had started on his summer vacation, the vestry, who were in full sympathy with his efforts to spread the influence of the church beyond the bounds of the parish, decided that he should have an assistant at a salary of \$600, to be engaged by himself; and during the summer Dr. Schuyler secured the services of a young clergyman, Rev. De Witt C. Loop, who had been rector of St. Mark's Church, Tioga County, Western New York. Mr. Loop entered upon his duties the first Sunday in October. Besides assisting Dr. Schuyler in the regular services he preached at most of the

An Ambassador of Christ

Sunday afternoon services in the chapel, and organized there a Mission Sunday-school, in which he received great assistance from Mrs. Schuyler.

Soon after Mr. Loop's arrival, Wednesday evening and Friday morning services were inaugurated in the basement of the church, for Dr. Schuyler considered his assistant not as a means of lightening his own labors, but as an aid in extending still further the influence of the church.

On October 2d at a vestry meeting a new committee was appointed to take measures for securing a lot for the new church, the former committee having failed to agree. This committee, after much investigation, recommended a lot on the corner of Fourteenth and Chestnut Streets, but their report was not adopted.

The mutterings of the coming storm of civil war were plainly heard in the Fremont campaign of 1856, and many clergymen on both sides thundered from the pulpit their denunciations of the opposite party. But Dr. Schuyler, a staunch Whig and very faithful in fulfilling his duties as a citizen, considered the Church of God too sacred a place to be defiled by the strife of men. He kept to the even tenor of his way, preaching Jesus Christ and Him crucified; only just before the election is found this entry in the journal: "I preached this morning from the text, 'My Kingdom is not of this world,' directed principally against political preaching."

And in his Thanksgiving sermon, which has been preserved in print, he once more referred to this subject. As he gave there clear statements of his views, which he carried out exactly in his life, it is well to reproduce his words:

I refer to the intermeddling of those who profess to be Ministers of *Christ* in the strife of party, leaving their proper work and instead of remembering the injunction of their Divine Master, "Blessed are the peace makers," throwing themselves into the midst of the contest and from the sacred desk indulging in partisan harangues fitted to stir up the worst passions of the

In Old Christ Church

human heart. We do not hesitate to assert that there is not the shadow of a justification for such a course. . . . We do not say that the clergyman must disfranchise himself and refuse any expression of his opinion by the silent influence of his vote at the ballot-box. But the moment he goes beyond this and mingles in the discussion of exciting political topics, the moment he comes into the pulpit, and, forgetting that he has "a message from God" to his fellow-men, introduces subjects he knows are matters of daily and bitter dispute among his fellow-worshippers in the house of prayer, that moment he has lost all claim to the deference his holy office demands, and, alas, he has deprived himself of the hallowed influence with which his sacred commission has clothed him.

But it is said in justification, that the questions of political parties often involve questions both moral and religious, and the Minister who is silent when such questions are raised is a cowardly time-server, who loves his place better than the cause of morality and religion, and is more anxious to please his people than his *God*. To this we reply that we must submit to a lesser evil for a greater good. It may be true that in my heart I am convinced that, with the success of a particular party, the cause of morality and religion will be better subserved, and yet, as a Minister of Christ, I will go no farther than to deposit my vote in silence. Why? Because I am appointed to minister by my commission in a Kingdom whose interests are infinitely more momentous than those of earthly governments. In my whole course of conduct that one great object is to be kept prominently before me. I am to remember that my purpose must ever be to gain such an influence over those committed to my care that I may lead them to the cross of Christ; that with St. Paul I am to know nothing among men save "*Jesus Christ and Him crucified*"; and with this purpose in my heart I cannot forget that wide differences of opinion on political subjects exist among those to whom I minister, and hence the moment I enter the political arena, and from the pulpit or platform or through the press, become a partisan advocate, that moment my legitimate influence as an "Ambassador of Christ" is greatly weakened, if not entirely destroyed, with a portion of those whose spiritual and eternal interests are committed to my care. Can I hesitate? Is not my course clearly marked out, and ought I not gladly to forswear all active partisanship rather than endanger the interests of a single soul?

An Ambassador of Christ

And hence it is I cannot in this connection conceal from you the expression of my deep-seated conviction that these political preachers have inflicted a sore wound upon the cause of Christ, and have interposed greater obstacles to the salutary and conservative influences of our Holy Religion, than all the combined power of an openly aroused infidelity; and even life-long labor in their proper work cannot heal the wound, or repair the injury they have inflicted. I know of nothing in our history which to my mind forebodes greater evil to the Republic, and to the cause of our common Christianity, than this spirit of wild fanaticism thus manifested.

And Dr. Schuyler's feeling in regard to the relations of laymen to the Church in these troublous times is shown by the following letter to one of his brothers-in-law who had entered into the party strife of the period with boundless enthusiasm:

MY DEAR BROTHER: I have just learned, through a letter received from Mother, that you have given up attendance upon the Church, and that you have been heard to express yourself publicly as having no further fellowship with the Episcopal Church. I cannot express to you how much pain this intelligence has caused me. I cannot understand for what reason you could have been induced thus to act. Can it be that any considerations of a merely political nature could have weighed with you? The most that can be charged upon the Episcopal Church is that, like Her Divine Head and the Holy Apostles, she has kept entirely aloof from all intermeddling with political questions. In her conventions, both Diocesan and General, she has been saved from all discussions of party politics. And with a few, a very few, exceptions her ministers have been careful to pursue the same course.

But were it not so, and were the Church chargeable with a departure from the plain course of duty in having warmly espoused the one side or the other on these exciting topics, it would afford no justification for her members to leave her on that account. It is a fearful thing, my dear brother, to cut yourself off from communion with the Church of God. It may be that the officiating minister is not acceptable to you; still, so long as he is there by proper authority, he is in Christ's stead, and we despise our blessed Master when we treat him with con-

In Old Christ Church

tempt. We all of us have frequent occasions to chasten ourselves by submitting to many things that are not agreeable to our personal feelings, still it is better to bear them for the general good than to seek to resent them. But I know of nothing that will authorize us in withdrawing from communion with the Church, unless satisfied of our unfitness by reason of sin, and then our plain duty is to repent and amend and return to God.

I am sure my sister and the children could never be happy out of the Episcopal Church. I hope you will fully weigh all these consequences and not be induced to act without long and prayerful consideration.

I have taken the liberty of writing to you thus plainly because of the brotherly affection which has so long existed between us, and from the interest I feel in what concerns the welfare and happiness of my dear sister and her family.

It is well to say that this earnest communication was received in a similar spirit and its brotherly advice heeded and acted upon.

In December Dr. Schuyler received a call from St. Paul's Church, Milwaukee. This was as flattering as it was totally unexpected, but after careful consideration he declined it, saying "he had been led to the conclusion that it was not his duty at this time to leave his present parish."

A letter which he received just before his return in September, from a clergyman who visited St. Louis during his absence, contains the following interesting statement: "Permit me to say that I do in my very heart think that the unity, strength, and influence of the Church in St. Louis is, under God, at present placed in your hands. I have been among your people to a considerable extent, and your influence is all that a good man can ask. I perceive, also, that you may have some trials, and who has them not? But at the same time your reward, if you hold on, will overbalance them." The same letter speaks of a call to a church in Newark, N. J., but advises Mr. Schuyler to remain in St. Louis because of the greater mission work to be done in Missouri.

The trials alluded to were not only the sluggishness of some

An Ambassador of Christ

of the congregation in pushing the project of the new church, but also a certain coolness which had arisen in the bishop's mind toward the energetic "young clergyman from Buffalo" he had done so much to secure as his successor in Christ Church. Some passages in Dr. Schuyler's "Historical Discourse" may have seemed too self-gratulatory, and there always is a number of busybodies who enjoy twisting innocent remarks into a derogatory meaning. Whatever may have been the cause, it is certain that although Dr. Schuyler had been elected a member of the standing committee at the last Diocesan Convention, yet when the members of the Board of Missions to be nominated to the General Convention were appointed the bishop objected to the name of Montgomery Schuyler, and another was sent in the place which belonged to him as rector of the largest and oldest church in the diocese.

Though much hurt by this action, Dr. Schuyler, finding that the first collection for Domestic Missions was not as large as he thought it ought to be, ordered a second one to be made, and in the journal appears: "December 26th, 1856.—I sent a check for \$150 for Domestic Missions. I hope this will show that my interest in the cause of Missions has not slackened, although the Bishop did not think best to have me on the Board of Missions."

On Jan. 3d the following appears:

To-day a meeting of the Standing Committee is called by request of the Bishop. I have written the following letter which will explain itself:

"To the Members of the Standing Committee.

"GENTLEMEN: I herewith resign my office as a member of your body. As my name has been stricken off a list of names nominated to the General Convention for the Board of Missions in order to make way for one 'more agreeable to the Bishop,' I prefer to retire for the same reason from the Standing Committee. I would simply add that in this step I have not acted hastily, but upon reasons abundantly satisfactory to myself. I am,

Yours, etc.,

M. SCHUYLER."

In Old Christ Church

I am satisfied that in taking this course I have done nothing but what my self-respect demanded. There certainly can be no propriety in my continuing to form a part of the Bishop's council of advice when it was not agreeable to him that I should be appointed one of the Board of Missions. And it was not idle conjecture upon which I formed my conclusion that I was excluded from the Board of Missions for the reasons I have assigned. I have acted advisedly and upon proof from the best sources.

And that Dr. Schuyler in this crisis was actuated by no feelings of pride or self-confidence is shown by the entry in his journal on January 9, 1857, which is given entire:

With this day I enter upon the 44th year of my earthly pilgrimage. How like a dream in the retrospect are the years which have passed over me, and yet what a record of realities have they left for me which I must meet on the day of final assize! When I think of the vast catalogue of sins there enrolled I turn with inconceivable emotions of gratitude to that fountain opened for sin and uncleanness which flowed from the bleeding Savior's side on Calvary. My only hope is in Him, and for the future I expect and will ask for the needed grace to keep me in the path of duty only through His merits and intercessions. It is my humble determination in dependence for strength from on high to devote myself more unreservedly to God's service for this year, should He be pleased to spare my life to its close.

I feel, too, the necessity of watching myself more closely than ever, that I may not yield to fretfulness of temper, and, particularly in my relations to the Bishop, to be scrupulously careful to give him no occasion for offence, or any justification for the course of persecution which he seems to have been carrying on against me. It is, indeed, a great source of comfort to me that I have never entertained a thought or a wish, much less undertaken a course of procedure to injure him, which he, it seems, has seen fit to attribute to me. May God give me wisdom to act rightly in this as in all other spheres of duty.

His experience in Buffalo had indeed taught him wisdom, and the manly course he followed soon had its natural result.

His resignation from the Standing Committee brought matters to a head. It was not accepted, and a meeting was ar-

An Ambassador of Christ

ranged between him and the bishop. Bishop Hawks, whatever faults he might have had, was a true and earnest Christian with a great heart, and was absolutely devoted to the interests of the Church. And so the following entry in the journal soon follows:

I find that I have omitted any reference in its proper place of a conference with the Bishop. I am rejoiced to feel that all our difficulties and misunderstandings are settled to be forever forgotten. May God give me grace so to act as never to give him just cause of offence.

And as long as the bishop lived, he and Dr. Schuyler worked hand in hand for the greater glory of God in the Diocese of Missouri. Though differences of opinion arose occasionally, as was natural with two such positive characters, yet they were of short duration and quickly reconciled, and the bishop never again regretted that he had brought Montgomery Schuyler to St. Louis. Dr. Schuyler retained his place on the Standing Committee, of which he was elected president the next year. With the exception of the year 1859, when the country clergy in the Diocesan Convention combined against the rectors of St. Louis, he held this office till his death. In this same year, 1857, he was first elected delegate to the General Convention, and from 1861 he "served the Diocese in that capacity continuously until the meeting of 1889, when the fatigue and weariness consequent upon its three weeks' session caused him to decline the honor."

A trip to New Orleans with his wife to see the festivities of Mardi Gras, which the generosity of one of his congregation enabled him to make, formed an agreeable episode in his life, and, shortly after his return, he writes: "A gentleman from Milwaukee called to see me and requested that I would reconsider the call to St. Paul's, or at least go on a visit there and look for myself. I cannot yet feel that it is my duty to take any steps that would look like leaving my present position,

In Old Christ Church

where I am so happy and where God seems to be blessing my labors." *

* A letter received by Dr. Schuyler in March, 1857, from an old parishioner in St. John's, Buffalo, contains this interesting paragraph: "Mr. A.'s letter of acceptance was received yesterday. There was a strong feeling in your favor, and if the *vestry* had not made this call the Easter election would have turned on the question of your being recalled, and there is no doubt what the result of the election would have been. Several asked me if I thought you would come back, if called, and I replied in the negative—that you are too pleasantly located to leave for such a divided parish as this. I would love dearly to have you here again, but believe you are doing better every way than you did while here. One of these days, when there is bottom enough to start a new church on Delaware Street, you will be wanted for this work."

CHAPTER IX

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE NEW CHURCH

THE project of erecting a new edifice for Christ Church, upon which Dr. Schuyler and his faithful supporters had set their hearts and for which they worked with self-sacrificing and tireless energy, was to precipitate a struggle in the parish that lasted for over two years. And then, when the foundations were finally begun, followed a period of trouble and anxiety, with alternate failure and success, danger and triumph for thirty years, until at last the noble temple, practically complete, free from all debt and incumbrance, and with a generous beginning of an endowment, was dedicated to the service of God as the Cathedral Church of the Diocese.

Even in 1856 those opposed to the project of the new church had begun to make their influence felt, some because of their affection for the old church; some because they thought that the time was not yet ripe for so decided a change, and considered the sites under consideration too far "up-town"; others because they feared that the parish might be led into financial difficulties by the new undertaking, which seemed to them planned upon too magnificent a scale; and a few because it touched them in the tenderest portion of their anatomy, the pocket.

At a vestry meeting, held October 27, 1856, which rejected the lot chosen by the committee (corner of Fourteenth and Chestnut Streets), one of the vestrymen, who represented the conservative portion of the congregation, offered the following resolutions:

- 1st. That it is inexpedient to build a new church at present.
- 2d. That old Christ Church is consecrated to our hearts by the cherished recollections of the past, that the spot on which it stands is hallowed by the memories of bygone years, and that

The Struggle for the New Church

we feel unwilling to see it turned from the holy uses to which it has been so long dedicated.

3d. That we regard old Christ Church as the mother of the Episcopal Church in Missouri; that it has been her blessed privilege to assist the weak, to comfort the distressed, and to propagate the Holy Gospel; and that it is the opinion of this Vestry that when a new church is to be erected, it should be on the same ground on which the old church has so long stood and where the various members of our families, both living and dead, have so often participated in the solemn offices and ceremonies of our Holy Church.

The second resolution was adopted by a vote of nine to three. The third was lost by a vote of five to seven, and in place of the first resolution the following, offered by Mr. Hough, was adopted by a vote of eight to four:

Resolved, that it is inexpedient for this Vestry to take any further action having in view the erection of a new church.

This action, which was probably the wisest under the circumstances, put the whole matter into the hands of the congregation and postponed all action until Easter, when the building of a new church could be made the issue upon which a vestry would be elected.

During the interim those who, with Dr. Schuyler, were desirous of widening the influence of Christ Church to its utmost extent, kept the matter continually agitated. In Dr. Schuyler's journal are found the following entries:

April 13, 1857, Easter Monday.

The Annual Parish Meeting was held. There was some little feeling manifested by those opposed to the project of building a new church. A ticket, however, was presented, headed "New Church Ticket" which was elected by a very large majority. The following are the names of the persons elected: J. A. Brownlee, Wm. Bennett, C. J. Martin, Dwight Durkee, Geo. D. Appleton, Asa Wilgus, D. A. January, J. C. Swon, A. Waterman, A. J. McCreery, Wm. Glasgow, A. Mackay, Wm. N. Switzer.

An Ambassador of Christ

April 17th.

Vestry Meeting was held in the evening. A committee of seven was appointed to select a lot for the new church and report at an adjourned meeting on Friday next. A committee was also appointed to draw up a form of subscription for circulation. As far as I can judge there seems to be the right kind of feeling among the members of the vestry, and I trust with God's blessing they will now go on and carry the enterprise forward successfully.

April 19th.

Sunday School at the Chapel; but no service. We have concluded for the present to discontinue the preaching there.*

Friday, April 24th.

Vestry Meeting was held in the evening and a remonstrance presented to the vestry against selling the old church, signed by 35 pew-owners. After a full discussion of the matter it was determined that the vestry should publish a statement of the history of the movement for building a new church for some years past, and also that I should make a statement from the chancel of the history of the whole matter as connected with my call.

In this statement Dr. Schuyler recounted briefly the circumstances connected with his call and the promises made to him by the vestry at his visit to St. Louis in June, 1854, and concluded as follows:

It seems to me that my extended usefulness among you, in a great measure, depends upon the immediate endeavor to carry out this enterprise.

It is not my wish, however, to force this measure against the will of a majority of the Parish nor to hold them to a pledge, which, I am frank to confess, was a ruling motive in leading me to accept this call.

The church of which I was then Rector was larger by one third than this, the number of communicants nearly, if not quite, three-fold what I found here. It could not have been expected that I should be willing to leave a much larger field of useful-

* This was in order to concentrate the energies of the congregation upon the building of the new church.

The Struggle for the New Church

ness and a people to whom I was endeared by the strongest ties of affection during a ministry of nearly ten years among them for a Parish whose numbers (if we were to be confined to the present building) could never equal by one third those to whom I was then ministering.

If God has endowed me with the ability to serve a larger Parish my conscience would not allow me for the sake of personal ease to forego the opportunity of accomplishing greater good.

But, as I have already stated, it is not my wish unduly to urge this measure, and I have thought proper to make this statement in order to justify myself before the congregation should I feel in duty bound to accept a call to go where, with God's blessing, I can accomplish more.

And I cannot conclude this statement without the heartfelt acknowledgment that, during my ministry among you, I have always received the utmost kindness and attention from one and all, and have yet to hear the first expression of dissatisfaction or the first unkind word from a single individual.

The vestry resolved to visit all the pew-owners and renters of the congregation personally, dividing up the names among them, and get, if possible, a complete expression of the entire congregation on this momentous question, now that the rector had put himself so decidedly on record. In Dr. Schuyler's Journal of May 1st is the following:

In the evening we had a meeting of the Vestry. The different gentlemen brought in their report of the names of the individuals visited, and it was found that more than five sixths of the Parishioners who were entitled to vote were in favor of a new church to be located where the Vestry should determine. A committee was appointed to raise subscriptions for the purpose of buying a lot and erecting the edifice. I trust now that they will go forward with energy and perseverance. I shall feel anxious until this question is tested whether a sufficient amount can be raised. There are many of the older and wealthier portion of the Congregation who do not enter into the enterprise at all, or at the least with but lukewarm zeal.

This is the last entry on this subject which occurs in the Journal, although he continued to make entries therein until

An Ambassador of Christ

1859. Nor have we been able to find any allusion to the trouble which followed in any extant letters of his or in any of his "Historical Discourses." In the latter he invariably uses the following formula in treating of the two years which followed:

It is unnecessary to recur to the various proceedings of the Vestry with reference to the sale of the old church and lot, and the selection of another lot more eligibly situated for a new church.

That is all. However, in the farewell to the old church in 1860 he added this sentence: "It cannot be doubted that while there have been some estimable members of the parish who have been opposed to moving in this matter, the great majority of the congregation have favored it from the incipient measures taken by the vestry, and it is now believed that there are few, if any, who do not heartily unite in the enterprise of building a new church."

But although he preferred to keep silent about the matter, it is impossible to pass over so briefly such an important period in the history of Christ Church and in his own life.

The minority of one-sixth did not cease their activity in opposition to the project in spite of the overwhelming majority against them. Many of the "thirty-five pew-owners" who had signed the "Remonstrance" went about among the congregation urging the abandonment of the project, or at least delay till some "more propitious time." The chief arguments were that it was folly to move so far "up town" as the vestry contemplated; that Christ Church, instead of extending its usefulness, would diminish it by moving into a sparsely settled district; that the sanguine hopes of the city's westward growth would never be fulfilled, at least for several decades, and that it was of no use to build for the next generation.

On the other hand, the rector and vestry were determined to go forward, not liking to turn back now that they had put their hands to the plough, and feeling assured that with the

The Struggle for the New Church

sale of the valuable lot on which the old church stood they would have about two-thirds of the amount needed to buy the lot and erect the contemplated building. Another reason for hastening matters was the fact that the old building was not in a safe condition, requiring constant expenditure for repairs. And the erection of a "calaboose" immediately in the rear of the church and parsonage made the locality especially unfit for religious purposes.

In order to aid in persuading the recalcitrant pew-owners, Bishop Hawks, their former rector, who was greatly beloved by his old parishioners, was asked to express himself upon the project. This he did by an encouraging letter, in which he said: "I will readily aid you as far as I may be able to do so in your efforts. I have neither the right nor the disposition to check your progress; on the contrary, I pray continually for the growth and enlargement of all our church work. Now that a majority have concluded upon action, I presume that even those who may have dissented from the judgment of that majority will acquiesce in its conclusion."

But this is just what the minority did not do. Some threatened to attend, and finally did attend, churches nearer their down-town homes, others refused to contribute anything, and others spread abroad derogatory remarks about the rector and his "over-officious followers," some even insinuating that they were planning to defraud the pew-owners of their property in the church. And yet the vestry had thoughtfully provided for this by printing in the subscription circular the resolution, "that in building a new church we recognize the right of pew-owners in the old church for the value of said pews in the new church, and in the event of anyone refusing to take a pew in the new church that the value, as per valuation upon the record, be paid from the proceeds of the sale of the old church lot."

It was evidently the fact that he would not even look at a "subscription circular" that caused one of the older and wealthier members to write the following characteristic note

An Ambassador of Christ

to the "Vestry of Christ Church," which was preserved by the vestry's secretary as a curiosity:

GENTLEMEN: I want to be informed how you intend to settle with the owners of pews in Christ Church that do not want a pew in the new church or to go to it. I want your answer in writing. My pew cost \$425 and \$45 bonus for a choice. Now if you refund what I paid, I shall have nothing further to say. I want the answer before the sale.

The letter was read to the vestry, and a motion to table it carried.

During May, 1857, the rector and vestry were constantly hard at work. There are records of no less than six vestry meetings during the month, at which a vast amount of business was transacted, and, besides these, the various committees were soliciting subscriptions and making all the arrangements for an immediate commencement of the new building.

The meeting of May 11th was especially important. In order to counteract the statements of the "remonstrants" and to encourage subscriptions it was resolved to add to the "subscription circular": "All sums which are or may be subscribed and paid toward building a new church may be applied as a credit upon the payment of any pew or pews the subscriber may select."

It was also decided that an early sale of the old church lot was necessary, and a committee was appointed to manage the sale. Another committee was "to procure suitable plans for a new church and other buildings," and was "authorized to use any amount of money they may think necessary to advance the objects they have in view," and "report as soon as practicable."

The committee on the lot reported and recommended "the southeast corner of Locust and Thirteenth streets as combining more advantages than any lot in our power to buy. The owner, Mr. J. H. Lucas, offers this ground at \$200 per

The Struggle for the New Church

foot. This we consider quite reasonable, considering its central location and the advantage of being opposite a public square."

The committee's report was accepted, and they were authorized to contract for 120 feet, "with the privilege of buying as much more as may be found necessary for the use of the parish" after the plans of the building were adopted. On account of the vicinity of the calaboose rendering the parsonage practically unfit for habitation, a committee was appointed to rent "a suitable and convenient house for the use of the rector," while another committee was to wait on the mayor "and remonstrate against the hack-drivers using the south side of Chestnut Street adjoining the church, and to urge their removal."

At the next meeting, May 15th, it was reported that 130 feet of ground had been purchased on Thirteenth and Locust streets, the committee having "retained the privilege of buying as much more ground as the new church buildings may require upon the same terms."

This location made necessary the assent of the rector and vestry of St. George's Church, then situated on Locust, between Seventh and Eighth streets, to the erection of the new church, as its site was inside the parish limits of St. George's. This assent was cheerfully given as soon as asked, but, in moving to record it in the minutes of Christ Church vestry, the following characteristic resolution was appended: "That while we accept this assent as a matter of courtesy, we would record at the same time our unanimous opinion that the parish of Christ Church is limited only by the limits of the city." This may be taken not only as showing the indomitable energy and enterprise of rector and vestry, but also as an unconscious prophecy of the future cathedral.

For some time Dr. Schuyler had been in correspondence with Calvin N. Otis, of Buffalo, who had prepared sketches and plans for a church, and, as soon as the committee had

An Ambassador of Christ

been appointed, he had been telegraphed for, and was now present with the plans. These were very similar to those of St. John's, Buffalo, which he had designed and built, and were so pleasing to the vestry that they were unanimously adopted, and a contract with Mr. Otis to construct the buildings at a cost not to exceed \$100,000 was closed on the spot. On May 30th the old church and lot were sold at auction by Mr. Obear for the sum of \$78,625, this being at the rate of \$925 per front foot, to Henry B. Belt, Charles H. Peck, S. Gratz Moses, and Charles L. Hunt. The church reserved the bell, organ, pews, and other furniture, and agreed to give possession on June 1, 1858, by which time it was expected that the new church would be almost completed.

At the meeting of June 1, 1857, there were appointed three trustees to receive the title deeds of the new church property, and a committee "to attend to the drawing up and having executed the deeds transferring the old church lot to the purchasers." It was resolved "to keep the funds for the new church separate from the ordinary revenues of the parish." Mr. Dwight Durkee was appointed "Treasurer of the New Church enterprise," while Mr. Asa Wilgus was, as trustee, to receive and pay out the cash connected with the sale of the old lot and the purchase of the new.

So far everything had gone on smoothly. The vestry, trusting in the large majority behind them, felt that they could go on without troubling themselves about the "remonstrants," and that these, when they saw the beautiful church rising, would "come round" and resume their active connection with the church. But the opposition had been meantime preparing a surprise. It so happened that one of their number, who may be called "Y," was one of the trustees in whom was vested the legal title of the church property, and through his aid it was determined to delay, if not entirely to prevent, the building of the new church. So when the committee appointed to complete the sale came to Y for his signature it was re-

The Struggle for the New Church

fused on the ground that the committee did not have the legal authority to make the demand. No arguments could change his position; he rested firmly upon his technical rights. A special meeting of the vestry was called on June 19th, and a formal demand, signed by all of the members of the vestry present, was drawn up. When this was presented to Y, he took it to a lawyer, who discovered that in the heading of the paper the name of one of the four trustees, Mr. Herman L. Hoffmann, had been forgotten—Mr. Hoffmann having moved to Ohio some time before. On this ground Y declared the demand insufficient, and so another special vestry meeting was called, and a new demand, drawn up under legal advice, was prepared. Still Y refused to sign the deed, and the vestry saw that legal proceedings would probably be necessary, and put the matter in the hands of Mr. John R. Shepley, a member of the congregation, who was soon after elected a vestryman to fill a vacancy. Mr. Shepley became one of the most active supporters of Dr. Schuyler in all his plans for the extension of the church and its influence, and served on the vestry “continuously for twenty-five years; and, besides being a most liberal contributor and sagacious counsellor, gave his legal services to the parish gratuitously during the whole of that long period.” In order to help the church most efficiently Mr. Shepley called in the services of a Mr. Geyer, who was a specialist on trustees, church titles, etc.

Although Dr. Schuyler had sent his family to Marshall in the early part of June, he remained in the city till the middle of July in order to be present at all vestry meetings and encourage by his presence and counsel his “fellow-laborers.” Still he was very careful not to solicit subscriptions himself or to become embroiled personally in the factional struggle which was now rending the congregation. He had gained experience in his last parish, and though a number of the “remonstrants” severed their connection with Christ Church and joined other parishes, yet not one of them had any per-

An Ambassador of Christ

sonal opposition to Dr. Schuyler or said anything against him except that he was too sanguine and energetic, too ready to dash into large enterprises without having sufficiently considered the difficulties—in short, lacking that monetary caution which has always been a St. Louis characteristic. And the majority of these same remonstrants after the matter was finally settled not only remained in the parish, but became again most active in pushing its interests.

But now, the matter of the church property having passed into legal hands, he saw that he could be of no further assistance, and toward the end of July he hastened to rejoin his wife in Marshall, whose precarious state of health had been long giving him much anxiety.

During the midst of the disturbance about the title, Dr. Schuyler fulfilled a difficult task, which he recorded in full in a letter to his wife and in his Journal of June 26, 1857:

To-day I have been called upon to perform the saddest and most trying duty in the whole course of my ministry. I attended poor W——* to the scaffold at 2 P.M. yesterday. I left the jail at St. Louis with him, in company with the sheriff and other officers of the law, and we travelled together to Union, the place of execution, which we reached about 1 p.m. The journey was a sad one, and the meeting with his father and mother was trying indeed. They were waiting for him when we reached the Court House at Union. The time which elapsed between our arrival and the hour of execution the next day was an agony to us all—long drawn out. We spent as much time as we could with him. His poor parents must have spent a night of agony, and I am sure it was scarcely less so to me. He slept quite peacefully and seemed cheerful when we met him in the morning. We all partook of the Holy Communion together, about three hours before his death. It was a most deeply solemn and impressive service. We sang at the close the beautiful Hymn "I would not live away," and father and mother and son joined their voices together. We had prayers together

* This is the criminal alluded to in Chapter VIII., who had murdered one of Dr. Schuyler's parishioners.

The Struggle for the New Church

frequently, and he commended his father and mother to his Heavenly Father in a most simple and touching prayer. Just before leaving for the place of execution he knelt, and I pronounced upon him that beautiful benediction at the end of the service for the "visitation of prisoners," beginning "Unto God's gracious mercy, etc." We all rode in the same carriage to the scaffold, his mother by his side. At the foot of the scaffold he embraced his father and mother and kissed them "Good bye." He then ascended the scaffold by a ladder. I offered to assist him, but he said, "No, Mr. Schuyler, I can get up myself," though his hands were pinioned. I bade him Good bye on the scaffold. He then turned to the crowd (there were some 2,500 people assembled) and said, "Good bye my friends, God bless you all." In a moment, almost, the trap fell and he was launched into eternity. I stood by and supported his poor mother in my arms but a few feet from the scaffold. Her whole frame was trembling with suppressed agony until she knew that his ear was deaf to human cries, and then she gave vent to her mourning in heart-rending sobs. Both father and mother remained until the body was placed in the coffin. In an hour they were permitted to see him, and not a feature of his face was distorted. After the fearful scene was over they both seemed much more composed than they had been for weeks. The assured hope that their only and beloved son was in Paradise seemed to impart a peace "which the world can neither give nor take away."

Now that poor W—— has gone to his account I wish to record my deliberate opinion here that I am satisfied he was subject to fits of insanity, when he was not responsible for his actions. At all times, in consequence of these fits of derangement, his mind was illy balanced, and in the judgment of charity I cannot believe that he would ever have been guilty of the cold-blooded act of murder which he committed had he been fully himself. I was with him for 16 months once every week almost, and some times several times during the week, and had therefore an opportunity of observing him closely, and I believe he was fully prepared for his death. He was remarkably conscientious in the minutest things, and he evinced by the regulation of his temper and his tongue and his earnest desire in every way he could to please God and serve his Savior, that he was a truly converted man. It is a great satisfaction to me to feel that I have been made the instrument under God of leading back this prodigal to his Heavenly Father's House, and I feel far more

An Ambassador of Christ

than repaid for all my anxiety of mind and trials of feeling, as well as expenditure of time, in the blessed result which his peaceful death proclaimed."

During Dr. Schuyler's absence from St. Louis, which lasted till the second Sunday in September, nothing in particular had been done in the matter of pushing the new church project. Mr. Geyer's legal opinion showed the vestry that they could do nothing with the present trustees, that these must be changed, and a new deed of trust made out, before the sale could be completed. But such an important step could hardly be taken when so many of the vestry and congregation were out of town, and no meeting of the vestry was held till September 14th, after the rector's return from Marshall.

In the meantime the first clouds of the great financial crisis of 1857 were gathering. The failure of the Ohio Life and Trust Company, in August, had greatly shaken commercial confidence in the West, though many expected that the great New York banks, which still held firm, would pull the country through the danger. The overweening optimism generated by the gold discoveries in California during the last decade was not so easily overcome by the failure of "wild-cat banks," or even the more solid of the Western financial institutions. Still the majority of the vestry considered that undue haste was not advisable in the present emergency. In the meantime, however, they had let the old parsonage for office purposes at \$700 a year, and had rented at \$1,100 per annum the fine house belonging to Henry Shaw—next to his own town residence on Seventh and Locust streets. Into this dwelling Dr. Schuyler moved his family on their return from Michigan. During the rector's absence services had been held in Christ Church by the assistant, Rev. Mr. Loop, with the exception of two Sundays when he had been incapacitated by illness induced by the hot weather. In fact Mr. Loop found that he could not retain his health in the climate of St. Louis, and so, on September 30th, tendered his resignation, which was

The Struggle for the New Church

regretfully accepted, as he had been very energetic in his work and his services had been in every way most acceptable.

But, on account of the increasing stringency of money matters and the increased expense involved in renting the rector's house, it was deemed advisable to postpone the appointment of a successor to a more auspicious time. At the same meeting (October 6th) a letter was received from the architect, Mr. Otis, beginning: "I have heard nothing in reference to the building of your church since I received your letter. The times are so hard just now I presume the subject is not talked about. . . . I am very much in want of money, and, under the circumstances, I think your vestry should send me \$100 to cover my travelling expenses at least, and then I am content to wait for better times or until the matter shall be decided as to whether the church is built or not." The \$100 was sent, and the more sanguine of the vestry believed that in a short time matters could be arranged to begin work upon the church as planned. But almost immediately the last hopes of preventing a wide-spread panic were swept away by the suspension of payment by the great New York banks, which had been carrying a business far beyond their resources, and by hundreds and thousands lesser concerns began to topple and collapse. Multitudes of men were thrown out of employment, as fully half of the forges and furnaces of the Union were closed, while many of the supposedly strongest railways, which had been greatly over-built, passed into the hands of the bond-holders. The panic spread to Europe; and England, France, Germany, Holland, and Belgium were involved.

It was no time even to think of such a thing as a new church building, and so at a special vestry meeting, October 13th, the following report was presented:

The undersigned committee to sell the church lot . . . report that on the 30th day of May the lot was sold at auction . . . and by reason of Y's refusing to sign the deed as

An Ambassador of Christ

Trustee this committee were unable to complete the sale. They would, therefore, in view of the uncertainty of all money matters, recommend that all action had upon the subject of building a new church by this vestry be for the present suspended, and all previous action rescinded.

W. N. SWITZER,
D. DURKEE,
A. J. MCCREERY,
Committee.

This report was unanimously accepted, as was also the following resolution: "That the committee be instructed to obtain a release from Mr. Lucas for the purchase of the lot, corner Thirteenth and Locust streets, and that said contract, together with the subscription list, be cancelled at the next meeting of the vestry."

The next meeting of the vestry, November 2d, was a sorrowful one, as it was to put an end, at least for a time, to the enterprise which had been begun so hopefully and under such promising auspices six months before. The committee reported that Mr. Lucas had generously agreed to "cancel the agreement relative to the lot, make no charges thereon whatever, and destroy the memorandum received by him from the Committee." And "Mr. Asa Wilgus presented the subscription book for building a new church, and it was then unanimously resolved to hand the same over to the secretary, and he be requested to mark such subscriptions as appeared thereon as cancelled, which was then done by the secretary in the presence of the vestry."

And so Dr. Schuyler and the vestry, after all their labor, were just where they were after Easter, plus much hard-earned experience, and the church minus several hundred dollars for advertising sale, fees for auctioneer,* architect, and legal advice.

But with the failure of the plans for the new church the rector and his fellow-laborers saw clearly that there was other

* It should be said in justice to Mr. J. H. Obear, the auctioneer, that his fee for selling the old church was originally only about half his usual rate, and that in finally settling with the vestry he cut this charge also in half.

The Struggle for the New Church

and pressing work before them, and at this same meeting it was resolved: "That it be recommended to the 'Ladies' Benevolent Association of Christ Church' to call upon the members of the parish and make collections in aid of their funds, as we believe the calls upon their charities will soon be many and pressing."

And in truth these calls were many and pressing. All through the winter the rector and his "fellow-laborers" went about among the needy and relieved their distress. And though there were many who gave freely of their money and personal services, one, Mr. Asa Wilgus, who was also foremost in the movement for the new church, deserves special mention. In speaking at his funeral, nearly ten years later, Dr. Schuyler said:

And, brethren, I could take you to many a home where the children of poverty reside, whose fires have been fed and tables supplied by those now palsied hands, who will sadly miss his sympathizing care. Almost the very first greeting your Pastor received from him when he came among you was the earnest request, that in every case of want coming under his notice, and which he lacked the power to relieve, he would not fail to come to him; and never was an application for such an object that was not gladly answered, and with a special request that the name of the donor should not be made known.

Besides the extra demands made upon their charities, the regular revenues of the church fell off somewhat as a result of the hard times, and, on account of the extra expenditures connected with the real estate transactions of the last spring, the church was actually several hundred dollars in debt. And so the vestry, after carefully investigating the rates for pews in several of the leading churches, in order to act justly, raised the taxes on pew-owners and the rents of pews, and passed a resolution that the pews of delinquents should be sold unless the arrearages were paid by a certain date.

These vigorous measures, as well as the fact that during 1858 commercial confidence began to be restored somewhat, soon put the finances of the parish upon a firm footing.

An Ambassador of Christ

One result of the panic of 1857 had been a great religious awakening all over the country in the early spring of the following year. In one of his sermons Dr. Schuyler thus gives his views of the two events:

In a day—almost *simultaneously* along the wide extended channels of trade its multifarious streams checked—confidence was gone, and a panic, like the wild cry of fire in the dead of night, shocked and paralyzed the energies of all. Men stood aghast and watched in hopeless despair the fair fabric of their well built fortunes crumble into ruins without an effort to save the falling mass. Even the proud infidel was confounded and forced to acknowledge that a weightier arm than that of a puny mortal was wielding the affairs of men and giving power and direction to events which neither his boasted ken could foresee, nor his wisdom and skill alter or avert. Yes, I think we may safely assert that never in the secular history of our country has there been a result so clearly traceable to the Divine interposition and so *generally* acknowledged as such by men of every shade of opinion and character.

And then equally strange, and in the same sudden, unexpected, and mysterious way, do we behold men letting go their hold upon the mammon of unrighteousness, turning away from the paths of worldliness and sin, and coming with the eagerness with which they were wont to pursue their earthly idols to the Sanctuary of God, to be taught the way of life and to secure true and desirable riches. That the Holy Spirit of God was moving in the souls of men, producing the general awakening of their minds to the eternal verities of religion and leading them in such numbers everywhere to turn with full purpose of heart to the Lord, cannot be a matter of doubt, and we should acknowledge with the warmest gratitude His gracious interposition.

The past year will be an era long to be remembered in the annals of Christianity as one fraught with rich spiritual fruit, and while in many of the movements of our fellow-Christians* we as Churchmen could not sympathize, and our views of truth and duty forbade us to join, still we rejoice, as did St. Paul, that in every way Christ is preached, and we earnestly hope and sincerely believe that whatever has been wrong God has overruled,

* Referring to the great "revivals" in the various sects.

The Struggle for the New Church

and that even the errors of men have been made subservient to His glory. And so far as the Church is concerned we have reason to rejoice that Her capability to meet every emergency has been fully tested in the ministering to the spiritual wants and demands of Her children and of the world around Her.

The religious excitement met the Church in the humiliation of Lent, humbled before God in the appointed services of the season. Nothing extra to the usual services provided for in the Prayer Book was required. Her solemn devotions were found appropriate to the exigency, and She has come forth from the awakening we humbly trust thus far enlarged, invigorated, and spiritualized, without sacrificing a principle or diminishing confidence in Her system of training men for Heaven, not by artificial and spasmodic efforts, but by a steady course of instruction, worship, guidance, care, and nurture in full accordance with the Word and will of God, the admonitions of experience and the nature of man, vindicating the rise and progress of religion in the soul.

In almost all the reports of our Bishops to their respective conventions we have the cheering announcement that far larger numbers than ever before have come forward to the Apostolic Rite of Confirmation, and that among them a greater proportion of aged persons, awakened, as it were, upon the very verge of the tomb. The followers of Christ, too, have warmed with a new and holy zeal, and even amid the pecuniary disasters that have overwhelmed thousands, the charitable contributions of the Church have been increased.

In the Journal for April 4, 1858 (Easter Day), is found the following: "Administered the Holy Communion to the largest number ever assembled at one time in Christ Church. It has been a bright and joyous day." And in order to continue the spiritual development of his congregation, which had received such an impetus during Lent, the rector, though still without an assistant, began, on April 5th, regular daily prayers at 8 A.M. in the church. However, the vestry, recognizing the good work he was doing, authorized him at their next monthly meeting to "select a suitable person to act as his assistant at a salary not to exceed \$600 per annum."

Ever since its opening Dr. Schuyler had always been deeply

An Ambassador of Christ

interested in the Theological Seminary at Nashotah Mission, Wisconsin, and all through his life his personal contributions toward its support never ceased. Now he turned to it for his assistant.

Mr. Theodore I. Holcomb, who was then at Nashotah, says that as he was going one day to chapel, marching in line, as was the custom, Dr. Cole (the president) beckoned to him and handed him a letter from Dr. Schuyler, which said: "If you have any young fellow up there who does not think he knows it all, send him down to me." And so Mr. Holcomb was selected. He entered upon his duties on June 28th, and rendered most efficient service as assistant, and afterward as missionary in the State, until after the breaking out of the Civil War.

During Lent Dr. Schuyler preached a sermon from the text, "Finally, brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified even as it is with you." This discourse is so characteristic and contains such clear statements of the rector's views upon the relations of pastor and congregation that some extracts may prove interesting:

I have often tried in various ways to impress upon the minds of the laity that they have work to do in the Church of God. When I first came among you, you will recollect that the text of my first sermon was "Now, then, we are laborers together with God." I endeavored to show that while the post of a minister of Christ was elevated above that of the laity in the Church in point of fearful responsibility, yet that he was not separated from them, that they had common aims and duties, and must co-operate heartily and cheerfully together would they build up the Church and promote the interests of Christ's Kingdom among them.

And I speak of the spiritual interests of the Church and not merely of its temporal welfare as intrusted to the people as well as to their minister. The sphere of their duty is well defined, and there is no danger of their encroaching upon the rights and prerogatives of the clergy if they will be careful to follow long-established usages in the spirit of men alive to a

The Struggle for the New Church

sense of their privileges. But there is no department of their joint work where Pastor and People can co-operate more beneficially together, and where there is less opportunity of counter influences, than in the hallowed duty of praying for each other. And while we ask it we should be careful that the request savor not of selfishness. We ask you to pray for us, that through our instrumentality the word of the Lord preached by us may have free course, and produce its proper fruits in the conversion of sinners to the faith of Christ and the building up His people in knowledge and holiness.

As men who are struggling in the same fearful state of probation, who are exposed to temptations like other men, who have wicked hearts to subdue, and unruly passions to check, we need to be remembered by our fellow-pilgrims on life's devious way. I know it is very often said that those who have been set apart to the sacred office of the ministry have fewer temptations to struggle against, and that with them the warfare with the world, the flesh, and the devil, must be comparatively easy. That they are withdrawn from many of the allurements and snares which beset the way of those who are thrown more into the vortex of the world, that their studies and pursuits are more in keeping with the great ends and aims of a Godly life.

All this may be true to a measurable extent, and yet it is not true that the life of a Minister of Christ, so far as his own spiritual safety and growth is concerned, is more free from danger and temptations. The very fact that through the orderings of God's Providence and by the appointment of his Holy Spirit the Minister has been called to a prominent position in Christ's Kingdom, is of itself the most convincing proof that the Tempter will aim at him his most poisonous darts.

The fall of *one* such will be sure to dishearten *many*, and we all know what a shock is felt throughout the Church when one of her Bishops or Ministers is seduced into grievous sin. It is *then* the enemy takes occasion to revile not merely the fallen brother, but the *cause* and the Master he professed to serve, and multitudes are deceived and misled thereby to unite in casting reproaches upon Christianity itself.

Upon the unsullied reputation of the Minister before the world depends in a great degree his usefulness. . . . The unsullied reputation of the wife is not more necessary to the sanctity of home than that of the Minister to the hallowed influence of his preaching. . . . And, brethren, it is not only important

An Ambassador of Christ

to pray for him on this account, but with your prayers to give him your cordial sanction and support. Standing in the position he does he is liable to be traduced from various quarters, by different persons, and from different motives. It is a sad fact that in consequence of the differences among Christians there is a spirit too often of unholy rivalry, which provokes some to unscrupulous measures to detract from the good name of one another, and the Minister is always sure to be the mark at whom their venomous arrows are discharged. It matters not how pure may be his character or how consistent his life and conversation, it needs not the foundation of truth upon which to ground accusations, the more likely to find circulation and the less likely to be suspected or detected by him. He must, therefore, look to his people for protection, and if they cherish his reputation as they ought for the Church's sake, if not for his own, they will be prompt and earnest to defend him.

But sometimes among his own flock there will be some, who from a fault-finding disposition or a mischievous propensity to intermeddle will give currency to some trifling story, which, as it passes from mouth to mouth, will magnify until, before it has run its course, it has grown into a formidable slander, which, if true, might well blast forever his fair fame.

Little things, said in a careless way, and indirectly insinuating some cause of complaint without any serious intention to do a wrong, are often perverted into charges grievously affecting the influence of a Pastor and oftentimes undo what he has been long laboring to accomplish. . . . Those who pray earnestly, sincerely, and habitually for their Minister will be the least likely to be guilty, and the most watchful, active, and conscientious in rebutting and silencing the slander.

The faithfulness and spirituality of the Pastor's preaching depend in a measure upon the prayers of the people. . . . The Pastor in his study, as he sits down to prepare for the duties of the pulpit, will go to his task not only with the meetness which the devotions of his own closet have induced, but baptized with a holy fervor drawn from the ever-flowing fountains of spiritual blessings sent forth in answer to the united supplications of a praying people. We are living in a world of mutual dependence, and it is the duty of one and all to minister, as it is their privilege to be ministered unto.

It is true a faithful Pastor may be sent to a faithless flock, and with God's blessing he may be made the instrument of

The Struggle for the New Church

elevating them in some good degree to the standard he would have them attain, but there is danger at the same time of his *own* standard being lowered. Well may he redouble his watchfulness and rekindle his zeal at the altar of his own devotions, for he must rise to spiritual contemplation with the depressing weight of clouds of worldliness and unbelief overhanging the very air he breathes.

By praying for a blessing upon the labors of their Minister, the people will be led to engage in the work for themselves. Prayer is never earnest and sincere which does not lead us, when we have the ability and opportunity, to help forward the object for whose success we have been praying. And there is one way in which we may always most effectually do this, and that is by leading a holy life and setting a pure and spotless example before the world. There is no doubt that there is no more serious obstacle in the way of the extended usefulness of Christian Ministers than the irreligious example and besotted worldliness of those who profess and call themselves Christians. Many a pure-minded man of the world has looked on in horror at the outrageous inconsistencies which mark the conduct of those who call themselves the followers of a self-denying Master. No matter how high and holy the standard of religion as preached from the pulpit, if exemplified by *such* patterns, it will be judged by its apparent fruits, and lose all its purifying and ennobling influence. Worldly conformity on the part of its professors will induce the charge of a "fashionable religion" against the Church and its Minister, and both will be obliged to work hard against a current which is checking and deviating their progress.

But when there is holiness of life and consistency of conduct among the various members of the flock, their individual and united influence is made to tell with wondrous power. A holy life is a daily preacher—preaching everywhere, in the counting room, in the workshop, upon 'change, and wherever men meet together in the transactions of business or in the intercourse of life, and it preaches with a silent yet resistless eloquence and oftentimes when the heart is best fitted to receive it. There may never be a word spoken *directly* upon the subject of religion, and yet, in the scrupulous honesty and exact dealing, in the high-toned and liberal spirit which has marked every transaction, and in the sedulous care with which all public duties of religion have been discharged, there has been such a savor of piety as to insure the notice and respect of worldly associates, and open their

An Ambassador of Christ

hearts and minds to the conviction of the truth when enforced by the lips of the living preacher.

"Finally, brethren, pray for us, that," by the united efforts of us all, "the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified."

And in this connection it may be well to give some extracts from the Journal, which was discontinued the following year after Easter:

Jan. 9, 1858. To-day is my 44th birthday. How rapidly my days and years are passing away. Should my life be spared, a few years will make me an old man, when I can no longer labor for my blessed Master. Oh, that this thought may stimulate me to work while I have the ability and the opportunity. May God give me grace to be more careful in improving the time He is pleased to allot me, so that I may be ready when his summons comes to render my account with joy. I began this day by visiting the jail and baptizing a prisoner convicted of murder. He has been preparing himself for months. God grant that he may have strength to fulfil his holy vows.

And the following history of a typical case is quite characteristic:

Sunday. Went out into the country in the afternoon to see Mr. ———, who is very sick. Talked and prayed with him, and tried to direct his mind to the privilege and duty of receiving the Holy Sacrament. . . .

Monday. Have spent the whole of this day with Mr. ———. Had the pleasure of administering to him the Holy Communion. He seemed fully prepared to receive it. He is 68 years old, and this was the first time he had recognized and obeyed his Divine Master's dying command. He said his great fault had been a disposition to rely upon his morality. He found upon a sick bed that this was a treacherous ground of dependence. He spoke with deep sorrow of having devoted his life to the world and being reduced in his necessity to devote (as he expressed it) the fog end of it to God. He seemed truly humble and penitent, and I humbly believe God has accepted him.

Tuesday. Visited Mr. ——— and spent the afternoon with him. His confidence strong in the mercy of God.

The Struggle for the New Church

Wednesday. Visited Mr. ——— and spent several hours with him.

Thursday. Spent the night with Mr. ———. Too weak to say much. Seemed composed and resigned.

Friday. Left Mr. ——— this morning. I fear he cannot last long, though he had a comfortable night for which he seemed peculiarly grateful. Had he not been so very sick from the first time I was called upon to visit him, I should have urged upon him the duty of devoting a portion of his large estate to some charitable objects. His case has brought powerfully before me the responsibility of riches, and I have written a sermon this week upon the "Stewardship of Wealth."

A week later: Heard this morning that Mr. ——— was dead. I have visited him almost daily in his sickness, and he seems to have been sustained and comforted by God's Grace. I regret very much that I did not have an opportunity, on account of the nature of his sickness, of conversing with him upon the duty of making some charitable bequests in the disposition of his large estate. He has left nothing to a single charitable object, though leaving an estate of upwards of \$1,500,000. What an account of this stewardship of wealth!

Two days later: Attended the funeral of Mr. ———, and delivered an address which I trust may be of benefit to the living.

Along with the religious awakening in Christ Church came the revival of the movement to build a new church. But even in the preceding December the initial steps had been taken. At the first meeting which he attended as a vestryman, Mr. John R. Shepley introduced the following resolution: "That Asa Wilgus and Herman L. Hoffmann be requested by Deed to declare the specific trusts upon which they hold the lot in the city of St. Louis on which Christ Church is erected." And from this time on, for a quarter of a century, the legal business of the church remained in Mr. Shepley's hands.

At the Easter election the issue of building the new church was again brought up, and most of the old vestry were re-elected by a large majority—the new names being Messrs. Z. B. Curtis, Benjamin O'Fallon, John T. Douglas, John Christopher, Thomas D. Day, and J. H. P. Blackwood.

An Ambassador of Christ

At the first meeting after the organization of the new vestry, work was begun by drawing up a "petition to present to the voters of the Parish asking the vestry to take the necessary steps to sell the present church property and to buy a better location and build a new church for the parish." This petition was accompanied by a remonstrance against the petition in order to "obtain a decided opinion for or against the measure." A thorough canvas of the parish was made by a committee consisting of the new members of the vestry, and Messrs. Taylor Blow, D. A. January, and J. B. Carson (representing the congregation), which showed that the great majority were still in favor of building a new church, though some advised waiting a few months until the financial situation was still further improved. Feeling now assured that they had the congregation behind them, the vestry proceeded with the plan outlined by Mr. Shepley. This was to request the present trustees to surrender their trust to other trustees, it being "desirable that the title to said property should be vested in resident Trustees, and should be vested also by a single Deed." The new trustees were to be Zebulon B. Curtis, William N. Switzer, Charles J. Martin, and William H. Glasgow, who should hold the property or dispose of it, "in whole or in part and every part, from time to time and at all times as the vestry of said Christ Church for the time being shall by resolution direct and appoint," etc.

After the usual legal delays, the transfer was completed by the middle of July, and though some of the vestry were for proceeding immediately with the sale of the property, yet, by a majority of one, it was decided to lay the matter over till the September meeting, as the summer season, so many of the congregation being absent from the city, seemed not to be the most favorable to inaugurate an enterprise of such magnitude.

Of the September meeting Dr. Schuyler wrote to his wife:

Last night our vestry had a meeting to talk about a new church. They appointed a committee to see about selling the

The Struggle for the New Church

old lot * and buying a new one. They are to call upon Mr. Lucas and propose a trade with him for the lot on 13th and Locust, the one formerly selected. What it will amount to I cannot say. I shall not allow myself to anticipate anything. If they shall accomplish anything I shall be rejoiced. They are complaining of harder times now in the way of business and of collecting what is due, than they have had at all.

What he feared came to pass. The committees, though they did not neglect the matters intrusted to them, found it advisable to wait till spring before taking any decided step. But during the winter all the vestry, acting as a subscription committee with the senior warden, Mr. Wilgus, as chairman, did much good work among the congregation by still further stimulating the interest in the new church and ascertaining how much money could be raised by subscription. In the letter quoted above he also wrote: "I brought down a large basket of vegetables from the garden yesterday. I have any quantity of the nicest green beans growing. I intend to gather some to pickle." The garden alluded to was a tract of ground on Locust Street between Leffingwell and Ewing avenues, in what was then known as Stoddard's Addition. It was then practically in the country, for, though the streets had been surveyed, no pavements or sidewalks had been put down, and it was only accessible by dirt-roads from Olive Street—then a country road and macadamized. A large wood lay between it and the town, which at that time scarcely extended to Seventeenth Street, except along the St. Charles plank-road (now Franklin and Easton avenues) and the old Manchester Road (now Market Street). The lot, 100 feet front, had been bought by Dr. Schuyler as a speculation with money from the sale of some property in Buffalo of his own and of Mrs. Schuyler's; and, as soon as it came into his possession, he had it fenced in and planted with fruit and shade trees, and there once more he was able to enjoy to the full his favorite pleasure of gardening. Having sold some more of the Buffalo prop-

* At a price not less than \$75,000.

An Ambassador of Christ

erty, he began, in the fall of 1858, to erect a small brick cottage of six rooms for a tenant; but, as the building progressed, the thought of the opportunities for unlimited contact with the soil and the fact that his children would be much better in the purer air of Stoddard's Hill, decided him to occupy it himself. So the upstairs plan was changed to make two more small bedrooms and a wooden addition built on for a library and study. As soon as it was known that Dr. Schuyler intended to occupy the house a number of his stanch friends made up a subscription to assist him in building it.*

Into this house Dr. Schuyler moved the following spring and resided there until his death.† And here, until the very last, the rector might often have been seen, especially in the early morning hours, in his shirt-sleeves and often bare-footed, digging and weeding and tending the plants and flowers he loved so well. Dr. Schuyler used often to say that the good health he enjoyed in his old age was mainly due to his regular exercise in tilling the soil.

The political campaign of 1858 was far more bitter than that of 1856; for the troubles in "bleeding Kansas," amounting practically to civil war, had added fuel to the hate of the contending parties, and Dr. Schuyler, deeply moved by the impending danger to his beloved country, was impelled to utter, in his Thanksgiving sermon, this warning statement of

* The following paper was preserved carefully by Dr. Schuyler :

St. Louis, Christmas, 1858.

TO ASA WILGUS, ESQ.

Dear Sir :

The undersigned, desirous of assisting our Rector, Dr. Schuyler, in building his house on Stoddard addition, propose to give through you, whenever wanted, the sums set opposite our names.

ASA WILGUS,	A. J. McCREERY,
WM. H. GLASGOW,	E. I. GLASGOW,
MARY S. CLARK,	ELLEN A. CLARK,
D. A. JANUARY,	DWIGHT DURKEE,
W. N. SWITZER,	J. T. DOUGLAS,
J. B. D. CLARK,	J. R. SHEPLEY.

† Another addition of two rooms was made in 1863 to accommodate his increasing family.

The Struggle for the New Church

what he considered the duty of all citizens, irrespective of party:

God is no indifferent spectator of the affairs of nations, and their welfare depends entirely upon the piety and true religion of the people. Nor is there any truth appertaining to what is called political wisdom so *important* and so indispensable to be known and kept in mind by every well-wisher of his country. *He* is the truest patriot and wisest politician who, instead of being incited by the catchwords of a party to mingle in political strife, holds himself aloof from such excitement, and with a sober judgment and persevering energy bends all his efforts to instill into the minds of his fellow-countrymen a sense of accountability to God, who is the supreme and only Potentate, and whose is the declaration "Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." It is true, in a government constituted like ours there must always be *parties*. It would be vain to expect *unanimity* in political sentiments and measures, and, however unimportant may be their differences, they will yet be sufficient to range the people under different leaders. Nor would we by any means contend that the controversy growing out of these differences would *not* serve to elicit truth. We would say: Range yourselves under the head of whatsoever party you choose, but beware that you do not become mere partisans. *Here* is the danger of being misled by party attachments to forget the best interests of the whole country. In moments of excited party feeling, we are tempted to attribute to the success of certain men or measures, that which belongs to God alone, and to fancy that the very perpetuity of our institutions and the safety of the Government depend upon the result of a contested election. *Thus* are the people led away from the true source of their strength, and thus is kept out of sight the maxim of one of the wisest politicians, "except the Lord keep the city the watchman waketh but in vain." A maxim like this, engraven upon the minds of the people, would quench the mad fury of the partisan, and inspire a calm and humble dependence upon the Almighty. Nor would it lead the citizen to be a mere *uninterested* looker-on of the affairs of his country, but prompting him judiciously and soberly to strive in the selection of her rulers, would yet so control and qualify his efforts as to prepare him to abide the result without a bitter or censorious spirit; and would inspire him in laboring to diffuse the purifying and ele-

An Ambassador of Christ

vating principles of religion throughout the land, knowing that if we would have the Lord "keep the city," if we would have the frail bark of our young Republic under the guidance of a skilful and unerring Pilot, if we would have her course onward to a haven where no enemies can threaten and no storms assail, if we would have God, even our own God, to bless us, we must acknowledge His rightful sovereignty and walk in His statutes.

On March 21, 1859, Dr. Schuyler's mother died, after a lingering illness which had extended over many months. The end, though long expected, came at last too suddenly for her son to reach her bedside. Surrounded by most of her children and grandchildren, whom she had taught to love the Church and its holy ways, she passed to Paradise willingly and cheerfully, her loving labor of years being fully accomplished. The following is taken from the obituary published in a Marshall paper:

She was seen in the house of God when sickness prevented her going elsewhere, and, when too weak to remain through the whole service, she knelt at the altar to receive the Holy Communion. Her consistent Christian example, her unworldliness, her unbounded influence over her children, commanding their deepest love and entire confidence, her unselfishness, the energy of her character, her faithfulness in the discharge of duty, have left an impression upon the whole circle of her acquaintance which will never be effaced. "Her works do follow her." Her life was remarkable for its usefulness. Not a moment of time was wasted. To do, to be intent on doing, and doing good was the absorbing thought, so that it may be truly said of her, "she hath done what she could."

And not the least of her good works was the training of Montgomery Schuyler to be a true and faithful servant of the Lord.

In this same spring the new church movement once more got under way, and was carried on with great energy and rapidity. At the vestry meeting of March 7, 1859, the committee on selling the church property finally reported "that the latter part of March or the early part of April next would be the most advantageous time to make a sale thereof." The

The Struggle for the New Church

committee were then empowered to sell the property "on or before the twentieth day of April next," and within a week an offer was received from Messrs. Wayman Crow and P. R. McCreery of \$80,000, which was immediately accepted by the unanimous vote of the vestry on March 12th, and so the old church passed from the hands of the congregation, although they were allowed the use of it for nearly a year more. It was stipulated that the furniture was to be reserved from the sale and that the building should not be used for secular purposes, but be entirely demolished.

A committee was also appointed to purchase a lot for the new building, and Mr. Charles G. Martin was "appointed treasurer for the new building in order to keep the finances separate from the parish funds."

But the vestry, although united in their purpose of building, differed in their opinion as to the most suitable lot for the new church, and in this they reflected the opinion of the congregation.

Mr. Lucas had raised the price of the old lot on Thirteenth and Locust streets from \$200 to \$250 per front foot, and this would make the price several thousand dollars greater. Quite a number favored going still further uptown, the commanding position of the hill-top on the northwest corner of Seventeenth Street and Lucas Place being thought more desirable as well as cheaper. After much discussion, however, the old lot on Thirteenth and Locust streets was chosen again by a majority of one, and the committee was empowered to buy 150 feet, and did, on April 19th, purchase 175 feet, making the cost \$43,750. The ideas of all those connected with the new church movement had considerably expanded since the former effort had been defeated. The old plan of C. N. Otis, which had seemed so satisfactory two years before, was now considered inadequate in both size and style to represent what Christ Church ought to be, and it was resolved: "That while the vestry are impressed with the necessity of using the strict-

An Ambassador of Christ

est economy in the building of the new church edifice, they should also look to the future as well as the present needs of the Parish, and that in the erecting of the new building the most enduring materials alone should be used, so that something creditable to the Parish may be accomplished."

A committee was appointed "to collect information and inquire into the cost of materials for the purpose," and the secretary, Mr. Mackay, was to write to Mr. Otis about changing his old plan to suit the new requirements.* At the Easter election, April 25, 1859, the congregation showed their approval of the new church project by re-electing all of the old vestry who were willing to serve, the only new members being Messrs. F. R. Alexander and John R. Wendover. These gentlemen were also heart and soul in the enterprise.

At the first meeting of the new vestry it was decided that the new church be built of stone and that the "body pews" seat about 1,000 persons. Also, on mention of Mr. Douglas, it was decided, in order to get the finest possible plan for the magnificent temple they intended to erect, not to depend upon the ideas of any single architect but to open the matter to competition.

After some demur, Mr. Otis agreed to be one of the competitors; but, when the plans were finally submitted, that of Mr. Leopold Eidlitz, of New York, was found to be so far superior to the others that it was unanimously adopted by the vestry on July 11th.†

The delay of two years had been, in one thing at least, of inestimable advantage to the future cathedral, for it can easily be seen, on comparing the plan of 1857 with the church designed by Mr. Eidlitz, that the whole future history of Christ Church would have been changed, that the down-town brick

* As far as I have been able to learn, the old plan was for a brick church.

† It should be mentioned here that the vestry made a satisfactory settlement with Mr. Otis for his former plans. In fact in all these transactions is to be found the desire to do everything in the most honorable and just manner, and under no circumstances to employ mere legal technicalities for the profit of the church treasury.

The Struggle for the New Church

building would in time have been demolished and another up-town parish church would have been built, and there would have been no grand cathedral, whose interior, complete for years, is unsurpassed in artistic and spiritual significance by any similar edifice in the country.

At a meeting on August 8, 1859, the vestry received the following communication from Dr. Schuyler:

Knowing that during the building of the church, obliged as we shall be to occupy some public hall for service, it will be more difficult to raise a revenue for the current expenses, and, feeling it my duty to contribute according to my ability toward the new church, I have determined to offer to the vestry to make a reduction of what is rightfully due to me on account of salary. For the past year you have been paying at the rate of \$4,100 per annum. I regarded the large rent you voluntarily offered to pay a most liberal provision, and I have felt and do feel truly grateful for the kindness which prompted the suggestion of a removal from the old parsonage. My proposition is that the vestry pay me, during the building of the church, at the rate of \$3,300 per annum. I would propose to reduce it to \$3,000, but, as I am owing something on my house and lot and my family expenses are necessarily large, I feel that it would be unjust to myself and to those for whom I have to provide. The arrangement which I now propose, should it meet with the approval of the vestry, I would have take effect from the first of this month.

This was the first of a series of voluntary reductions of salary which Dr. Schuyler made in order to aid the church—the total value of which amounted to many thousand dollars. The vestry, however, did not accept the full reduction proposed, but compromised by fixing his salary at \$3,500—no parsonage to be supplied. At the same time the rector agreed to do without the services of an assistant; but as Mr. Holcomb had done such admirable work for the church during his incumbency, a number of the congregation personally guaranteed him for three years his former salary for missionary work to be done in the diocese of Missouri.

An Ambassador of Christ

On August 23, 1859, the contracts for excavating, stone work, and carpenter work were given out,* making, with estimates for other work not yet contracted for, the whole cost of the church at that time about \$120,000—quite an increase over the former estimate.

The exact date when work was begun is not known, but there is a letter of Dr. Schuyler's, dated Marshall, September 3, 1859, in which he writes: "I am anxious to see how they are getting on with the Church. I suppose they have begun digging out the foundations."

As the purchasers of the old building would take possession of the property by February 1, 1860, it became necessary to find some temporary home till the new church should be completed. Several plans were proposed, among which were the basement of Dr. Post's Church (Congregational†), the small and the large halls in the old Mercantile Library, corner of Locust Street and Broadway. The decision was finally made in favor of the large Mercantile Library Hall, which seated over 1,000 people. It was also decided that during the occupation of this place all seats should be free and the current expenses be paid by subscription.

January 22, 1860, saw the last services in old Christ Church. In the morning Dr. Schuyler preached from the text "Fear not, little flock," and of the farewell service in the evening he writes in the parish register:

* Carpenter work to J. K. Bent; stone and stone-cutting to William Lark, St. Clair County, Illinois, and excavating and laying walls to T. Cavenagh. William Bowen was made supervising architect.

† Dr. Schuyler was on the best of terms with the clergy of all the churches in the city, from Roman Catholic to Unitarian. His attitude to those differing from him in belief is well expressed by the following extract from a sermon preached in August, 1859: "For my own part, I respect the man of any denomination the more who will not in any way compromise his principles, who is honest and candid enough to take his stand upon the platform of his own creed, and with a kind and charitable, yet determined spirit, proclaim and maintain it. I can have no sympathy with that canting sycophancy, which for the sake of the good report of others would yield without compunction every ground of difference and consent in plans of union and action by waiving altogether its own claims." And this respect which he showed to others was given in turn to him.

The Struggle for the New Church

A sermon was preached giving a history of the parish from its organization. The church was never so crowded, and, although the sermon was nearly an hour and a half in the delivery, it was listened to with great attention. The last Hymn, "Before Jehovah's awful Throne," was sung to the tune of "Old Hundred." It seemed as if every person, old and young, in the congregation * sang, and the music was truly sublime.

A few extracts from the conclusion of this sermon are as follows:

The statistics upon the Parish Register during my ministry among you show 225 baptisms, 109 marriages, 152 burials, 188 confirmed, and 272 added to the Holy Communion.

And now what shall I say more in parting from these consecrated walls, and from all the hallowed associations which cluster around this chancel, its font, and its altar? One word of admonition. Methinks the very stones of this building cry out to us as a Parish: Beware of debt—beware of such a *fearful* incubus in the erection of the new building which, in reliance upon God's help, you have determined to devote to His service. . . . Come up then as one man to this work, so that when the last stone is laid and the last stroke of the hammer heard, the last dollar shall be ready to satisfy every claim.

Be united. Do not, because we are to leave this old Home, leave the Parish and those who have been your co-workers in the days of past struggles. The family is not broken up when the old Homestead, from the ravages of time or from its contracted space, is necessarily abandoned. Let us continue a *united* family, united in sympathy and feeling, working together as brothers to whom the family name, and honor, and interest are ever dear. Let "Old Christ Church" be new Christ Church, with the same hearts and hands enlisted, and ready at the completion of our enterprise to open the doors of our sanctuary to the hundreds more for whom we have provided.

It is hard to give up a building once solemnly set apart to the worship of God; set apart, too, not only by the solemn service of the Chief Minister of the Church, in the act of public dedication, but consecrated by the holy memories of the cherished associations of the worshippers therein through many

* One of the daily papers stated that the church was crowded—many people standing through the service and sermon.

An Ambassador of Christ

years of life's changeful scenes. And yet, hard as it is, the absolute *necessity* of a new building, a well-directed public spirit, a commendable taste for architectural beauty, a sense of the duty we owe to the Church, and to the souls of our fellow-men, demand that we should remove to a more suitable location, and erect an edifice, not only in keeping with the other public buildings in our city, but more capacious and better fitted to the wants of our rapidly increasing population.

Could we have had an endowment wherewith to support a free church, and could we have erected here a building to stand side by side with the shop and the office, with its doors ever open for daily prayer, to rebuke the spirit of worldliness, and remind the eager crowd of another world, we should have hailed it as a most glorious privilege, and no holier office would your Rector have ever sought, than the ministering to the poor and the stranger here. But this is an achievement beyond our ability. Nor is there any real need for such a provision when there are still two churches but a little way removed from us, and we are not leaving a field to be rebuked by its spiritual destitution. . . . Nor is this movement indebted to the "aristocratic tendencies of the times," nor is it by "high rates of pews" to exclude "people of moderate means" from the new and "costly" edifice. The *reverse* of all this is intended, and I have no doubt will be achieved. The much greater number of pews will enable them to be rented at *lower* rates, and there is no reason why the expenses should be any greater in supporting the new church. And where, in the old building, we have been obliged almost to *exclude* the poor, in the new we can furnish free sittings for hundreds. None shall be kept away for want of means while we have a seat unoccupied.

Interest and duty, then, call on us to move, and we go in obedience to the call.

Soon all trace of the Holy house, where we were wont to worship, will have disappeared, and nothing will remain to tell that a consecrated building ever stood where that magnificent block, thronged with buyers and sellers, will then throw open its spacious doors. Be it so. We believe we are doing our duty in surrendering this long-loved home.

Brethren, we have heard the tolling of the bell for the last time, calling us to worship here. Farewell, then, to this cherished old building. *Sorrowing*, yet *rejoicing*, again we say, Farewell!

CHAPTER X

IN MERCANTILE LIBRARY HALL. DARK DAYS

WITH the opening of the spring of 1860 the work on the new church was begun and pushed as rapidly as possible. The corner-stone was laid on Sunday, April 22d, by Bishop Hawks, with appropriate ceremonies, in which all the clergy of the city assisted.

Mr. Lucas was paid in full for the lot out of the proceeds from the sale of the old church property, and with the remainder the work on the new church was carried forward. It was hoped that still other funds could be secured from the sale of part of the "cemetery property," and that with this and the amount obtained from subscriptions the church would be so near completion that by borrowing the amount needed (a sum which the sale of pews would more than meet) the congregation would "commence in their new church free from the necessity of providing for any liability incurred in its erection."

The building committee of the vestry elected at the Easter parish meeting, which was almost identically the same as that of the preceding year, stated, on May 7, 1860: "We expect to have the side-walls up during the present season and the church ready for the roof in July, 1861."

But no one knew that within a year almost all hope of building the church would be abandoned—that the congregation, itself sadly diminished, on the verge of dissolution, would be temporarily housed in the building of another congregation—a congregation almost in *extremo mortis* (did, in fact, die soon after)—and that the enthusiastic Montgomery Schuyler would be seriously debating if he were not an unfit man for the place, and if the sole salvation of the church and congre-

An Ambassador of Christ

gation did not lie in his withdrawing to make room for a more suitable rector.

The first thing to be done was to increase the small subscription they had already pledged in order to carry on the work when the money from the sale of the old church should be exhausted, and to aid this effort Dr. Schuyler, on April 15th, preached a vigorous sermon from the text, "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." The conclusion is as follows:

This enterprise belongs to the whole parish. The Rector, the Wardens, and the Vestry are *not* the only ones on whom the responsibility of its success under God depends. There are *many* who can do as much, if not *more*, out of the vestry than in it, and we are thankful to know that there are some who acknowledge this and are ready to act in accordance therewith. Every member of the congregation has his influence and can help us, not only by his donations of money, but by his good word, his hearty commendation, and in striving to enlist others. It is a mistaken idea that there is no pressing necessity for liberal contributions. We need at once, to justify us in prosecuting the work as rapidly as we should and with a proper prudence, a subscription of at least \$50,000. And to ensure this, and especially under the heavy pressure of the times, will call upon not only the munificent donations of the wealthy, but the smaller contributions of those who, while they are less able, are no less willing and cheerful givers.

We wish *every* one, whose heart is with us, to help us according to the measure of his ability; and we are sure that if our appeal is thus met, we shall be cheered and encouraged to go on with undoubting confidence.

It was in troublous times, while their city was lying in ruins, that the Jews, in answer to the earnest exhortations of Nehemiah, resolutely determined to erect the second temple, saying, "Let us arise and build," though surrounded by enemies, and compelled "with one hand to lay the wall, while with the other they held a spear," and, adds the sacred historian, "So they strengthened their hands for this good work."

With like resolution must we enlist, and with an *unanimity* and a zeal befitting the magnitude of the undertaking. And

In Mercantile Library Hall. Dark Days

then may we with like confidence conclude, "The God of Heaven will prosper us, therefore we his servants will arise and build."

In order to get the parish fully committed to the great work, the vestry decided "that instead of completing the Chapel first, the whole work be carried on together," and soon the massive foundations of the church were finished, and the first courses of the side-walls began to rise.

But the threatening clouds of the coming storm of civil war were already gathering on the distant horizon, and though few outside the extremists on both sides believed that actual hostilities would ensue, yet commerce and capital, always timid, were beginning to take fright, and even generous men began to curtail their usual gifts and husband all their means to procure financial shelter in the probable emergency. And so the effort to increase the subscription accomplished so little that there is no mention whatever of it in the records of the vestry. Instead of which, the following is found in the report of the building committee, May 7th:

We will require at least \$25,000 more than there is in the Treasury for the expenditure of this summer and fall, and will want as much more during the winter and early spring months, and, as it will be necessary to borrow money on the church property either this summer or next winter, the committee would recommend that the Treasurer be instructed to negotiate a loan of \$50,000 for five years, at a rate of interest not to exceed 10% per annum. If a loan of \$50,000 or even \$40,000 can be effected, the Committee think that with that sum and the amount which may be realized from the sale of the cemetery lots, that the church can be brought so near completion that we will be justified in relying upon subscription to finish it.*

The plan of borrowing \$50,000 was referred to the building committee, who were to postpone the evil day as long as possible.

* In the Treasurer's report for 1860-61 it is stated that only \$900 was collected from subscriptions during this year.

An Ambassador of Christ

Another and more serious trouble soon developed, and that was securing money to defray the current expenses of the parish. The first services in the Mercantile Library Hall were well attended, but, as the novelty wore off, the attendance dropped lower and lower, and Dr. Schuyler was not one of those brilliant or flashy "popular preachers" who could have filled the hall with curiosity seekers or the transient population of the city, his merits being of an entirely different character. The number of stairs to be climbed in reaching the great hall at the top of the Library Building in many cases, particularly those of old and invalid members of the congregation, formed a positive prohibition against regular attendance, and many who might have easily surmounted this difficulty made it an excuse for going to other churches, and even connecting themselves with other parishes, especially as it became more and more evident that calls for money would be many and frequent. The average yearly expenditure of the church had been lately about \$7,000. On March 5th Mr. Curtis reported that only \$2,100 had been subscribed for this purpose, and though strenuous efforts were made to increase this amount, at the next vestry meeting, April 2d, it was found necessary to resolve that "the bills for 'pew rent' be presented for payment to the former pew-holders, also those who have subscribed for the coming six months, as heretofore." So the grand idea of free services came to an untimely end.

And when the bills were presented, a number of the old pew-holders disavowed their connection with the parish in its present state, and so great was this defection that in the course of the year the vestry were obliged to borrow, from time to time, from the "building fund" to pay the rector's salary and incidental expenses.

What made matters worse was the notice that the lease of the hall, which expired at the end of November, would only be renewed at an increased rent. Under these circumstances, after a vain search for some less fatal place of worship, the

In Mercantile Library Hall. Dark Days

vestry reconsidered their former action and gave orders, on June 4th, that work on the chapel should be pushed so as, if possible, to have it ready for occupation in the fall.*

"The present uncertainty in money matters," given by the vestry as one of the reasons for changing their plans, grew worse instead of better during the summer and early fall, as the political campaign developed more and more bitterness and the outlook for the future became more and more threatening. Money was as tight as in the dreadful days of 1857. Many pledged subscriptions for the support of the rector and the services could not be collected, and the drafts upon the fast-shrinking building fund became larger, until over \$3,000 had been thus borrowed. So that, shortly after the rector's return from his summer vacation, which had been as usual spent in the vicinity of Buffalo, when Mr. Bowen, the supervising architect, presented an estimate for completing the chapel and necessary expenses on the church, Mr. Martin, the treasurer, could report only about \$3,700 on hand. Something had to be done, and that quickly. The vestry had waited for better times almost too long. On October 15th, "several members of the vestry agreed to pay portions of their subscriptions made toward the new church to meet this balance, and a committee was appointed to call on members of the parish to do the same, and thus raise the full amount if possible."

But this was no time to raise money. Everyone was looking forward with mingled feelings of hope and foreboding to the coming election, which all thinking men felt was to make a great change, for better or worse, in the fortunes of their country. Yet the affairs of the church were in such a strait that something had to be done at once—the efforts of the committee above referred to having accomplished little or nothing. At another meeting of the vestry Dr. Schuyler was asked to place the situation before the congregation, which he did,

* The plan of the chapel was changed to accommodate a gallery which would make it capable of seating about 500.

An Ambassador of Christ

on November 4, in a sermon on "The Duty of building Churches in accordance with the ability of the people." He opened with speaking about the "depraved state of public opinion upon the subject of ecclesiastical architecture, which, though undergoing a change for the better, yet looks coldly and contemptuously upon the humble endeavors of those who would make the House of God in its external features in some measure worthy the sacred purpose for which it is reared." After combating this standpoint and giving many reasons why the church should be the most beautiful, the most magnificent, the most costly building of each community, he concluded:

It is then, my Brethren, a noble act of pious devotion which you have exhibited in undertaking the erection of so costly an edifice, and in aid of which we may well invite the rich and the poor to join together and present their offerings unto the Lord. . . .

Shall we stop where we are, or shall we go on to the completion of our noble enterprise? The answer to this question rests with the congregation. At a meeting of the vestry, after long and anxious consultation, it was resolved, "that an effort be made at once to increase the present subscription to the sum of at least \$35,000, and in case of failing to effect this to stop the work upon the church." We have now about \$15,000 subscribed, making it necessary to secure some \$20,000. They felt that it was an unfortunate time to make this effort now, and yet, there was no alternative. They had gone on from month to month hoping for *better* times when the effort could be made with readier success, until there is no more time left. They are unwilling to assume the responsibility of any further progress without some substantial endorsement from the congregation. . . .

Nor is the consideration unworthy of notice, that if we *stop now*, we will not only incur the loss of the thousands to which I have referred, but we shall lose our *good name* and bring a disgrace upon our reputation as a Parish which will be spread far and wide through the Church, and which long years of earnest liberality will not suffice to make good.

And more than this—to my mind—there is a still more unpromising prospect in the event of our stopping at this stage

In Mercantile Library Hall. Dark Days

of our progress. I cannot see *when* or *how* we are to begin again. Losing the advantage and the impetus we now have, it will be a much more difficult task to get things together and make the necessary arrangements to begin anew. The time will be prolonged in this way during which we are obliged to be out of our own House, the congregation will be necessarily scattered, there will be danger of their losing their interest in the enterprise and even of dwindling down to so small a number, that we shall be ready to be absorbed by our more prosperous neighbors, and thus the oldest Parish in the Diocese become extinct. This I admit is a dark foreboding, and yet, by no means impossible.

At the vestry meeting held the next night the vestrymen were furnished with lists of names, including all the members of the parish, "besides lists for Messrs. Wilgus and McCreery," and these energetic men resolved to sally forth directly after the election (which was held the next day) and make one last effort to secure the completion of the church.

But the event of the next day was fatal to their hopes. The split between the Northern and Southern Democrats brought about the election of Abraham Lincoln. Out of 165,000 votes in Missouri but 17,000 had been cast for the candidate of the Republican Party. Most of these had been cast by the Germans, or "Dutch," as they were contemptuously called, and the later immigrants from New England. In Christ Church hardly a dozen men had voted for Lincoln, whose success seemed at that time, to the great majority of Missourians, to be the most disastrous occurrence in the history of the country. Fears of what the "Black Republicans" would do to destroy "the sacred rights of property" rose to a panic terror. At that time, in many minds, the very name "Abolitionist" roused as great a dread as "Anarchist" did in later years. Not only were many sure that their slave property would be confiscated, but many feared that civilization itself was in imminent danger of going down in the throes of a universal servile rebellion of which the abortive John Brown raid was the forerunner. Little wonder, then, that at an adjourned

An Ambassador of Christ

meeting of the vestry, November 14th, but \$8,275 was reported as subscribed. This was disheartening. Yet resolutions were passed to complete the chapel "at as early a day as possible," and to postpone the "subject of the New Church" till the next meeting.

And once more these determined men renewed their attempt. But things grew worse and worse every day, and December 4th is one of the darkest dates in the history of Christ Church. The enthusiastic rector and his faithful supporters at last gave up (for a time at least) the struggle they had carried on with such varying fortunes for four years. They saw the inevitable. As Dr. Schuyler expressed it, "there was no heart in the community to undertake or go on with any enterprise involving future liabilities." It was resolved "that the building committee be directed to notify the contractors to proceed no further on the main body of the church, and to make such settlement with them as will be most for the interest of the church." Likewise that a committee be appointed to borrow from \$12,000 to \$15,000 to finish the chapel and to pay "necessary expenses of the Church and compromises on contracts," and that "the whole vestry join in the note to be given for this money." And also, as no other place for holding services could be found,* they reluctantly renewed the lease on the inconvenient Mercantile Library Hall for six months at the increased rent of \$800 per annum. The money was borrowed the following month at eight per cent. for six months, and the building committee were then enabled to report "that all contracts for work on the new church have been cancelled and contractors paid in full. The lumber not needed has been carefully piled up in the church and the alley, the stone gathered together, the lot fenced in, and doors, etc., boarded up,

* A proposition had been made to rent St. Paul's Church, on Seventeenth and Olive streets (then without a rector and staggering under an enormous debt which swept it out of existence in 1862), but the terms then named were too exorbitant to be accepted.

In Mercantile Library Hall. Dark Days

and everything has been made as secure as possible." And so it remained for over four years.

Though Dr. Schuyler at last saw clearly that the present was no time for prosecuting the great work so near his heart, yet his disappointment was none the less bitter, since with all the wealth represented by his congregation, and their kind and generous treatment of him and his family, they had let slip so many opportunities of completing the work till now it was too late. He felt that he must give some open and honest expression of his feelings—some statement of what he believed to be the causes of the failure. On the last Sunday in December he delivered a sermon from the text, "My fellow-laborers." In the opening paragraph he said:

"It is my intention to speak plainly, and affectionately to set before you what I conceive is lacking, and to strive to stimulate you to what is right and becoming, and what is absolutely essential to our growth and prosperity as a church and congregation." The first point was that "there is no general acquaintance among the members of the Parish, no association or acquaintance such as will *justify* a common understanding of what is needed to be done, or any unanimity of action in carrying out a concrete plan." After declaring that "it is not for me to attempt to alter the factitious distinctions of society which are very often merely fictitious," he stated that "there can be no doubt that the Parish, where there is this general commingling and the visible evidence of common sympathy and mutual recognition, possesses an element of power which serves greatly to enhance its usefulness and growth." Elaborating this he came to the second lack, "a proper feeling of identification with the Parish, and a just pride in the success of every enterprise connected with it.

"The weekly contributions are now a mere pittance. The Communion alms are not sufficient for those who are and have long been regular pensioners of the fund, and the contribution for the third Sunday in the month, which is given into my hands, does not meet by one half charities to which I am pledged." Next, after acknowledging the liberality of those few men who had kept Mr. Holcomb as missionary in the State for the past three years, he told the sad story of the last abortive attempt to

An Ambassador of Christ

raise the subscription for the new church. "I know the present financial troubles of the country furnish a sufficient reason for a comparative failure in our last effort, but there was no such reason when the former effort was made. If we are to wait until there is a time of general prosperity, when people will not feel what they give, we had better make religion a secondary consideration altogether. There is such a requisition in the Gospel as *self denial* . . . And may I ask how many have turned the cold shoulder to the enterprise rather than submit to any inconvenience in consequence? . . . I have long felt that there was a lack in the particulars to which I have alluded, and had hoped that the enterprise we have undertaken with God's blessing would have the effect to wake us up as a Parish, to bring about a more general acquaintance among its members, to lead to unanimity of action, to rouse up an *esprit de corps* and a proper emulation among us, and to call out a general and generous response in furnishing "material aid" for the material temple. God grant that these hopes may not be entirely disappointed.*

Dr. Schuyler had not overstated the case. In truth, the parish was in a bad way, the chief cause being one which the rector did not (then) feel at liberty to discuss—the terrible political situation which was, especially in the border States, driving men further and further apart, even destroying the closest family ties. And, in spite of earnest exhortations from the pulpit and the strenuous exertions of some noble and self-sacrificing members of the congregation,† matters went from

* During the following week he wrote another sermon on the same text, carrying the former still further, and preached it the next Sunday. The points were, "lack of audible responses on the part of the congregation." ("Frequently have I been unable to tell when the response has been made.") "Not a sufficient general acquaintance with the distinctive principles of the Church;" "the practice of neglecting *habitually* attendance upon the evening service;" and "the habit of communicating only occasionally and at long intervals." In Dr. Schuyler's diary it is stated that the congregation was very large and the communion alms greatly increased.

† The following entry appears in the vestry records of January 7, 1861: "The Music Committee reports that Mr. Balmer, the organist, would not ask for any compensation until the chapel was completed—to date from January 1, 1861; but that one male and two female singers would have to be paid, as usual, Mr. Curtis having reported that Mr. Branson had informed him that he would not ask for any compensation either."

In Mercantile Library Hall. Dark Days

bad to worse, until the very existence of the parish was almost terminated.

And this was not only the case with Christ Church, but with the whole Diocese of Missouri during that dreadful year. In the words of Bishop Hawks at the end of the year: "Congregations are scattered or sadly divided, some extinguished, ministers parted from their flocks, houses of God shut up or used as barracks, . . . while, over and above all, the wild passions of the times have crept in among the flock, making them *heedless* at moments of the teachings of God or man, and almost reckless of every responsibility."

Everywhere a deadening incubus rested upon all Christian effort. The standing committee, appealing for the Bishop, whose salary for a whole year was unpaid, say: "We are well aware that the whole Diocese is laboring under the desolating effects of civil war, and that there is not a parish in the Diocese that has not been greatly crippled in its pecuniary resources by the pressure of the times." Both in city and country the clergy were reduced to the necessity of living upon half salaries, and that, too, when the expenses of living were more than doubled. There was a dearth also of spiritual things. Churches were in a measure deserted, and bitter partisan feeling alienated the members from the clergy and from one another. There were fifteen parishes vacant, and only forty-seven confirmed during the year. Though the convention was held in St. George's Church in this city, there were only twelve clergymen and nine laymen present. St. Paul's College was closed, and, had it not been for the appropriation of \$2,000 by the General Board, scarce a parish in the country districts would have been supplied with a pastor.*

It being evident that Christ Church parish would also soon perish if services were continued much longer in Library Hall, a meeting of members of the parish was held on January 14,

* From Historical Address on the Diocese of Missouri delivered by Dr. Schuyler in 1890.

An Ambassador of Christ

1861, to consider the emergency. The following is taken from the minutes of the meeting:

In reply to a request by Mr. Clark as to what plan or plans, if any, had been agreed upon by the vestry for the support and continuance of the Parish, Mr. Thomas D. Day, on behalf of the vestry, stated that they had no plan whatever in view, and that they now called upon the members of the Parish to aid them in devising means whereby the immediate dissolution of the Parish may be averted.

Dr. Schuyler stated that great pains had been taken to bring together a full attendance, and that only forty persons were present, which was a clear indication of the interest manifested in the continued existence of the Parish, and that, so far as he was personally concerned, he would not stand in the way of any action which the Parish might wish to take in this matter.

Mr. A. J. McCreery earnestly deprecated any such step on the part of old Christ Church as a dissolution, or even a suspension of its services, and suggested that a committee of five persons, to be selected outside of the vestry, be appointed to take into consideration the state of the Parish and devise means for its support. Mr. Triplett warmly supported the above suggestion.

This was moved and carried, the committee appointed, and the meeting adjourned to January 27th.

At the adjourned meeting this committee reported that it "had entirely failed to accomplish the object had in view in its creation, and that they now called upon the Parish to take such further action as they deem necessary."

Five hundred and fifty dollars was then raised toward the support of the rector and for incidental expenses till Easter, 1861, and ten other gentlemen were added to the former committee to raise the full sum needed.*

* The names of these gentlemen, together with those of the vestrymen, are here given, because it was through their unselfish and strenuous exertions that the Parish was saved from dissolution in this emergency.

VESTRY: Z. B. Curtis and Charles G. Martin, Wardens; Alfred Mackay, Secretary, and John R. Shepley, J. R. Wendover, W. N. Switzer, J. C. Wilson, F. R. Alexander, George D. Appleton, John Christopher, Thomas D. Day, J. T. Douglas.

COMMITTEE: Asa Wilgus, A. J. McCreery, J. R. Triplett, Edward Meade,

In Mercantile Library Hall. Dark Days

And then "Mr. D. Durkee stated that very advantageous overtures had been made to this Parish by the Vestry of St. Paul's Church, and which he proceeded to explain to the meeting. When, on a motion which was supported and carried, it was made the duty of the Vestry to consummate the above arrangement with St. Paul's Church if possible."

The arrangement, which was made on February 6th, was that from and after Easter Monday next Christ Church would be permitted to worship in St. Paul's Church for the term of one year, with the privilege of renewal if found necessary; that members of Christ Church were to choose thirty-five pews, whose rent should pay the salary of Dr. Schuyler, who was to officiate in the church. The remaining pews were to belong to St. Paul's congregation, which agreed to pay fuel, light, organist, choir, sexton, and other incidental expenses of the services. Christ Church was to have half of the communion alms and those of the third Sunday in the month, St. Paul's taking the rest, and the two Sunday-schools were to be merged into one.

The thirty-five pews were rented on February 11th, the sum pledged for them being sufficient to pay the rector's salary and a few incidental expenses for one year.

But before the move was completed Dr. Schuyler was in great straits on account of irregular payment of his salary, and had it not been for generous gifts from Mr. Wilgus, Mr. L. M. Kennett, and others * of his congregation, made in the month of February, the case would have been still worse.

William H. Pritchard, John M. Clark, Dwight Durkee, George F. Hill, William H. Glasgow, John T. Trowbridge, T. G. Comstock, Andrew Wood, E. Wells, Benjamin E. Walker, and M. E. F. Pollock.

* The following letter was found carefully treasured among Dr. Schuyler's papers :

ST. LOUIS, February 23, 1861.

TO THE REVD. MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER :

As a friend and admirer of your character as a Minister of the Gospel and a gentleman, allow me to present you with the small amount of one hundred dollars.

I would like to make it more, but times are very hard and money scarce. I do not wish this made known to any person.

Respectfully, your friend,

JOHN C. SWON.

An Ambassador of Christ

There was only one more thing of importance for the vestry to do at this juncture, and that was to renew the note for \$12,000, which fell due in June. On account of the fearful state of the financial world in Missouri at that time it was with great difficulty that they were able to make a loan, secured by the church property, at the Boatman's Savings Bank for one year at twelve per cent. for \$13,000, the extra \$1,000 being necessary to pay money advanced by some of the vestry to carry the church up to Easter. The church was now financially safe for at least a year. In accomplishing this work neither Dr. Schuyler nor his faithful supporters had spared themselves. The latter had been incessant in their appeals for financial aid and in tending to the multifarious business connected with the change, and the rector had been indefatigable in his parochial visits, by means of which he held many in the parish who would otherwise have slipped away. In his Diary is found the record of ninety-one visits in January, eighty-nine in February, and seventy-six in March. It was in such work as this that his special powers were displayed. The sweetness and charm of his presence, his sincerity, his frankness, and his boundless charity accomplished what no mere oratorical brilliance in the pulpit or persistent personal solicitation for funds could have done.

The congregation was thus saved from dissolution in its darkest hour. And it was none too soon.

CHAPTER XI

IN ST. PAUL'S. WAR TIMES

THE first service in St. Paul's Church was held on April 7, 1861,* the Sunday preceding the fall of Fort Sumter. Had that event found Christ Church parish without a suitable place of worship it would have infallibly gone to pieces, for in the terrible excitement which followed, Dr. Schuyler's influence over his people sank to the lowest ebb, owing to political differences between him and the majority of his congregation.

Dr. Schuyler, like so many of the "old line Whigs," had voted in November for Bell and Everett, the candidates of the "American" party, whose platform practically declared that they wished only for "the constitution, the union, and the enforcement of the laws," and whose main desire was to have the slavery question dropped out of politics. Although the election of Lincoln filled him with apprehension, yet he still, like many others, fondly hoped that the union could be preserved upon some compromise, even after the secession of South Carolina (December 20, 1860) had staggered the country. A letter which he wrote to his old college friend and room-mate, James R. Doolittle, now a Republican and Senator from Wisconsin, gives his attitude on this question:

ST. LOUIS, December 27, 1860.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND: I was reading to-day, in "The Republican," an account of the vote in the committee of 13 in the Senate on the compromise measures proposed by Mr. Crittenden. I was very sorry, indeed, to see you vote in every instance against them. Now I am no party man and have not been for many years. I have endeavored to school myself to look at political measures, no matter by what party proposed, without prejudice or partiality. I have voted occasionally, not feel-

* The use of Library Hall for the remainder of the lease was given free of charge to Trinity Church, which was also in great difficulties.

An Ambassador of Christ

ing that I could endorse heartily the practice or policy of either Party.

In many things my sympathies have been with the Republican Party, and at no time have I been disposed to support the extreme measures of the South. But I must say that in the present emergency, were I in the senate, I would try to act as Senator Douglas said in your committee he was resolved to do, to consider the question for the preservation of the country as though he had never cast a vote or uttered a sentiment on the subject before. It was a noble sentiment, if uttered, as I trust, in sincerity.

Our beloved Country has never known in its history such an hour of trial as the present. And you may be assured that it is no mere bluster on the part of the slave-holding states. There is a settled determination among even the moderate men in the Border States and in this state, in particular outside the county of St. Louis. I am well satisfied from the best information that if their reasonable claims are not granted, such as, for example, the measures proposed by Crittenden, or some others like them, in full view of all the evils of disunion, to meet them leaving the consequences with God rather than submit to the unjust usurpation of the North.

Those who are living outside the slave states do not know and can *not* appreciate the condition of the slave-holder, and can therefore have no true brotherly feeling with him. And then, too, I am satisfied, that as a result of this relation, the master has grown overbearing and often presses what he claims with too much self-complacent exaction, and it is this disposition thus manifested that has no doubt irritated our brethren of the non-slave-holding states, and, in the Senate and House of Representatives as well as among the people at large, has provoked a disposition to retaliate.

But, my dear old friend, this is no time for harsh judgments of one another. We must look charitably on the foibles and failings of our brethren, and overlook much that might be deemed just cause of offence. What is this whole subject of slavery in comparison with the priceless blessing of a nation's existence?

Dissolve the Union! Sever the sisterhood of states, and then farewell to all hope of a Republican form of Government. Daniel Webster spoke the opinion of all our great men from Washington to his time: "Liberty and Union, one and insepa-

nable." To save this glorious Union there must be concessions on both sides, and let me as an old friend entreat you to ask yourself, placed by Providence in a station of commanding influence, whether there is not something that you can do to pour oil on the troubled waters, and, as a Christian man, to make it a subject of earnest prayer.

It seems to me now that our only refuge is in God, and I trust that on the approaching Fast Day our whole Christian population, of every name throughout the land, will unite in earnest intercession, that the Great Friend of man, who once honored the world by His Divine Presence, will interpose with His Almighty Power, and speak in tones of command to the surging waters of human prejudice and passion, "Peace be still."

Senator Doolittle answered this immediately by a vigorous though friendly statement of his position, and giving reasons for believing that "the truth is that in the Cotton States the purpose has long existed to break up the Government."

At the same time he sent his old chum copies of all his speeches, and there is no doubt but that this correspondence had much to do with strengthening Dr. Schuyler's stand for the Union when the crisis finally came. He never, however, voted the Republican ticket, but enrolled himself with those known as "War Democrats."

No one who has not lived through those times can fully appreciate the intensity of feeling in Missouri in 1861. In no other State was there such a widespread division of feeling. In the border States of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia the "Union" men were mostly in the mountain districts, the secessionists in the fertile lowlands; but in Missouri, Unionists and secessionists lived side by side. The governor and lieutenant-governor were strong secessionists, and so were the majority of the State Senate, while the House of Representatives was nearly balanced between those who were for and against seceding. In St. Louis the feeling was intensified by the location there of a United States arsenal containing many thousand stands of arms, which both parties were anxious

An Ambassador of Christ

to secure, and which led to the enrolment of thousands of Republicans (mostly "Dutch") by Frank P. Blair under the name of "Home Guards," and a counter organization of secessionists under the name of "Minute Men." It was felt by all thinking men that, if hostilities did break out, the first scene of extended operations would be Missouri, and the chief points of contest St. Louis and Jefferson City. Each side was sure that *then* every possible outrage would be perpetrated by the other; and, in fact, so great was this fear that thousands of the well-to-do citizens left for other States.

This is not the place for a history of the civil strife in Missouri, and only as much will be given as is needed to throw light upon the opinions and actions of Dr. Schuyler during this critical period.*

From the very first, as shown in his letter to Senator Doolittle, his hope was for peace and the possible reuniting of the country, and he held to this view in spite of the secession of Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, and Louisiana in January, and of Texas early in February. He felt that the troubles afflicting the country were due to the citizens having fallen away from true Christianity, and that if they could only be brought to subdue their heathenish passions and follow the footsteps of Jesus, even now a reconciliation could be effected. And to secure this all his energies as Ambassador of Christ not only could but should be directed. At the same time he felt it his duty to keep out of his pulpit any expression which might endorse or condemn the principles of any political party, while not forbidding the utterance of his intense love for his country.

From a sermon written in January the following is taken:

One of the most crying sins that presented itself to my own mind as calling most loudly upon us, one and all in our imme-

* The subject has been treated in full in a most interesting and impartial manner by Thomas L. Snead, an ex-confederate, in his "Fight for Missouri," and more briefly by John Fiske in his "Mississippi Valley in the Civil War."

diate section, as well as in every part of the union, is the almost universal violation of the Divine injunction as recorded in the text: "Be kindly affectioned one to another in brotherly love." . . .

Are we "*kindly affectioned one to another*"—that is, is our disposition towards those with whom we associate and towards our brethren of the whole human family a *kindly* one, one that freely accords to others the same rights and privileges it claims for ourselves, that seeks to *do unto others* as we would they should do unto us—one that feels and acknowledges the tie of universal brotherhood, and finds its delight, not merely in theorizing upon what would be the beneficent results of the general observance of such a bond, but in the *practice*, as far as in us lies of all its kindly requisitions? . . .

There can be no doubt that as to the Northern man, born and educated there, it is difficult, if not impossible, for him to enter into all the feelings and attachments that grow up and subsist between Master and Servant, or appreciate all the ties of such a relation, or estimate fully the nature and force of the apprehensions that are awakened in the minds of his Southern Brethren at what they *justly* regard as the hostile movements of the North toward them. He cannot place himself so fully in the condition of such as to know the extent of their feelings, or the deepseated anxiety which the agitation of this question always excites. I can imagine that as the *family relation* is one which we watch over with the most sacred jealousy and repel from it all intrusion with quick and unhesitating resistance, so there may be some of the same feeling with reference to the subordinate relation of master and servant. To do justice in judging of his Southern Brethren, he must try to place himself as far as possible in their situation. And so when those that are born and raised at the South come to form their opinion of those who are educated under different influences, they must remember that if the Northern man cannot view the subject of slavery in the same light in all respects with them, if in some cases he is disposed to adopt ultra opinions, such opinions as clearly manifest his *ignorance* of the true facts of the case, and if thereby a public sentiment is generated, adverse to what they deem our just rights, it does not follow that all such persons are *bad* at heart, that they are selfish and cruel, and would listen to no appeal to their sense of justice and brotherly kindness. Early training, and the surroundings in which men

An Ambassador of Christ

grow up and live, have a vast deal to do with their habits of thinking and acting, and in moulding their opinions upon any specific question that may be agitating the public mind. Hence, when we find those who have been brought up differently from ourselves thinking differently, we are not at liberty to denounce them for such differences, but *brotherly kindness* will at once suggest that with proper information they might be led to change their views, and even if we cannot mould them to our own opinions, that a sense of justice may induce compromises such as would not interfere with mutual intercourse.

Now, with reference to the present fearfully divided state of feeling between the North and the South on the subject of slavery, while I know that wild fanaticism has been ruling in the councils of the *extremists* in both sections, and the bitterest and most vindictive feelings have been indulged even to the thirsting for blood, . . . I do believe there is yet "*brotherly love*" enough remaining to strike hands in holy Friendship, and vow at the altar of our common country, that the "*Union must and shall be preserved.*"

Oh, my Country, can it be that thou art doomed to destruction at the hands of thine own children! Can it be that this fair fabric is to be torn down in suicidal madness by the *descendants* of that noble line who reared this illustrious temple of Liberty! Shall all the hallowed memories of the American Revolution be so soon forgotten, and the precious heritage bequeathed to us by Washington and his noble band of compeers be sacrificed with reckless haste at the bidding of sectional jealousy and the angry strife of brothers thirsting for each other's blood?

Who is there that claims the high prerogative of American citizenship that is not proud of his birthright? . . . Oh, I cannot believe that the high destiny of the greatest Republic the world ever saw is yet fulfilled. Will the God of our Fathers so soon forsake us? He who led our armies to victory, whose pillar of fire and cloud was so marvellously revealed in the darkest hours of the conflict and in the brightest days of victory and triumph! . . . Will He forsake us who made us what we are . . . the most free and happy nation on the face of the globe? Oh! *no, no*, I cannot believe it. In humble penitence and holy faith, let us yet pray "spare us good Lord, spare thy people whom thou hast redeemed and let not thine heritage be brought to confusion."

In St. Paul's. War Times

There is no doubt that if all or even a majority of the citizens of the United States had held the views above expressed, or had been such practical Christians as Dr. Schuyler was, all difficulties had been quickly settled—in fact, would never have arisen.*

Fired by the example of the seceding States, the Secession Party introduced a bill in the Missouri Legislature calling for a convention, which they hoped would place the State in the Southern Confederacy, which was now rapidly forming.

Three parties developed immediately. Seceders, under the lead of Governor Claiborne Jackson; Unconditional Union men, under Frank P. Blair; and Conditional Union men, under conservatives like Hamilton Gamble, James T. Rollins, and Sterling Price. The campaign, necessarily short, the election being held on February 18th, was very vigorous and exceedingly bitter between the extremists, but in the end the Conditional Union men secured the great majority, not an avowed Secessionist being elected, and the State declaring against secession by a majority of 80,000.

During the heat of the campaign Dr. Schuyler, though his sympathies were with the Unconditional Union Party, kept silent on political questions, devoting his energies to saving Christ Church; but everywhere he counselled self-restraint, and just before the election wrote a sermon on "The need of caution, that we 'offend not in word,'" which he delivered Ash Wednesday, February 13th. The following is from the conclusion, and admirably sets forth his practice as well as his belief:

We may "offend in word" by unjust bitterness and unqualified denunciation. There is a just and proper distinction to be observed in the use of what may be deemed harsh epithets,

* In Dr. Schuyler's Diary for January 27th is found the following entry: "Evening preached sermon on the Union—immense congregation." I have been unable to find any sermon with that title marked as delivered on that day. It may be the one from which the above extracts are taken which is marked "Written in January, 1861," but, like a number of other sermons, has no date of delivery.—W. S.

An Ambassador of Christ

as they apply to individuals or to certain tenets and principles. I am *never* required to be charitable to *error*, while under no circumstances can I be released from the debt of *love* which I owe to my fellow man, no matter how grievous the errors he may entertain. And this is an all-important distinction to be observed in contending for the truth both in politics and religion. I may believe that one set of principles or a certain course of conduct may lead to a disruption of the bond that now holds the federated states in one common Union, and I may boldly declare what I conceive to be the fatal tendency and inevitable result of such principles and conduct, without charging the persons who hold and teach and practice in accordance therewith, with any treasonable design. "To err is human," and we are all liable to imperfection of judgment and mistakes in our conclusions and opinions, and this fact should teach us not to be too self-confident or dogmatic in the enunciation of our views or in the attempt to force them upon others.

If ever there was a time in the history of our common country, when all her citizens should be enjoined to *measure* their words, to be *calm* and *circumspect* and *conservative* in the expression of their opinions, it is emphatically the present. Nothing will justify in the excited state of the public mind, whether in friendly conversation or in public discussions, a tone of remark that shall seem to irritate or embitter the feelings of those who differ from us. . . . Would to God, that brotherly kindness had ruled in our country's councils and among the mass of the people who are bound together by so many ties of kindred and interest—then we had never witnessed the sad spectacle of sister states recklessly taking their leave of their peaceful and happy home, and thus introducing the entering wedge to the entire disruption of the best Government the world ever saw.

The convention assembled in Jefferson City, February 28th, and immediately adjourned to meet at St. Louis March 4th (the day of Lincoln's inauguration) in Mercantile Library Hall, which was decorated with United States flags and the arms of Missouri. Christ Church was still using the hall, and on March 3d Dr. Schuyler preached a sermon "On the Limitation of Free Speech," in which he, as usual, advocated self-restraint and caution, with brotherly kindness. A few extracts may be of interest:

In St. Paul's. War Times

For my own part I am free to confess that I see no deliverance at hand from any human source, and to what an issue our beloved country is rapidly tending God only knows. . . .

"The Lord's throne is in Heaven." All things else may reel and totter and fall, but that remains unmoved. I deprecate, as I have always done, anything of a partisan character from the pulpit. . . .

It has become the practice nowadays (and the remark I am about to make does not apply, I am happy to say, to any extent to our own clergy) to drag into the pulpit every subject upon which the public mind has become excited, whether of a local or national character. The clergyman has been considered behind the times who was not ready . . . to discuss from the sacred desk any theory or system of reform that newfledged self-appointed philosophers might venture to commend. And hence it is that abolitionism has in some portions of our land, and in the pulpits of some of the Religious Denominations, usurped the place of the Gospel. . . . It is no part of the province of the pulpit to preach slavery or anti-slavery. It is no more a question to be raised whether it is the Mission of the South to extend and perpetuate slavery than it is the right of the clergy at the North to denounce it as a *sin*. . . .

This is a subject with which the clergy can not in any way be mixed up without immediately impairing their influence more or less directly, upon some portion of their flocks. . . .

Not a word ever fell from His (Christ's) lips condemning the relation of master and slave, or pointing to it as an evil in the constitution of civil society which He or His Disciples were bound to reform. Neither did He allude to it as an example of a social condition that was higher and better than any other, or as one to be imitated and adopted throughout the world. He came not as a "Political Reformer."

In the evening Dr. Schuyler omitted the service, "not being well enough to officiate."

The convention was in session, with Sterling Price as president, till March 21st, when it adjourned subject to the call of a committee. It practically straddled the question,* endeavoring

* The substance of the resolutions adopted was: 1. That there was no adequate cause for the withdrawal of Missouri from the Union. 2. That believing that the seceded States would return to the Union if the Crittenden Proposition were adopted, the Convention would request the General As-

An Ambassador of Christ

to pave the way for a reconciliation of the seceded States and the Federal Government. It was just what all peace-loving men like Dr. Schuyler thought most fitting, but it pleased the extremists of neither side. These went on steadily with their several plans, calling each other "traitors"—the one as rebels against the State of Missouri, the other as disloyal to the Union. Frank P. Blair continued the enlistment of his German "Home Guards" to offset the police force, which was now by a new bill to be controlled by Governor Jackson through police commissioners, while new recruits were constantly added to the "Minute Men," who, on the day of Lincoln's inauguration, raised the Confederate flag above their head-quarters, at Fifth and Pine streets, and kept it there in spite of everyone till after the capture of Camp Jackson. The legislature refused to carry out the resolutions of the convention. The municipal election put the city government into the hands of the Secession Party, and soon all hope of a peaceful settlement was destroyed by the bombardment of Fort Sumter, April 12th.

Everyone who is old enough remembers the enthusiasm with which the free States of the North and the cotton States of the South rushed to arms, forgetting and reconciling all minor differences of opinion; but in the border States ensued a period of wild confusion, ending in the secession of Arkansas, Tennessee, North Carolina, and Virginia, the subjugation of Maryland by Northern troops, the separation of West Virginia, and the hopeless effort at neutrality in Kentucky; but in Missouri, and above all in St. Louis, the clash of contradictory beliefs was so great, and the contending powers so evenly balanced,

sembly to call a Convention of all the States to consider that proposition. 3. That they would entreat the Federal Government not to employ force against the seceding States, and the latter not to assail the Government while this proposition was under consideration.

In spite of a low state of health (brought about by anxiety and over-exertion), Dr. Schuyler, in the midst of his visits and Lenten services, for he was assisting Dr. Berkely at St. George's, found time to attend nine sessions of the Convention, in which he took the deepest interest. Of his last visit he wrote in his diary: "Heard the conclusion of Wright's speech" (for the Union); "it was a truly great effort."

In St. Paul's. War Times

that a desperate and vindictive civil strife was needed to keep the State in the Union.

During the week following the news of Sumter's fall Dr. Schuyler wrote a sermon, in which he expressed his deepest feelings and beliefs, and delivered it at St. Paul's the following Sunday. The text was, "Can ye not discern the signs of the times?" and he began:

I do not design to preach a political sermon, as some of you may divine from the announcement of the text. I never have allowed myself to desecrate the pulpit to such a purpose, and I trust with God's grace I never will. . . .

As a nation we are now afloat on the broad and trackless sea of wild experiment, and no one, not even the most far-seeing statesman, can discern the signs of the times so as to foretell what in the remotest degree shall be the issue of our present troubles.

I am not, therefore, so self-sufficient as for a moment to suppose that by any speculations of mine I could enlighten my countrymen as to our political dangers, were this the place to venture upon such speculations; but I do feel that this is the time and the place to call upon you to regard the admonitions and warnings which the signs of the times clearly indicate, in their bearing on your duty as Christian citizens and in the voice of bidding preparation for the eternal realities of another world.

Now there can be no doubt that one great source of danger in our immediate community is this rash expression of opinion and violent denunciation of one another. There are thousands of honest and patriotic men on both sides, who are diametrically opposed to each other in their views of duty and as to the nature of the allegiance they owe to the state and to the Federal Government. In the existing state of things there is a direct and irreconcilable collision between the two, the tendency of which doubtless is to embroil these widely differing parties in a hand to hand conflict that may deluge our city with blood. . . . A horrible nightmare broods over the waking and sleeping thoughts of men and women who have homes and children and property at stake.

Now is there nothing to be done that may be instrumental in any way to avert this apprehended calamity? Yes—there is *much* that as Christians we can do. We can *pray*. But to this

An Ambassador of Christ

I shall not advert *now* any farther than to say that the *united* petitions of the disciples of the Prince of Peace might avail to invoke the interposition of the Aegis of Divine protection, when the voice of human authority would be drowned amid the wild uproar of the surging waves of violence and passion.

We can do much by governing ourselves, by checking our passions and restraining our tongues. We should resolve before we left the quiet of our homes each morning that by the Grace of God we would not allow ourselves to be thrown off our guard, or for a moment forget that upon a hasty repartee or a resentful reproach may follow the upheaving of the wild tumult of exasperated thousands. Such a torch recklessly applied might light a complicated train, that with the lightning's flash would set the whole city on fire. The war cry has been heard in the land, and now, that the long quiet of law and order has been broken up, *what* but a few days since would have been deemed a trivial cause might now make a reverberation that would rock like an earthquake the solid foundations of our social system. *Individual* responsibility now assumes an importance we cannot adequately measure. . . . We know that the most fearful riots have been excited and kept alive by the shouts and cries of senseless boys. A child may irritate the man to blows, and an excitement once caused is not traced to its source before it can avail to draw others in its wake. There is a marvellous power in the sympathy of a crowd, and men of reason and reflection have felt themselves borne onward on the wave of popular commotion like the veriest children without the power to stay the current their own sober judgment would bid them resist.

We should therefore avoid and discourage by word and example the gathering together of assemblies of men that are not absolutely called for by the public exigencies. The quiet of home and the cares and engagements of the domestic circle are peculiarly adapted to calm agitated feeling and to call off the thoughts from the worry and feverish excitement that everywhere attend our general intercourse. . . .

As to the policy or the acts of one or the other of the great parties that have divided the nation I have nothing to say. How and by whom this has been brought about it is not for me in this sacred place to determine, any farther than, I hesitate not to say, that the *sins* of the *whole* people, both *North* and *South*, have had a mighty agency in this work of universal desolation.

In St. Paul's. War Times

We have been too much accustomed with a swelling self-complacency to talk confidently of the "manifest destiny" of this great nation. We have vainly fancied ourselves independent of all control, whether human or divine, and we proudly thought we should go on until we should overspread this vast continent and be restrained only by the waters of the two great oceans. And all this without any feeling as a nation of gratitude to God and without any sense of dependence on Him, or thought or care for His will or His honor. We have been as a people growing more and more Godless every day and every year. Our spiritual growth has in no wise kept pace with our material prosperity. . . . National sin and national degeneracy have brought us to the verge of national ruin, and under a sense of this conviction, when I endeavor to pierce the thick veil that curtains the future of my beloved country, and discern the signs of the times to note what they may betoken for *her*, of weal or woe, I can do nothing but close my eyes in hopeless uncertainty and comfort myself with the reflection that the "Lord God omnipotent reigneth." I know full well what we as individuals and as a people ought to *do*. I know full well what position becomes us, from the President of the United States, the Governor of the state, members of Congress, members of the Legislature, judges of our courts, men in all official stations down to the humblest citizens, with the most contracted sphere of influence. I say I know full well what position becomes us all—it is that of penitent sinners before God—it is that of those who are ready and willing to confess that we have grievously erred in that we have forgotten and dishonored God and ungratefully ignored his *signal* mercies to us as individuals and as a people.

Dr. Schuyler had now definitely settled that he owed his allegiance first to the Federal Government, and though he practised what he preached, and refrained as much as possible from exciting political discussion, yet he never for the sake of advantage denied his political belief.

One of his congregation, John M. Schofield (afterward senior major-general commanding the United States army), at that time on leave and filling the chair of physics in Washington University, volunteered. He was made major in one of the volunteer regiments that Captain, afterward General, Lyon was

An Ambassador of Christ

arming, and was stationed at the Arsenal. Dr. Schuyler, who held Major Schofield in the highest esteem, visited him at the Arsenal, and so became acquainted with Lyon. Between these two energetic men there was a strong mutual attraction, and a friendship was formed that was terminated only by Lyon's death.*

Camp Jackson was situated just south of what is now Olive Street, and extended from Grand Avenue nearly down to Garison Avenue. The white tents were plainly to be seen from the back windows of Dr. Schuyler's house. From the time the Missouri State troops encamped there, on the morning of May 6th, there had been persistent rumors that Lyon was going to take Camp Jackson or that the State troops were going to take the Arsenal, and so when on May 10th the first lines of Lyon's troops were seen passing on the Olive Street road, Dr. Schuyler knew that danger was near, and hastily hitching up his carriage, put in it his wife, his five children, and the nurse—the carriage was so full that little Louis had to ride on the horse's back. He sent them off into the country, where they spent the night at the house of one of Mr. Wilgus's relations—all except Mrs. Schuyler, who, with the eldest son, hastily drove back, leaving the younger children with the nurse, full of fear that her husband would rashly expose himself. And in this she was not far wrong. Dr. Schuyler describes the event in a letter to one of his sisters:

We have had exciting times within the past week. Sophie was terribly frightened as a regiment of troops passed our house. I sent all the family into the country and stayed to look after the house. If they had had an engagement I have no doubt all the houses in our vicinity would have been very much injured

* I remember distinctly a visit made to the Arsenal just before the taking of Camp Jackson. I have a vivid recollection of the little shaggy-haired, ruddy-faced man who held me on his knee and played with me—and also of the friendly conversation he held with my father. I also recollect a visit to Camp Jackson and my father chatting with some of his congregation who were enrolled in the unfortunate State Guards. I remember that one of them remarked, pointing to the U. S. flag that floated over the camp: "We'll have another flag flying there soon."—W. S.

if not destroyed. I took my position on the top of a house near by, and had a fine opportunity of seeing the troops as they approached the encampment. The encampment, though close by, was hid in the grove of trees so that I could not discern their movements. It was a grand sight, as the soldiers came into view with their thousands of bayonets glistening in the sun. They marched up and defiled off taking their positions near the camp and stationing their cannon upon every rise of ground. It was fearfully sublime to watch their movements made in perfect stillness, not a drum or fife being heard. After they were all in position, standing in battle array, I watched every movement to hear the booming of the first cannon. It was, I can assure you, a time of deep anxiety to the thousands of spectators who covered the neighboring hills. But minute after minute passed, and we soon became convinced that they were holding a parley with the camp. An hour elapsed from the time they had taken position without our knowing outside what was going on, when, suddenly, we heard cheering from the troops and the band struck up "Yankee Doodle," and then we knew that the camp had surrendered.

Soon they began the march out of the camp, when crowds of infatuated people began insulting the U. S. troops, which resulted, after two or three shots from the mob, in a fire from the soldiers.*

It was a terrible resort, and whether justifiable or not it is hard to say. Some 27 were killed or have died since of their wounds. I went down shortly after to see if I could be of any service in ministering to the wounded, and there were dead men lying about in every direction. It gave me some inkling of the terrors of war. The whole camp was marched as prisoners of war to the Arsenal, where they were kept until the next day, when they were released upon parole, after having sworn allegiance to the United States.

The excitement in the city was intense. Not only to the secessionists, but to all those who believed that their first al-

* Mr. Van Wagoner, a neighbor and parishioner, said that after the surrender and before the riot he and Dr. Schuyler went down and sat on a fence near where the prisoners were foolishly kept for a long time, during which the mob gathered and worked itself into a fever heat. That at the first volley he sprang from the fence, and afterwards looking up saw Dr. Schuyler still calmly sitting there, the bullets whistling about his ears. Then he pulled him down "by the coat tails," and had hard work keeping him back till the firing was over, from going to help the wounded.

An Ambassador of Christ

legiance was due to the State of Missouri, this affair had been an act of overt rebellion against the State, and the next day the streets were filled with frenzied mobs, by whom several obnoxious persons were killed, and another affray between the German troops and the populace occurred in the afternoon in Walnut Street, where eight men were killed and many wounded. Dr. Schuyler, who was driving down Walnut Street at the time, again had the experience of hearing the whistling of the "Minié ball."

Next day was Sunday, but the agitation increased. The Germans were so exasperated that they made open threats to exterminate the secessionists. Dr. Schuyler writes in his diary: "No service in the evening in consequence of the excitement in the city." The mayor and police were powerless to restore order. "A panic took possession of the whole city. Thousands of women and children were sent across the Mississippi, and other thousands were getting ready to follow, when General Harney, by bringing a number of regular United States troops into the city, restored order for a time."

His first thought was to send his children with his wife, who was in delicate health, to Buffalo, while he would stay, as he did not "dare to leave the house alone in these perilous times," but as the city quieted down, and Mrs. Schuyler insisted on staying with him as long as possible, he postponed their trip until the next month, when he could go with them as far as Marshall, where he had promised to preach the sermon at the laying of the corner-stone of the new building to be erected by Trinity Church, his first parish.

In Marshall he preached on Sunday his "Union Sermon," which he was obliged to deliver again in the hall during the week. At the laying of the corner-stone of Trinity Church, June 27th, he delivered an historical address.* And then, sending his family to Buffalo, on the next day he returned to St. Louis, where, alone in the house, except for one faithful

* Quoted from largely in Chapter III.

In St. Paul's. War Times

servant, Jane Stewart, he passed during the next two months many of the darkest hours of his life.

At this time, while Lyon, after driving Governor Claiborne Jackson from Jefferson City and winning the "Battle of Booneville," was campaigning in southwest Missouri, the bitter feeling between the factions in St. Louis rose to its height, and Dr. Schuyler, in spite of all his conservatism and his efforts at self-control, did not escape. To those who believed in the supremacy of the State government and the cause of the South, his visits to the Arsenal and his friendly relations with Lyon and Schofield were very much against him. But the thing that aroused the bitterest criticism was his holding divine services at the Arsenal on the eve of the departure of "the little red Connecticut abolitionist" and his "greasy Dutch" to drive the lawfully elected governor of the State from the capital, and so insure Missouri to the Union.

Some extracts from his private diary and from his correspondence with his absent wife (whose health was growing more and more precarious every week) will best show what he was obliged to undergo:

July 3d.

Mrs. D. told me a ridiculous story she heard Mrs. K. tell in the Church. Mrs. K. said that Dr. Schuyler was a Black Republican, and she had heard from good authority that I was to enlist as Chaplain in the Army. Mrs. D. told her very promptly that it was all false, and she ought to be careful about repeating such stories. I hear every day of something connecting me with abolitionists. Mr. Wilgus told me that young Mrs. W. asked him if I were not an abolitionist, when she has heard me preach and express my opinion in her own house to the contrary. You can do nothing to satisfy these secessionists if you do not go "the entire swine" with them. Mr. Wilgus told her that she ought to be ashamed to ask such a question, and he hoped she would never allude to my politics again.

Fire crackers and guns are going off around us to introduce the glorious Fourth of July. Would to God we could rejoice as in days of old over a happy and prosperous people.

An Ambassador of Christ

July 10th.

Mr. Holcomb came yesterday. I was very glad to see him and to have somebody in the house with me for a little while. I wish he had brought his wife and would stay a week to relieve the tedium. You don't know, dearest, how much I miss you and that the darling children. There seems to be a constant weight on my mind, and I cannot shake it off. I miss you more this summer than ever. I suppose one reason is that the troubles of the country make one gloomy enough without anything else.

Mr. Holcomb says he has been advocating my claims for St. Paul's, Cincinnati. He says the church is a large, beautiful one, and the people are unusually intelligent and refined, and that the prospects of the congregation are very promising. He wants me to go over there and spend Sunday there and preach for them, but I don't think I will. How would you like Cincinnati?

July 12th.

Everything is going down here at such ruinous rates, and houses are offered simply to have them taken care of without rent. . . . We are having terrible times in the state. The secessionists are rising in large numbers, and I fear we are to have a general war. So far it has been quiet here, and I am in hopes it will continue to be, if they only keep a strong force of troops among us. I wish very much I were somewhere else, as the excitement here wears upon me. But here Providence for the time seems to have placed me, and I must not desert my post.

At present, also, there is no opening. To leave here now as you suggest,* and be without a parish and without any means of support, would be ruinous. I know I cannot do much good now. People's minds are too full of war, and there is so much excitement that there seems little use in preaching. And yet I do not know what God may be pleased to accomplish by it. The services of the church may serve as a composer of the troubled elements. I stay at home as much as possible and keep out of the excitement, for I find no sympathy with those whom I would naturally meet. If you, dearest, were only here I would not want sympathy outside, and yet it is undoubtedly for the best that you are away, because we cannot tell what may take

* Mrs. Schuyler, in her letters, showed a constant fear that something terrible might befall her husband—a fear that was in no way lessened by the highly colored and exaggerated reports of the state of affairs in Missouri which were published in the Eastern papers.

In St. Paul's. War Times

place here at any moment. I can take care of myself under God's protection, but, in case of trouble, a wife and little children might make escape impossible. You must not be disturbed about what you may hear through the telegraph. They always make things worse than they are. I will send you papers and keep you informed. I have just learned that the troops have just taken the Journal office and removed the whole concern, root and branch. I don't know on what grounds, but I know that it is a most miserable, lying sheet, and that it has been keeping up the worst kind of excitement here. A crowd has been kept around its lying bulletins all day.

July 22d.

How I wish you were here. I am feeling sad enough. We have received here the gloomy news that our troops have been driven back with great slaughter from Manassas. I have been afraid that we might hear such news, and yet I hoped that they would not make the attack until they were sufficiently strong to succeed. Oh, this war is terrible! Think of brothers murdering each other in this awful way, and yet I know of no other solution for the momentous question, whether we have a Government that can sustain itself. How I wish now that I were out of this secession atmosphere. To see the crowds of these exulting traitors meeting in the streets, and to hear them "hurrah for Jeff Davis," makes my blood boil. I have kept away from meeting them, for it makes me feel wicked. I try not to forget *my humanity*, whether our troops triumph or are defeated. But many seem to have the very devil in them, and they let him out without restraint. God spare my country from the rule of such men.

But while Dr. Schuyler felt obliged as "Ambassador of the Prince of Peace" to refrain from uttering in public his thoughts and feelings at the news of that first crushing defeat and at the jubilations of the opposing party, yet he felt that he must in some way, other than in intimate conversation or correspondence, express what was burning within him. His former restraint had been almost more than human nature could bear. On July 25th he wrote to his wife:

I send you to-day a "Democrat" with an article "Uses of Defeat," written by "his riverence." Nobody except Mr. Dur-

An Ambassador of Christ

kee knows who wrote it. He took it down to the editor and told him he would "father it." I felt constrained to write it, but I do not mean any one here should know it. I hope it may do some good. You might show the article to Sandford and Warren.* Of course they will be careful it does not get back here who wrote it. I intend to write occasionally to relieve myself, pent up as I am in secessionism, but I hope I shall never write anything that I cannot justify before God and my country.†

The article in question begins:

"It cannot be denied that we have met with a disastrous defeat at Manassas. Not being a military man I shall not attempt to speak with an affectation of wisdom upon a subject I know nothing of. And just here let me say that we have too many captains and major generals among our newspaper correspondents and editors."

After a spirited attack on these wise men, and a plea that it would be well to let General Scott manage his own business, he goes on to say that it is well for our soldiers to learn that war is no "holiday sport," and to respect the skill and prowess of the enemy. "That they (the southerners) have skillful generals and officers, tried and experienced—tried also in the service of a country they have basely deserted—and that they have brave and gallant men who will fight to the death under the mistaken idea that they are defending their homes from ruthless invaders, must be acknowledged. To conquer and save life we must press upon them with a force which, backed by the soldierly qualities of our officers and men, shall prove to them that resistance is madness, and these *soldierly* qualities are best cultivated by a due respect for the skill and prowess of the enemy.

"Another of the uses of defeat is to test our patriotism. It is a sad comment on our human nature, that friends are thick enough in the sunny day of prosperity, and when their sympathy and aid are *not* needed, but their devotion is chilled by the cold blasts of adversity, their memory fails, they forget the acquaintance of early years and prosperous days and deny to

* His brothers-in-law in Buffalo, Dr. Sandford Eastman and Warren Granger.

† He did in fact write two other articles.

them even the common claims of humanity. Now it is a good deal so with many lovers of their country. They are very patriotic and shout lustily for the cause when the news comes of a victory, but when reverses or defeat is announced, they talk in such a way as to make it questionable with which side they sympathize . . . perfectly willing to ignore every feeling of loyalty and the great principle on which this whole struggle rests—that of a mighty nation asserting its right to maintain its life.

“Out upon such time-serving hypocritical pretenders! They have not a spark of patriotism in their bosoms. . . . Their hearts are all one way—wedded to Dixie’s land—and the uses of defeat on our part is to unveil the shallow pretences of these worse than open enemies, for with all their studied hypocrisy they cannot conceal the smirk upon their faces, distorting the expression of assumed sadness. Mark these men—and every man who cannot *now* come nobly up, and, while depressed with sincere sadness, take a bolder stand than ever for the stars and stripes—we say, mark that man, and put him down as a traitor at heart. Let us use these days of depression in quietly observing these unmistakable indications of where the heart lies, and in the coming day of trial for Missouri, the information thus gained may serve as a terrible warning. . . .

“We have said that we are depressed. Who would not be? . . . We weep now, and our tears flow for the widowed and bereaved in South Carolina and Virginia as well as in Massachusetts and New York. We can go to the sorrowing hearts in Tennessee as well as to the sorely stricken wife and mother in Michigan and Vermont, and mingle our tears with theirs with the sincerest sympathy and sorrow. Not one who fell on that bloody field but was my fellow-countryman, and were he not so he was my fellowman, and his wife and mother and sister are my kindred by the ties of a common humanity. Oh! how can we forget this? And yet, to judge by the heartless, satisfied expression of joy upon the faces of many of our neighbors, we would judge that they had heard of the perpetration of some good joke in the stead of the crushing intelligence of thousands of fellow beings ushered into eternity. We would not say there should be no rejoicing over victory—victory which we believe is achieved over injustice and oppression—victory for the cause of liberty and right, but it should be in the spirit conveyed in the words of inspiration, ‘sorrowing yet rejoicing’—sorrowing for the dead

An Ambassador of Christ

and the wounded and the bereaved and afflicted thereby—re-joining for the triumph of the right.

"We are not, however, depressed by this defeat in its bearing upon the grand result, certified as we are of the justice of our cause, believing it as we do to be a cause to which twenty millions of freemen are plighted, whose blood and treasure will not be kept back at the call of their country, and under the guidance and protection of an all-wise and all-mighty Ruler, 'who will do right,' we can have no doubt or misgiving as to the result. Hardly could we do so could we close our eyes to all the horrors that must attend the struggle—look over the blackened field of devastation to the returning morn of our once happy day of peace and prosperity. We believe it *will come*, and it should be the prayer of every patriot—'God hasten it in His time.'"

July 26th.

I feel sometimes that if I were only a Layman that I would serve my country in some capacity more effectually than I can now. I certainly would not offer my services as an officer until I was certain that I was very much better prepared for duty than many of our officers appear to be. I hope now General Scott will see to it that none but competent officers are appointed, and if he can't have his own way let him resign, and throw the responsibility where it belongs, on the leaders of the Black Republican Party. . . . Colonel Fremont is here—came yesterday. I intend, when I can do so without intruding upon his time, to call and see him. I hope that he will make an efficient officer. There is great need of a head here, as General Lyon is away in the southwestern part of the state. What we are coming to God only knows. The convention * yesterday brought in an ordinance abolishing the Governor and Lieutenant Governor and Legislature. The question will be discussed to-day and will undoubtedly be settled very soon, as they seem to have met for work.

On August 8th he wrote to his wife:

The times are growing harder and harder, and the poor are increasing and the means of help diminishing. Last Sunday

* This was the same body which adjourned in St. Louis on the 21st of March. It had now reassembled at Jefferson City, purged of all who were not *now* "unconditional Union men." It made a clean sweep of the State offices and fixed Missouri on the Union side.

In St. Paul's. War Times

my communion collection was only \$8.30 and with a pretty good congregation, and Mr. Berkley told me his was only a little over \$7.00. They have not paid me my salary for this month, and it seems almost impossible to collect a cent. This winter for St. Louis, if we do not have any change of times, will be a terrible one for the poor. If Claib Jackson should get possession I suppose he would give it over to plunder, but I rather think he will be obliged to keep at a respectful distance. . . . Even Fanny B—— has turned, though she denies it. Still she has no more to say of the Union and doesn't sing "the Star Spangled Banner."

On August 11th Mrs. Schuyler wrote to her husband from Buffalo. After telling him of her health, which was still more precarious, she writes:

When your letters first come they are always read *twice* before they are put up, and then when the children are asleep and everything is quiet I take your dear letter and read it again, and just the other day I took them all and read every one through. . . . You asked me about M——'s project. He told me there was a project on foot to buy the stone church on Delaware Avenue and call you to the rectorship, that your old friends and former parishioners were very anxious to do so. You asked me if Dr. Ingersoll was unpopular with his people. He is not as popular as he used to be, but Sandford says those from his church who enter into this thing do not do so because they do not like *him*, but because they have never felt happy or settled since you left, and are *very* anxious to have you back again, and he, Dr. Ingersoll, knows it and would be delighted to have you here again. The other churches are so small that yours would not do any particular harm to Dr. Shelton's or Dr. Ingersoll's. I do not think Cincinnati or Auburn would be as pleasant as Buffalo, and, therefore, have not said much about them, but should prefer either to St. Louis. It would seem just as safe and desirable to take the children and go to *Manassas Gap* to live as to St. Louis, although I do love my home there, Oh, how dearly, and how many tears have I shed at my foolishness in leaving home this summer. The fear of an attack from the secessionists was the reason. It was impressed upon my mind that you intended leaving St. Louis and wished to come to Buffalo. Well, if your presence here would do good why

An Ambassador of Christ

should you remain *there*, unless you wish to stay there altogether. You owe something to yourself as well as to your people. . . . But you must forgive me for saying anything about your coming on any sooner than you expected. I am sorry if it unsettled you or made you any trouble. You must forgive me, dearest. I am just as blue as indigo to-day, and may tint you with the same color. Good bye. Oh, if I could only go with this!

In reply to this Dr. Schuyler wrote on August 14th:

I hope you will not fail as I have written to telegraph, should you think it best for me to come on. . . . To-day the city has been placed under Martial Law, and they are pursuing stringent measures with all those who can be proved to have been in any complicity with secessionism. Brownlee and Wade have been arrested, and they are after others who have been aiding and abetting Jackson in his treason. The time has come when the Government has determined to protect itself, and they mean to hold St. Louis, if they drive out all the secessionists. I think they will make up their minds to keep quiet, and if they will, there will be no disposition to disturb them. I keep quietly at home and shall do so, until I am ready to start for Buffalo. One reason why I have cared to stay so long is that they may not find fault at paying me my salary for this and the coming month. I have not yet received anything for this, and I have used up all the money I have received. If I only had about \$500 on hand I would not care; I would do as I chose, but now I cannot. You can see, dearest, that when we are not independent, we *must* look out for the means of living. I can assure you you could not be more anxious for me to come than I am to go, but to be living for two or three months with our family without any income would involve us in a great deal of perplexity.

I have, for the last two days, been feeling very anxious about Major Schofield. He was in the battle near Springfield where poor Lyon was killed. This afternoon I got news about him that he was safe and had acted nobly in the battle. I immediately telegraphed to his wife at West Point, as he was in no position to send her word. It will be a great relief to her to get this word. You can see that she is much worse off than

In St. Paul's. War Times

you are. We are now afraid that Siegel may be intercepted in his retreat towards Rolla. A number of regiments have been sent to his relief, and we hope they may reach him in time.

You must try, darling, to be patient. Trust in God and let us commit ourselves in humble confidence into His hands "who doeth all things well."

I shall try to be ready, and if you should think best for me to leave here on Monday next you can telegraph and I will come. Otherwise I shall wait until the next week.

On the next day, Thursday, August 15th, he received a letter from his wife telling him of the severe illness of his little son Walter, which made him still more anxious to be with his family. On Friday he visited Mrs. Brownlee (the wife of one of the secessionists who had been arrested) and gave her what comfort he could.

Saturday he received a letter from his wife which decided him to leave on Monday without waiting for a telegram, and so he spent most of the day making preparations and raising the necessary money. Yet he found time to see Mrs. Brownlee again and to go to the Arsenal, where her husband was confined. Though he thought him his country's enemy, he was in prison and so he visited him.

On Monday he started for Buffalo, having got a Dr. Stickel to live in his house during his absence. He was received enthusiastically in Buffalo, not only by his devoted family, but also by his old friends, all of whom regarded him as having escaped from the "valley of the Shadow of Death." The next two weeks were spent in receiving and paying visits and in preaching in all the Episcopal churches of the city. Both his wife and his friends encouraged his idea of giving up Christ Church.

In his diary, September 4th, is the following entry:

This morning at half past three o'clock our fourth child was born. I thank God for His loving kindness for the gift, and for Sophie's comfortable condition.

An Ambassador of Christ

On September 9th, his mind being relieved from much of the anxiety which had so long weighed upon it, for wife and child were both doing well, he "wrote to William Glasgow, Mr. Wilgus, McKay, and Durkee long letters on the subject of leaving St. Louis." As soon as these letters were despatched, feeling that the rubicon had been crossed, he wrote a "farewell sermon," which he preserved, probably as a record of the state of his feelings at the time. In it, after giving a brief history of his call to St. Louis and his ministry there, he goes on to speak of the struggle for the new church, declaring plainly that the failure of that project was mainly due to lack of unanimity in the congregation:

It may be that another Rector under different auspices may come, and by special pledges to take hold of the work with earnestness, and under the impulse of a quickened zeal may succeed in carrying it forward to completion. God grant that it may be so. It will be a burning disgrace to the Parish, should the work thus begun be sacrificed and permitted to pass out of your hands. . . .

There is, however, one important obstacle, and one insurmountable barrier to the pleasant and useful continuation of our relations as Pastor and People. There is a wide difference of opinion and of feeling between the Pastor and the majority of his people on the all-absorbing topic of our national troubles. [And then stating the case fully and with great plainness he goes on:]

I love my country next to my God and Saviour, and I never can submit to be an indifferent spectator of its destruction, without raising my voice to stay, if possible, the suicidal hands of her children. I cannot place myself in a condition where my hands will be tied and my lips locked when my country calls me by all the claims of gratitude and love to stand by the institutions of our fathers, and uphold the glorious flag under which our armies marched to victory. As a minister of Christ I am not absolved from *allegiance* to my Fatherland. . . . "First pure (says St. Paul) then peaceable." We are never to seek peace at the sacrifice of right. . . .

Recognizing as I do that the supreme allegiance of every American citizen is due to the Federal Government, I cannot

In St. Paul's. War Times

abjure the claim. "The Powers that be are ordained of God," and when it is sought to overthrow that Government thus ordained, by a revolution, my duty calls me to do all in my power to uphold it, both as a Christian and a citizen. It is true that there are cases when such revolution may be justified, but this, in my firm conviction, is not one of them. . . .

Now entertaining honestly these opinions, and knowing, alas, as I am sorry to say, that they controvert the opinions of the great majority of my people, what can I do under the circumstances but quit my spiritual care over them. I know full well that with these differences there never can be the same open warm-hearted sympathy and confidence which ought to subsist between Pastor and People. Neither can his influence be such, without *that* sympathy and confidence, as every earnest and sincere minister of Christ must seek to exert.

But, my beloved Brethren, it is hard to sunder a relation which has existed between us for the last seven years under circumstances of almost uninterrupted harmony and peace. I wish I could feel that more had been accomplished for Christ and his Church than the history of my ministry among you can show. What have been the spiritual fruits of my labors among you never can be known this side of eternity. . . .

By the bedside of the sick and the dying, and in the lonely chamber of the bereaved, the Pastor's presence and sympathy and counsel do more oftentimes to comfort and instruct his people than his more public ministrations. And it is there the heart is drawn out in loving confidence, and there the holiest friendships are formed that do not die with separation in this world.

As memory travels back over the comparatively brief history of my ministry among you, how many such scenes rise up before me; *sad*, how *sad*, and yet fragrant with the perfume of flowers that bloom only in the heart's cherished home, bedewed with the holy tears of sympathy and love. It is here that the strongest and most sacred ties grow up between the Pastor and his flock, and it is like tearing asunder the very heart strings, to dissolve the relation under whose influences these ties have been born and nurtured. Never can I cease to be grateful for the many deeds of kindness and generosity that I have received from the hands of many of you. Your acts of beneficence have contributed greatly to promote my worldly prosperity, and in the dear home thus secured to me, I have loved to offer my grateful tribute to the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

An Ambassador of Christ

Go where I will, let my pathway be through prosperity or adversity, never shall I forget the friendships I have formed and the friends I leave behind.

"And now, Brethren, I commend you to God and the word of His Grace." Yes, I would commend you, one and all, to the blessings which His Providence and Grace alone can bestow.

But the work given to this sermon was labor lost, for we find, from the Diary, not only that these letters were answered immediately (from some of these gentlemen several letters being noted), but also that many members of the congregation wrote to Dr. Schuyler or his wife urging a reconsideration, or at least a return to St. Louis before a final decision was made. While receiving these letters he was also making the discovery that his residence in the South had greatly changed his own outlook, and even his character (a not unusual effect), and that in the North there was just as violent partisanship and just as bitter expression of it as in St. Louis, and that he himself, because of the breadth of his views and mildness of expression, was there considered by many to be little better than a "copperhead"—he, who had been called a "Black Republican" in Missouri! And so he decided not to make a definite resignation until he had seen and talked with the members of his congregation.*

Just before he left Buffalo he received a call from his old parish in Lyons. The letter accompanying the call says that they had heard from a "clergyman of high standing in the Diocese" that Dr. Schuyler was now in Buffalo and would accept a "suitable call," and concludes with "the assurance that, should you come among us again, you will meet a cordial and affectionate greeting, not from the members of our parish only, but from all our citizens who have the happiness to know you."

* I have been unable to find out what became of the "Stone Church" project. An entry in the Diary of October 1st may have some bearing on it: "Met Dr. Ingersoll at Dr. Shelton's. Am sorry to say he did not make the apology which I think is my due."—W. S.

In St. Paul's. War Times

In reply Dr. Schuyler wrote, September 30th:

I feel highly complimented that I should have received the call from my old Parish, and I can assure the vestry I fully reciprocate the kind affection such a call evinces. I am constrained, however, to decline, as it is now altogether probable that I shall remain in my present position in St. Louis. I have received such earnest and kind letters from so many of my Parishioners that I think I shall try to continue with them.

On October 2d he left Buffalo, and, leaving his wife and children in Marshall, pushed on to St. Louis. An entry in the Diary, Sunday, October 6th, says: "Preached all day in St. Paul's; fine congregations, and the people seemed glad to have me back." On Monday he wrote to his wife:

I have been running about all the fore part of the day, and have had so many to see and so much to say that my time has been entirely occupied. I did not reach here until about 12 o'clock Saturday night. I went to the Planter's House and went to bed. Mr. McKay had waited for me until 10 o'clock at the depot in East St. Louis and had gone home. Mr. Durkee invited me to go to his house, and, so, after Church Sunday morning, I went there to dinner. Mr. Van Wagoner told me Sunday evening that they had a room all fixed for me, and that they were in hopes to see and get me there. Mr. Shepley said that they wished me to stay with *them*, so you see I have had invitations enough. I dined with Mr. Shepley to-day, and had a long talk with Mrs. Shepley, and afterwards I called upon Mrs. Blackwood. Mrs. Blackwood says that all the Glasgows are very much attached to us, and she knows that they are very anxious to have us back. I am satisfied that there has been a decided change of feeling here since I left. . . . Mrs. Blackwood says she has never heard any one say the least unkind thing of me, and she, you know, is a good deal with secessionists.

They do not seem here to apprehend any danger from Price. Fremont has an army sufficiently strong to defeat him if they come in contact. . . . I don't believe you will run any risk by coming on should I decide to remain. It is now my impression, from all I can see and hear, that I shall make up my mind to stay here.

An Ambassador of Christ]

Mr. J. R. Triplett says that he had a long conversation in his office with Dr. Schuyler, who was visiting members of his congregation, especially those of Southern sympathies. He says that Dr. Schuyler made his position as a Union man very plain, and asked for a frank opinion. Mr. Triplett told him that his political opinions made no difference whatever with the good he could do or with the love his congregation bore him, since these opinions never colored his pulpit utterances or interfered in any way with his pastoral work, and that he knew of no man who could fill his place, either in the Church or in the city. And Dr. Schuyler, so Mr. Triplett says, heard the same opinion wherever he went.*

* Mr. Triplett, who afterwards served many years as vestryman and warden in the church, has written the following tribute, which it is well to insert here :

"It was my great privilege and pleasure to have been very closely identified with the Doctor during his long pastorate of old Christ Church. I met him, I think, the first day he arrived in St. Louis, and well remember his first sermon as Rector of Christ Church.

"He often referred to my wedding, November 16, 1854, as the first wedding he ever attended in St. Louis, and up to the time of his death, for over forty-two years my family was most intimately associated with him and his family, without a shadow ever interrupting our close relationship during the entire period.

"Firm in his convictions on all subjects, ecclesiastical or otherwise, yet gentle and tender as a woman in his feelings, and pure and noble in his entire walk in life, he seemed to be lifted to a plane a little higher than even our most prominent citizens ever occupied.

"The firmness of his convictions and the steadfastness of his purpose never allowed him to do injustice knowingly to any man. That was most beautifully exemplified in his course during our late Civil War. While a pronounced Union man in his sentiments, and having a flock under his care composed of men and women, some in sympathy with him in his political views (if I may so term them) and many bitterly opposed to his views, he was enabled by his singularly honest, upright, fatherly, and truly Christian character and bearing, to so deal with each and every member of his flock that the unlimited confidence reposed in him by his large congregation was never for one moment compromised or even interrupted.

"In his ministrations to the sick and wounded who filled our hospitals, evenhanded justice was dealt to all alike, be he Union soldier or Confederate; and when the War closed it could be said of Dr. Schuyler what could not have been said of many others, that he had a congregation united in their admiration and respect of their Pastor, and though composed of men and women of totally opposite political views and sentiments, continued to meet and worship as a unit under the guidance and direction of their saintly Pastor. Their confidence continued to the day of his death, undisturbed and unabated."

In St. Paul's. War Times

Some further extracts from Dr. Schuyler's letters to his wife will fill out the story:

October 8th.

I wrote hastily to you yesterday and in hesitation as to what my decision will be as to leaving St. Louis. I am inclined to think, however, that I shall remain. I have seen a number of people belonging to the parish, and all seem determined that I must remain. From all I can see and hear there is much less disposition to be bitter and to talk harshly on the part of the secessionists. I think that the tempest of passion is subsiding, and men and women are coming to *better minds*. We had fine congregations all day on Sunday, and that, too, without reference to Unionists or Secessionists. It seems as if the old congregation had come back, and they all seemed pleased to be together again. They tell me that during my absence the people had been very much scattered, and they began to fear that they would not come back again; but the congregations on Sunday seemed to cheer those who were becoming despondent. I am afraid, from what Mr. Mackay tells me, that if I should go now it would endanger the very life of the Parish, as so many say they would leave or go elsewhere. I may not find time to write to-morrow, but will as often as I can and just as soon as I decide definitely. I wish you were here to help me.

October 10th.

Price is evidently running away as fast as possible, and the only thing we fear here is that Fremont can't catch him. I know you say that I am never afraid, and, therefore, you don't think much of my opinion on this point. But I have, to satisfy you, asked the opinion of a great number of persons, all of whom have their families here, and they all say they cannot conceive it possible that St. Louis can be in danger. We should have timely notice of any approaching danger, and I cannot see any reason on this ground why you cannot come back at any time. I wrote to you yesterday what I had about concluded to do. I told Mr. Mackay that I wanted the vestry to assume the responsibility of advising me to stay, in an official way, as they were better informed of the feelings of the Parish than I could be. He said it should be done, and that it would be unanimous. [And so in fact it was.] But I am satisfied that for the present at least it is our duty, and that it is better for us to stay here.

An Ambassador of Christ

And so the decision was made that fixed Montgomery Schuyler in St. Louis for the rest of his life, fixed him there to do a great work, not merely in the erection of a noble edifice to be the cathedral church of the diocese, but in the spiritualizing and unifying of his people—above all, in leaving an impress upon the religious and charitable life of the city which will not soon pass away.

In one of her letters written from Marshall, Mrs. Schuyler told her husband that if she should come back to St. Louis "she would be a secessionist." Her sympathies had always been with the South, for her father had been a strong pro-slavery man. If she had remained at the North she might have been able to keep them down, but in St. Louis, among her Southern friends, she would find it impossible not to avow them. At first this was quite a shock to the loyal Union man. But with his broad recognition of the right of each one to his own opinion, he and his wife lovingly agreed to disagree upon this point. None of the children can remember the slightest domestic trouble arising from this source, although they all knew of it, and some of them "hurrahed for Jeff Davis," and others for Abe Lincoln in the greatest amity.

In fact, this attitude of Mrs. Schuyler, coupled with the Doctor's loving tolerance of it, did very much to make him still more beloved, especially among the Southern sympathizers of his congregation.

In the Diary, October 18th, is found:

Left Chicago at 8 A.M. and reached here at 10 P.M. Brilliant reception from Mr. and Mrs. Durkee and Mr. and Mrs. Van Wagoner.

CHAPTER XII

CHRIST CHURCH CHAPEL. HOSPITAL WORK

THE first sermon Dr. Schuyler wrote after his return home was from the text, "For the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God." As he looked back over the past months, and saw how the best laid plans of some of the wisest of this world's intellects had been brought to naught, how words spoken and deeds done in all earnestness for well-defined purposes had been followed by results directly opposite to what had been intended, how he had seen his own fondest hopes dashed, and his gloomiest apprehensions dissipated, there is little wonder that his mind perceived still more clearly than ever that the "things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal."

The opening paragraph of the sermon gives the outline of the discourse:

In discussing the subject brought before us in the text, it is important to understand what is meant by the "wisdom of this world." After we shall have set forth *this*, plainly and fully, we shall then be prepared to show that in the sight of God and in the light of true wisdom, there is no wisdom in it, but that it is in deed and in truth foolishness. . . .

[And in concluding]: But, my brethren, I would ask in all earnestness and in sincerity, Is not the sophistry of such conclusions transparent? Are they not the result of a wretched self-deception that must be unmasked to your eternal discomfiture in another world? And must it not be the deduction of enlightened reason, in the language of St. James, that "This wisdom descendeth not from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish?"

Let me then entreat you, you who would be truly wise, to renounce all self-complacent views of your own wisdom, to indulge no infidel speculations of your own devising, to rebuke

An Ambassador of Christ

the lying dictates of a supreme selfishness, and in the strong language of St. Paul to "become a fool, that you may be wise"—a fool in ignoring all the false claims of a deceitful world, that you may be wise toward God.

It was not subtle argument or iridescent oratory that made this sermon significant, but its straightforward earnestness, its unqualified rejection of mere worldly wisdom and common sense, and its sturdy declaration of steadfast faith in the wisdom of God and of His decrees, however inscrutable they might seem to mortal eyes.

And this faith was expressed still more strongly in his Advent sermon, written a couple of weeks later:

Though I may see no light behind the clouds, it does not follow that they may not soon break away and reveal the sun in his meridian glory.

Neither you nor I can tell what is in store for us even when the blackest tempest may be gathering. Hence, as I have said, it becomes us especially now to feel and acknowledge our ignorance and helplessness. And when we do this let us take courage in the well-founded assurance that "The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth," "He seeth the end from the beginning." There is not an act in the history of the world's drama that is not open to His all-seeing eye. And there is not an event to transpire without His permission or control. Though we may be tossed about upon the surging waves of adverse fortune, we cannot be *driven*, if we are His children, from our fast anchorage by the Rock of our Salvation. And among all the changes of human institutions, and even the wreck of human governments, though the Church may be obstructed in Her progress, and shorn of Her fair proportions, yet it is still Her high destiny to go forth conquering and to conquer, for we have the never failing promise of Her great Head, that "The gates of hell shall not prevail against Her."

It was with this simple faith, so strongly and clearly expressed, and it was with this faith put into prayerful action that Dr. Schuyler once more took up the burden of what was to be the work of the remaining years of his life. And it was

Christ Church Chapel. Hospital Work

by reckoning the wisdom of this world to be foolishness in the sight of God, and by going on his way with unshaken faith in Divine Providence that he was enabled to pass triumphantly through sore trials and tribulations and in the end to achieve victory.

The one thing that he had insisted on before he would definitely promise to remain was that Christ Church should finish the chapel, and have a house of its own. The temporary shelter in St. Paul's Church, while it had tided the parish over its most dangerous trouble, was, with the heavy debt on the property, unsafe for a much longer continuance; and now, since the tide of war had rolled away from St. Louis, and business was beginning to revive, if the congregation of Christ Church could not raise the few thousand dollars necessary to finish the chapel it did not deserve to exist.

The vestry unanimously agreed to undertake this work, and at the first meeting held after the rector's return a plan was proposed, which was adopted at an adjourned meeting held two days later, November 9, 1861.

On motion (of Mr. Shepley, seconded by Mr. Mackay) it was unanimously resolved that the vestry consider the immediate finishing of the chapel essential to the well-being of the church, and that in order at once to procure funds for that purpose and to pay interest on the debt of the church, the vestry will release the several subscribers from their subscriptions upon the payment by each one of one fourth of their subscription, either in cash or secured to the satisfaction of the committee, it being understood that each subscriber is entitled to have the amount that he shall pay credited to him in payment of a pew in the church when it shall be completed.*

And at the next meeting, November 27th, the following was adopted:

Whereas, the sum of \$3,700 having been received by the Treasurer in cash and obligations, and it having been found

* It should be said that the lumber which had been purchased for the church and was stored in the yard, was counted as a valuable asset. But when it finally was sold much less was realized than was expected.

An Ambassador of Christ

necessary to complete the chapel by next spring, that the work be immediately commenced, Therefore, resolved that Alfred Mackay, the Treasurer, be hereby authorized to contract for the vestry and pay the respective parties who may be employed to complete the same.*

The work thus begun was pushed rapidly to completion. As Dr. Schuyler wrote: "In this emergency, Mr. Alfred Mackay, who was secretary of the vestry, a young man of earnest zeal and untiring energy, threw himself into the work with his whole heart, and to his exertions, under *God*, we owe the success of the completion of the chapel in the spring of 1862."

The first service in the chapel was held on the third Sunday after Easter, May 11, 1862.

Yet, with all the care that Mr. Mackay could exercise, the steadily increasing rise in prices for material and labor had so increased the original estimates, that when about \$10,000 had been expended there was still a floating debt—mostly mechanics' liens—of about \$3,400 to be met. The membership of the parish, too, was very much reduced from the enthusiastic congregation which had attended the closing services in old Christ Church.

"About the time we took possession of the Chapel," wrote Dr. Schuyler,† "there were only 129 communicants whom we could claim as identified with us. This was eight years after I had entered upon the charge of the parish, making only, as appears from the figures, a gain of 16 communicants. The Parish register, however, shows that in the meantime there had been an addition of nearly 400 to the original number. How can we account for this? One obvious cause for this great and sudden decrease was no doubt the fact that we were afloat without a settled place of worship; but another strong and constraining reason, which swayed the minds of many with a strange

* There were also some funds remaining from the amount borrowed at the beginning of the year, which were also turned over to the Treasurer. In Dr. Schuyler's Diary were found several references to trips made with Mr. Mackay to Mr. Lark's stone-quarry in Illinois, showing that the work was begun at once.

† Historical Sermon delivered on October 5, 1879.

Christ Church Chapel. Hospital Work

bias, was that we were in the midst of a cruel civil war, with parishioners on both sides, bitter in their feelings toward each other, forgetting, alas! too often, the law of Christian Charity."

But what had been gained during these two years of trial and suffering was that this little flock was purged of all discordant elements. That lack of unanimity which had so troubled Dr. Schuyler in former years was now no more to be heard of; and though in a few instances individual members became dissatisfied and withdrew, and though sometimes almost the entire congregation would become lethargic and, as it were, wearied with well doing, yet when a critical emergency demanded, it was ready to act with perfect unanimity and with unswerving confidence in the pastor, whose every thought all knew was given to the welfare, both spiritual and material, of church and congregation.

And, perhaps, for the sake of setting an example of what he expected from the resuscitated parish, Dr. Schuyler, on May 2d, sent the following letter to the vestry:

Knowing how much the congregation has been called upon to raise the past year in order to finish the chapel,* and appreciating the difficulty in these hard times to secure a revenue from the limited number of sittings, I propose for the coming year to reduce my salary in the sum of Five Hundred Dollars, making the whole amount \$2,500 instead of \$3,000.

After careful consideration of ways and means, the vestry accepted this offer, with a determined resolve that the coming year should see the debt incurred in the erection of the chapel extinguished.†

But during the building of the chapel Dr. Schuyler had to undergo one more trial, and had to feel deeply the bitterness of being misunderstood, before he could have the conscious-

* He had already subscribed \$50.00 for that object, as a member of the parish.

† One of the ladies of the congregation, Mrs. Holmes, held a fair for the benefit of the chapel, and the proceeds, \$231.05, were at her request expended for a suitable furnace.

An Ambassador of Christ

ness that those of his people who remained were with him heart and soul and loved him all the more for his very independence of mere human criticism.

In the Advent sermon, quoted from above, he had taken pains to put his standpoint very clearly before the congregation:

As a citizen I have my own well-defined opinions, and, in all that rightfully belongs to my duties as a citizen, I am ready to assume responsibility. But as a minister of Christ I am a citizen of another Government, and in the Kingdom in which I am appointed to serve as a spiritual Teacher, my duties and relations lead me to dwell upon those facts and considerations which more immediately affect the cause of my Divine Master. The Church is necessarily affected by the condition of the country, and while I may not assume to lay the sin of the direful desolation that overspreads the land to any party or set of measures, as this Holy place reminds me that the weightier considerations of eternity demand my care, yet the facts of such desolation I may recognize, and the responsibilities and duties which grow out of such a condition of affairs in connection with the cause of Christ and His Church.

And he had no hesitation in living up to this declaration. In the Diary, October 2, 1861, is noted: "Went out to the camps and took a quantity of prayer-books for Captain Nott's company." And on November 8th: "Visited the city hospital and the sick soldiers there." Then, from November 22d to the end of the year,* is found a record of almost daily visits, and in his parochial register constant entries of "baptized a sick soldier" or "buried a soldier."

In a historical discourse, written fifteen years later, he says, in referring to the gloomy days of the summer of 1861:

No one can tell but he who has had personal experience of what it was, under such circumstances, to be met with the cold and averted look, to be passed in the street without a token of recognition, and to be shunned with evident distrust by those who had heretofore been warm and confiding friends.

* Unfortunately, the diaries of 1862-1865, inclusive, are missing.

Christ Church Chapel. Hospital Work

And in coming down to the period following his return, he continues:

It was quite early in the struggle of the contending armies that hospitals were established in this city, and sick and dying men were brought by hundreds to be cared for in their bodies and souls. No provision had then been made by the Government for chaplains. For weeks the hospitals were unvisited by the clergy of any religious body. I knew this, and my conscience told me that it ought not so to be, and that I could not stand acquitted by Him who had announced as the rule of adjudication at His judgment bar, the sentence of condemnation upon those arraigned, "I was sick and ye visited me not." The hospitals were then occupied exclusively by Federal soldiers, and I knew full well that my devotion to their wants would be regarded as additional evidence of my political sympathies, and this would only serve still further to wean from me friends whom I dearly cherished, and who were necessary to the prosecution of our enterprise, which was then sadly halting. But what was I to do? Should I ignore the Master's call, and compromise with my conscience, and in the face of a clearly commanded duty fall back upon the poor plea of expediency? There could be no hesitation when honest conviction was not at fault, and when the cause was God's and the interest of His Church was at hazard. I determined therefore, come what may, that the sin of neglect of the sick and dying should not be laid at my door. At this remote day from the stirring questions of that agitated and unsettled period, no one can form any idea of what it cost to come to such a decision. To pursue a course in clear opposition to the feelings and wishes of some of your nearest and dearest friends, and at the same time to put at seeming hazard what was dearer than all besides, the interests of God's holy Church, involved a step of the most anxious solicitude. But this step in the fear of God I resolved to take. For months I labored, conscious that my motives were not appreciated, and knowing full well that I had reason to fear increased alienation of feeling and lessened interest in the welfare of the parish as the consequence of my decision.* But there can be no risk to the cause

* This was no idle apprehension. Some of the congregation, including a former vestryman who had been very active in working for the new church, now left the congregation whose pastor was a "Yankee Chaplain," and some of the ladies refused to see their rector when he made his pastoral calls.

An Ambassador of Christ

of Christ, and no undue suffering on the part of His children in the path of duty. God is His own interpreter, and He will justify His ways. In due time the hospital to which I devoted my special care was filled with Confederate prisoners, and it became my duty and privilege to minister to them. It is needless to say that my labors were not intermitted in their behalf. They had an additional claim upon me—they were “sick and in prison.” My sympathies were stirred to their very depths, knowing that they were precluded from the loving ministrations of the dear ones at home, and that all communication with their kindred, except at rare intervals, and by chance opportunity, was denied to them. They were dying and being buried without a relative at the sick bed, or a mourner at their graves. That heart must have been cold, indeed, which could be unmoved at such scenes, and which could refuse to recognize a brother there. I did but my duty cheerfully, aided by my wife and other Christian ladies, in ministering to their bodily wants, and yet this conduct, for which I claimed no merit, and which was inspired by the same motive that had stirred me in the first instance, sufficed to change the current of feeling, and was accepted as the evidence that a principle higher than mere political preference had called me to such ministrations. After nearly a year’s labor, devoting fully half my time to the sick and the dying, and looking for no earthly reward, without any expectation and without any solicitation or any knowledge that application had been made to the President, I received a commission as chaplain in the hospital, an office which had been just created by Congress. It was most reluctantly accepted, as I would have preferred to have labored on without pecuniary compensation;* but the resources of the parish had been seriously curtailed, and I had cheerfully relinquished a portion of my salary. It was in this way that the great Head of the Church verified His promise, “God will provide.”

During his work in the hospital he wrote about his experience there for the different church journals, and some extracts from these articles may be of interest:

* The salary attached to the position was \$1,500, and the commission dated from June 27, 1862. In Dr. Schuyler’s expense book, opposite the entry of the first instalment of his salary is the entry that he immediately gave one-tenth of it to the Sanitary Commission. From other entries in the expense books it is evident that this giving to the Lord a tithe of his goods was his regular practice.

Christ Church Chapel. Hospital Work

February 12, 1862.

There are as yet no chaplains in the hospitals, Congress not having passed a bill for their appointment. I should like to see a Church clergyman in at least one of our hospitals here. I know of no post where a minister of Christ can be more instrumental of good. I have prayed by the bedside of many a poor fellow whose look of gratitude was a priceless reward, and we may hope that many a prodigal has been led back, through Christian effort in these hospitals, to receive the glad welcome of his Father in Heaven.

April 11, 1862.

I trust that an occasional record of my experience in the military hospitals may not prove uninteresting to your readers. I am satisfied that the almost daily visiting of them has been of service to me in aiding to fit me for the discharge of ministerial duty, while I trust my labors have not been without benefit to the souls of my dying fellow-men. I know of no better way in which a Christian minister can serve his country in this fearful civil war, than in ministering to the temporal and spiritual wants of those who have nobly offered up their lives in maintaining the integrity of the Government.

Nor is it less his duty to offer the consolations of our holy religion to those who from mistaken views of duty have taken up arms against us, and in the Providence of God have been committed to our care. Though differing widely from them in opinion upon questions that now distract our unhappy country, when I enter the sick room I can cherish no other feeling than that of love for their souls and a desire in every way I can to ameliorate their sufferings and prepare them, with God's blessing, for life or for death. In all my intercourse with the prisoners I have never had the heart to utter one word of reproach, but instead of this I think I can say that the feelings of attachment have grown up between us which will not be forgotten in life, and which I hope may be perpetuated in eternity. And in saying this I know in the opinion of many I am subjecting myself to the charge of sympathy with treason.* But I have no fears of the consequences. If loyalty to the Government requires me to hate its enemies, then am I disloyal. There is a higher law than any human statute, and above and beyond all

* It is a sad fact that Dr. Schuyler was severely criticised by fanatics on the Union side for the care and sympathy he gave to the Confederate prisoners.

An Ambassador of Christ

human power which enjoins "Love your enemies." While I would cheerfully give my life to see the authority of the Government vindicated and the Union restored, I will never allow it to intermeddle with the duties I owe to a higher Master.

After the capture of Fort Donelson.

Room after room was filled with the wounded, disfigured in every conceivable form, without an arm or a leg, with a fearful gash in the head or some part of the body, and suffering the severest pains. Hours were spent in sitting down by these poor sufferers, bathing their temples and holding their hands, while they were writhing in agony and praying amid the screams of pain for relief. I went into the ward just after two of the patients had been brought in from the operating room, each of them having submitted to the amputation of a leg above the knee. The effects of the chloroform had passed off, and they were in that nervous, exhausted state which follows after such an operation. I sat down to relieve one of the ladies who seemed well-nigh exhausted in the midst of the excitement and the labor attending upon ministering to so many sufferers. The poor fellow seemed scarcely returned to consciousness, and yet he was trying to bring his Christian fortitude to bear, to support him under his pains and weakness. It was heart touching to listen to the simple, earnest declaration of his trust in God, whispered in the ear of the compassionate Jesus, as if He were with him by his bedside. He seemed to know I was there, and the expression of my sympathy cheered and supported him, and yet the blessed Savior appeared no less really present, and his converse with *Him*, I am sure, was above and beyond all human sympathy and aid.

Hearing the groans of the other poor fellow, I went to his bedside. He was a manly, noble youth, who almost scorned to yield to a groan, and who had made every effort possible at self-control, but it was beyond the strength of his will. He had no Christian faith to sustain him, but he had evidently been educated under good moral and religious influences and taught to entertain a high respect for religion.

After sitting by his bedside for a little while, I offered, in a subdued tone, a few short petitions, which seemed with God's blessing greatly to comfort him. We surely ought to believe that God hears prayer, for often, often have I witnessed, not only in the hospitals, but in the course of my parochial labors, that a

Christ Church Chapel. Hospital Work

prayer by the bedside has effected what the prescription of the physician, in the use of the most powerful anodynes, has failed to do. . . .

After spending some time with these two men and thinking they were disposed to sleep, I left them. The next day I began to fear that the operation in neither case would avail to save their lives. They were very weak and evidently sinking. The young Christian had no fears. He talked of his home and of the dear ones there, but he was resigned to God's will, and in patience awaited the hour of his release. The other seemed anxious to improve his few remaining hours in making preparation for death, which he had sadly neglected. I humbly trust that his repentance, though at the eleventh hour, was not too late.

April 21, 1863.

I have distributed in all some eight or nine hundred Prayer Books, and some twelve hundred soldier's Prayer Books, mostly in the hospitals in or about the city of St. Louis. I have had abundant opportunity to have scattered far and wide thousands of copies, but I have preferred distributing them in such a manner that they would reach the hands of the soldiers directly, and where I knew they would be gratefully received and properly appreciated. It has been my custom, in presenting the Prayer Book, to write the name of the person to whom it was given on the fly leaf, with my own name as the donor. I was induced to do this from the fact that many of them requested to have my name in the book, and I also noticed that they seemed to appreciate it, more particularly when I had ministered by their sick bed, or had become acquainted with them by frequent visits. With rare exceptions I have found that when they were discharged or returned to their regiments they were careful to take their Prayer Books with them.

In all my visits among the soldiers in distributing the Prayer Book I have only found one man who declined to receive it, alleging, as the ground of his refusal, his opposition to *forms of prayer*. He replied, "I do not want any book prayers. I want my prayers to come warm from the heart." I have been surprised at the apparent absence of all prejudice on this point, and also at the alacrity with which they would study and use the prayers, often expressing their delight with their beauty and fitness, saying, "they were just what they wanted." . . .

While there is no doubt that the depraving influence of the

An Ambassador of Christ

camp is fearful, yet when men are brought sick or wounded into the hospital, and are laid upon their beds with few or no friends or acquaintances to sympathize with them, they are glad, when they can do so, to improve their time in reading, and are generally eager to enter into conversation, and are not loth to listen to religious instruction if introduced with judgment, and without the *sanctimonious* air that is generally so revolting to sick or well. None but God's eye can see the extent of the silent good that has been done to these hundreds of solitary readers on their sick beds, accompanied by a fitting word now and then from the lips of the living teacher.

And no one was better fitted to speak that "fitting word" than Dr. Schuyler, whose tact was as unfailing as his sympathy and sense of duty. And this tact and sympathy were not only expended on the sick and wounded soldiers and prisoners, but went out to comfort the bereaved and heart-stricken loved ones who were left behind.

In one of his manuscripts is found the story of how he sent sad tidings to a lady in Tennessee whose young son and son-in-law had both died in the hospital—"the former of whom I had baptized, and the latter dying as a Christian, having been for years a member of the Presbyterian communion."

On the next day an opportunity offering to send the sad intelligence by a released prisoner to the bereaved mother, I sat down in the hospital and with my pencil wrote the sad announcement, with a few words of comfort; but what I wrote I know not, I only know that my heart was full, and whatever its expressions of sympathy, they were earnest and sincere. I hoped and prayed that *one* might be spared to comfort the heart-stricken mother, and that at least the daughter might not be left a widow; but God's ways are inscrutable. And yet we know that while "clouds and darkness are round about Him, righteousness and judgment are the habitations of His throne."

Within a month after I received the following reply:

"MAURY COUNTY, TENNESSEE, April 1, 1862.

"A distressed and grief-stricken mother was made the recipient a few days ago of the letter you sent by a released prisoner.

Christ Church Chapel. Hospital Work

. . . My object in writing to you is merely to let you know that I feel under *greater* and more *lasting* obligations to you than I think I can possibly be under to any other living being.

. . . You have been the means, under an All-wise God, of being more comfort to me in my sore affliction than I thought it could be possible for me to derive from any source in this world. Hoping and *believing* that the very richest blessings of Heaven will *always* attend you and yours.

"I remain yours in thankfulness,

"M. G. T." *

Such a letter is a richer gift to me than gold could purchase, and yet who can read it and not know that agony unspeakable was torturing that fond mother's heart. And this is but one of a thousand instances North and South, East and West, of the cry of lamentation going up night and day. Often have I thought, how different would be the feelings of those who talk heartlessly of a war of *extermination*, could they visit the hospitals and witness the scenes of anguish there enacted, or the still deeper sorrow of the bereaved in their distant homes. War is a fearful alternative and should be prosecuted in such a way as to avoid, as far as possible, the destruction of life. Oh, that we could bear in mind that this is a war between brothers who were ever proud to acknowledge that we had a common country, and who yet

* Among Dr. Schuyler's papers a letter from the mother of a Union soldier was found, from which the following extracts are taken :

"CINCINNATI, Dec. 31, 1862.

"Brother P., minister of the M. E. Church, performed the last sacred rites. It would have given me great satisfaction if Dr. Schuyler could have been here and performed this duty. . . . I do not yet begin to realize that I am again at home. My mind is ever conversant with the last days and hours at the hospital, and it seems ever and anon that I must fly to his bedside and minister to my dear, suffering boy. But those scenes of suffering and trial are over, yet will they ever live in memory, but with them will live, too, the memory of kind friends who, like Dr. Schuyler, with willing heart and hand were ever ready with heartfelt sympathy to share my sorrows and administer to my every want in those dark and trying hours. May God bless you. Heaven alone can reward you. Nor can words of mine express the gratitude I feel.

"To-night my heart feels overburdened, and I sometimes feel as though I must sink beneath the weight of sorrow. O, if I could but grasp your friendly hand, what a privilege it would be! Pray for me. . . . My son and niece both join in sending a tribute of respect and gratitude to Dr. Schuyler, and would be most happy to see one who was so kind and good a friend to me in my hour of need."

An Ambassador of Christ

hope to stand shoulder to shoulder under the good old flag our fathers were ever ready to honor and sustain.

Dr. Schuyler's work in the hospitals soon brought him in contact with the Western Sanitary Commission, which had been appointed by General Fremont in September, 1861, and of which that noble man, James E. Yeatman, was president. Mr. Yeatman writes:

Dr. Schuyler, from the inception of the commission, took a deep interest in its proceedings, and in visiting the hospitals and camps, and in looking after the betterment of the soldiers, in administering to the temporal and spiritual wants of the sick and wounded. From the great interest which he and a few others manifested it was suggested that Dr. Schuyler and two other gentlemen be made associate members of the commission. On March the 22d, 1862, he was elected an associate member. He was one of the most constant and regular attendants, and was regarded and treated in every respect as a member of the commission. In January, 1863, the Secretary of War, through the advice and recommendation and complaint of Surgeon General Wood, reappointed the original five members of the commission, and they were thus brought more immediately under the War Department instead of under one of the department commanders. This eliminated all associate members of the commission and reduced the members of the commission to the original five.*

My recollection is that Dr. Schuyler continued to visit hospitals and camps, and his suggestions and orders for the needs of the sick and wounded were always promptly complied with by the commission.†

* The cause of this order was that considerable friction had arisen between the officers and particularly the surgeons of the Army and a certain medical gentleman who was a member of the commission.

† A letter from one of the members of the commission, dated January 9, 1863, which was found among Dr. Schuyler's papers, throws some light on this matter:

"I am sorry to learn that you have felt hurt by the special order issued by the Secretary of War as to the Western Sanitary Commission, and would assure you that, so far as I know, no such effect was intended. It did not occur to me that it would affect *you* in the least—your relation with the commission remaining exactly as it was before in every respect, and being the same with that of Mr. Hazard and other associate members. In fact the order has made no change, except as to Dr. P.'s membership (by omission of

Christ Church Chapel. Hospital Work

On February 11, 1863, Dr. Schuyler wrote for the "Church Journal" an article, from which the following is taken:

There can be no doubt that, among the sad developments of this war, there has been scarcely any fact more deplorable than the multitudes of unworthy men who have secured positions in the army either as chaplains or surgeons. I think of the two the surgeons have been the worst. It is no uncommon thing to hear from the poor soldiers whose wounds have been badly dressed, or their limbs so bunglingly amputated as to require a second operation, that the surgeon was so drunk that he was incapacitated for duty.

It is a charge, in many instances well authenticated, that the wines and other delicacies sent by sanitary commissions to camps and hospitals for the sick and wounded, have been consumed "*in transitu*" by the surgeons and chaplains and other *good fellows*, and thus the really needy robbed of what was designed by our patriotic countrywomen for their comfort.

I have noticed, too, in so many cases that I cannot be mistaken in the conclusion, that as the result of the degrading and brutalizing influence of this war a bitter and unrelenting feeling has been developed towards the prisoners, on the part of our soldiers, and of the ward masters, and others in the hospital. Nothing gave me more real pleasure than to state in a tract which I published for circulation in the hospitals about a year ago, speaking of our soldiers, "The kind and conciliating disposition evinced towards the unfortunate prisoners, who have shared the same rooms and who have been suffering from sickness and wounds, and the like disposition on the part of the prisoners towards them has presented to my mind a bright phase of human nature, and made me proud of a common citizenship with such uncomplaining sufferers." But this disposition has greatly changed, and it would seem as if the feelings of humanity and brotherhood were fast dying out of the hearts of those who have been in the midst of scenes of devastation and blood-

his name) and by the extension of the privileges of the commission. If there is any other bearing, unperceived by me and disagreeable to you, I will cheerfully do whatever I can to explain or remove it. This is written because you said that you might not be present to-night at our meeting, and I do not like to leave such things unexplained. I hope you will be able to come, and am confident you will see that no difference has been intended.

With great respect,

Yours truly,

WM. G. ELIOT.

An Ambassador of Christ

shed. . . . I have told them "we are to be pitiful, be courteous, not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing, but, contrariwise, blessing." But this is a hard lesson for poor human nature.

Ever since the chapel had been completed the congregation of Christ Church had been growing again. Many of the old members had come back and new ones had connected themselves with the parish, until all the pews were taken. The extra care thus devolving upon the rector's shoulders, and his renewed hopes, which had never died out, of completing the great church, impelled him to write the following letter to Secretary Seward on July 5, 1863:

I am very anxious to resign my position as chaplain. The cares of a Parish in the city calls upon me for more time and attention than I can give it while the responsible charge of a Hospital is on my hands. The Rev. Philip McKim has been for months assisting me, and the greater portion of his means of support is derived from the salary I pay him for his service in the Hospital. I would like to resign could he be appointed. . . . For months before my appointment I labored gratuitously in the Hospital, and it will give me great pleasure to do what I can when relieved from the responsibility of the charge. I am the only Episcopal clergyman who is serving as Hospital Chaplain in this department. . . . I have presumed upon your valuable time from very slight acquaintance in former years, and from the fact that your being an Episcopalian would warrant me in counting upon your sympathy.

He did not count upon Seward's sympathy in vain, and upon receiving assurance that Mr. McKim would succeed him, he resigned his commission on August 17th,* but all the time he could spare was spent in the hospitals till the end of the war.

During the time that the military department of the West was in charge of General Schofield—a man of lofty sentiments,

* In his letter of resignation, Dr. Schuyler wrote: "The office conferred without solicitation was reluctantly accepted, but I can truly say, the pleasantness of the duty has amply compensated for the anxiety and labor it has involved."

Christ Church Chapel. Hospital Work

broad views, and true Christianity—Dr. Schuyler was enabled, by means of his intimate acquaintance with him, to do many things to ameliorate the condition of the Confederate prisoners, to convey, as we have seen, intelligence of their condition to their dear ones at home, and even to obtain passes through the lines for wives to visit husbands and mothers their children. But when, in January, 1864, General Schofield was transferred to Sherman's army, and General Rosecrans, fresh from his humiliating defeat at Chickamauga, was put in his place, St. Louis really began to feel the horrors of the war. As Dr. Schuyler expressed it in a sermon:

The very blood-hounds do not pursue with more eager thirst the victims whose footsteps they scent, than brother follows upon the track of brother under the demoniac sway of the hellish passions that only a civil war can rouse. . . . And, brethren, I cannot read your hearts, and I know but imperfectly the frailty and wickedness of my own, but this I know, that neither you nor I have escaped unscathed the pestiferous influences that have surrounded us.

Although the seat of war was now far from St. Louis, a series of oppressive edicts were issued by the General commanding, which were relentlessly put into effect by a fanatical provost-marshal. There was a regular *index expurgatorius*. Books that were written about the war from the Southern point of view were banned, even the possession of photographs of Confederate generals was prohibited. Householders were ordered to hang out Union flags. Citizens, and even women, were arrested and imprisoned on account of their opinions. Clergymen were banished, and even convocations of religious bodies were attended by deputy-marshals to see that no "disloyal" minister should attend and do anything for the cause of Christ. And, later in the year, when General Price made his raid into Missouri, coming within a few miles of St. Louis, a perfect reign of terror ensued. The fact that this was election year was probably the cause of many of these atrocities.

An Ambassador of Christ

Among other things, the commander discovered that the sick and wounded Confederate prisoners were being treated with too much Christian tenderness. Ever since the first arrival of sick and wounded prisoners, in 1862, Mrs. Schuyler, as we have said, had been a constant visitor at the hospitals. Her husband had given his word that she would take nothing but food and clothing to the prisoners, and General Schofield had given her a pass. Day after day she sallied forth in the "family carry-all," with one of her boys to drive or hold the horse,* and collected from her Southern friends fresh butter, buttermilk, and the corn-bread the Southerners loved so well, together with articles of underclothing, etc. Many a life was saved by bringing to the sick simple food that they could eat when their stomachs refused the coarse and sloppy food that was supplied them by the authorities.

Of course Mrs. Schuyler's course gave rise to much bitter comment on the part of the "Black Republicans," and many unkind remarks were made about her, and even to her, by some of the congregation; but, having the unqualified support of her husband and the consent of the General commanding, she continued her charitable work undismayed. But when General Rosecrans succeeded General Schofield, those fanatics who had been all along criticising her saw their opportunity, and got an order from "Old Brains" to prevent her from entering the hospital. So one morning, when she came as usual on her errand of mercy, "the *gun* was across the way," and she was obliged to turn back, her eyes filled with tears of pity and rage. Her husband and the head surgeon, indignant at this outrage, immediately went to head-quarters to get the order revoked; but "Old Brains" was busy settling the Democratic Party in Missouri, and did not want to be bothered by any sentimental nonsense about the "rebel sick and wounded," and so was immovable. Rebuffed here, Dr. Schuyler went

* I remember these expeditions very well, having often, young as I was then, been taken along to "hold the horse."—W. S.

Christ Church Chapel. Hospital Work

about till long after midnight seeing influential men. Mrs. Schuyler says she herself went to Dr. Hodgen, the Surgeon-General, "and his eyes were filled with tears when he said, 'You have done nothing but good in this place.'" But his and all other efforts were in vain. Christianity had no place in the General's plans.

Yet Dr. Schuyler did not intermit his spiritual aid. Common decency prevented that being stopped, and after a time his wife was, through the kindness of General Pierson, permitted to send a few things to the most needy cases. When the prisoners were sent to Johnson's Island, Ohio, her husband got permission for her to send, from time to time, boxes of clothing—which, it is to be hoped, were received by the intended beneficiaries.

So all this time Dr. Schuyler not only showed that Divine mercy and brotherly love pervaded his heart, and went on with his good work undeterred by the fanaticism of either side, but also from the pulpit continually urged his people to turn from all bitterness and hatred and "be merciful even as their Father was merciful."

CHAPTER XIII

BUILDING THE NEW CHURCH

DURING all this time Dr. Schuyler, whatever were the interests in which he was involved, never once lost sight of what he considered his chief aim—the completion of the great church. And whenever the opportunity of alluding to it offered itself, he never suffered it to pass.

In the congratulatory sermon preached at the opening of the chapel, May 11, 1862, he said:

A very few months since, the utter desolation that reigned around this building was not unlike that of the ruins of the Temple in Jerusalem. It seemed to have been forsaken by God and man. It stood like a deserted ruin exposed to the defilement and depredation of every heartless passer-by, and to the unfeeling criticism of those who are ever ready to rejoice over the imagined discomfiture and defeat of others. It is no uncharitable charge to say that its forlorn condition was made the butt of ridicule and of unkind remark, while to those who were identified with the parish in sympathy and interest it was a sad sight over which they were disposed to weep in almost hopeless despondency. . . . And it is a cause of congratulation that now we have a home of our own, a place where we can meet together as we were wont, and know that all who are here with us have a common interest and feeling as members of the same parish. . . .

And then, after speaking of those who had died or left the congregation, and the reason for the latter action, he continued:

It is far better for the interests of the Parish that we should have only those who are in heart and mind with us, than to retain, to swell our numbers, or increase our revenue, those who are dissatisfied, and ready to find fault with measures the majority would choose to inaugurate. It is all-important to our comfort and to the prosecution at a proper time of the enterprise

Building the New Church

to complete the church, that we should be *united* and of one mind, as far as this can be the case in our present imperfect state of being.

It may be thought premature to say a word at this time in reference to the work that is yet before us. But I cannot so regard it. This is just the time to look our difficulties in the face and begin to devise ways and means by which the work, which we have solemnly undertaken before God, may be recommenced and prosecuted. . . .

While, therefore, *necessity* may compel us to pause for the time, it should be *only* for the time, having the full and hearty purpose to go on as soon and as rapidly as an earnest zeal and a well-directed prudence may dictate. Though the obstructions in the way may rise like a great mountain before us, and seem almost insurmountable by any human power, yet entering upon it with resolute determination, and in reliance upon the help of God, without whom all effort is vain, the great mountain will become a plain, difficulties will vanish, friends will come to our aid, and stone after stone will rise to its place by unseen hands."

By the victories of Fort Donelson, Shiloh, and Pea Ridge, the seat of war had been pushed still further from St. Louis, and business began to revive, especially as the city was made the depot of military supplies and the head-quarters of the Department of the West. And in a New Year's sermon preached January, 1863, Dr. Schuyler, after reviewing the terrible events of the two preceding years and their sad effect upon the community, especially in its religious life, still finds that the time has come to once more urge the duty of recommencing in the near future the building of the church, and, as a necessary preliminary to this, the immediate payment of the debt of \$3,400 incurred in completing the chapel.

The decision to do this was promptly made by Dr. Schuyler's faithful supporters. The lumber which had been bought two years before for the flooring and roofing of the church was now sold for \$1,630, and a vigorous effort was made to lift the remainder of the debt.

Mr. Charles Balmer, the veteran organist of the church, assisted by Mr. John R. Triplett and Mr. Benjamin E. Walker,

An Ambassador of Christ

got up an "Old Folks' Concert," which was successfully given in Philharmonic Hall, and turned in the sum of \$400 to the vestry; and by Easter the balance of this debt was subscribed and paid. And before the end of May, the chapel having filled up rapidly, and aided by Dr. Schuyler's voluntary reduction of salary,* the vestry were also enabled, from the excess of income over expenditure, to pay \$2,000 of the old debt of \$13,000 incurred in the dark days of 1861.

The victories of Gettysburg, and Vicksburg on July 3d, struck the death-blow of the Confederacy, so that its final collapse was now but a matter of time; and although the heroic and desperate resistance of the South prolonged the struggle for nearly two years more and almost plucked victory from the jaws of defeat, yet it was now evident to many that the Union was saved.

Among this number was Dr. Schuyler; and next to his country, his first thought was of his church; and so, as we have seen, he resigned his commission as chaplain in August, and with his friends of the vestry began planning for the resumption of the work.

The evidences of returning wealth and prosperity were seen on every hand. Millionaires had sprung up like mushrooms on the rotten soil of Government contracts; and though none of these "shoddy aristocrats" happened to be members of Christ Church Parish, yet the business affairs of the more substantial parishioners had shared in the general improvement. Now was the time to go to work, and as soon as the summer season was over, and the people began to return to the city, the subject was generally discussed. The architect, Mr. Leopold Eidlitz, was sent for from New York, and on his arrival he made a careful inquiry into the cost of labor and materials in St. Louis, which had, as is very well known, increased to more than double value since the war began. When the work had stopped in 1860, \$35,000 had been all that was considered necessary to

* Alluded to in Chapter XII.

Building the New Church

complete the structure; *now* \$105,000 was the closest estimate. To raise this was considered an impossibility even by Dr. Schuyler. And then Mr. Eidlitz made two other estimates. By leaving down the tower, and omitting the galleries, with all the other portions complete, \$80,000 would be needed. But by omitting, in addition to this, the porch and the interior of stone for the clere-story, and by putting in temporary doors and pulpit and chancel furniture, leaving the interior otherwise complete, an expenditure of \$65,000 would be required.

This sum Dr. Schuyler and his faithful friends in the vestry* felt could be raised if the plans were carefully laid and the whole congregation aroused to take an interest in the work. And while the building committee was perfecting the plans, the rector, as a sort of "advance notice," preached a sermon on October 25th, from the text, "Redeeming the time, because the days are evil." The opening pages of this discourse are full of feeling, describing briefly but vigorously the horrors of the war that had gone on for almost three years, and concluding:

We have a great work before us, and one which for some time has been lying idle on our hands. We have made the present evil days an excuse for this idleness, and I cheerfully admit there *have been* valid grounds for the excuse. . . .

In my humble judgment they no longer exist, and *now* we are emphatically called upon to begin in good earnest, while we have time and opportunity.

. . . To complete the large and magnificent church which, under more prosperous auspices, we commenced, it will be necessary that we have not merely the sympathy and active exertion of the few who are always ready and who have borne the brunt of the labor from its commencement, but the sympathy and the help of one and all, the young and old, the rich and poor. We need to wake up to the fact that we have a community of interest in the enterprise. . . . We need to do away with the idea which has always been too prevalent in this parish: that

* These were Asa Wilgus, J. R. Wendover, J. R. Shepley, Silas Bent, Alfred Mackay, F. R. Alexander, Wm. H. Glasgow, Dwight Durkee, W. N. McQueen, Theo. Forster and Dr. J. J. Clark.

An Ambassador of Christ

the vestry are to be the workmen, and to cease the half-hearted questioning, "How are *you* getting along with the church?" and put it in the more church-like and Christian form, "How can *we* render the most efficient help in our work?" When the stones again begin to rise on the walls, we must be willing to turn aside from our walk to business to see for ourselves the progress that is making and not ask for formal reports from the building committee to gain the intelligence. . . .

Brethren, we have alluded to this subject from the pulpit, because it will soon be presented to you in a tangible shape, and we shall *continue* to allude to it, under the pressing convictions of duty, while there seems to be an occasion for so doing. It would be easier, if conscience would be quiet, to go along in our comfortable little chapel with a handful of people, and let the multitude who might share with us in our spiritual privileges take care of themselves.

If God has given me mind and voice to minister in a large sanctuary, it is clearly my duty to improve them; and I cannot, when there is ability in the people, leave them to *indolence* and *indifference* on this subject without involving myself in sin.

But there is a limit to my individual responsibility; and when I have endeavored carefully, by God's grace, to discharge that, upon the people must depend the answer as to what is the issue. God grant that it may be answered in His fear, and with humble reverence to His glory.

The plans had been very carefully laid by the vestry. The first step had been to visit all the pew-holders of the old church and the subscribers to the new church who had paid in money, "to obtain from them a relinquishment or postponement of their claims to the pews owned by them and subscriptions made." The main argument was that the value of these pews would be absolutely nothing if the church was not built; and there was no hope of the church being built at all unless the requisite sum could be raised by the sale of pews in the new church free of any encumbering claims. Messrs. Wilgus, Mackay, and Durkee undertook this arduous work, which consumed nearly two months. Then a committee assessed the value of the pews, running from \$1,250 to \$100; lithographic plans of the pews were printed and distributed with a circular,

Building the New Church

which stated that the pews would be offered for sale in the chapel on Thursday evening, December 17th, the terms of payment to be, one-fifth, cash, the remaining fifths to be paid in five, ten, fifteen, and twenty months. And to impress the feasibility of the plan and the necessity of doing the work *now*, Dr. Schuyler preached a sermon on Sunday, December 13th, from the text "Let us rise up and build." In this discourse he was extremely plain and outspoken; and, feeling that a waking up was needed, he did not mince his words. He began by a brief history of the movement, and in speaking of the backwardness and withdrawal of those which brought the work to a stop in 1860, he said:

But again we are met with the objection that by this external decoration we are encouraging a spirit of worldly vanity and pride and shutting the doors against the poor, to whom, as our Saviour taught us, the Gospel is to be preached.

How, I would ask, are we to preach the Gospel to the poor in our present circumscribed limits, and with the necessarily extravagant rental for our pews? There is *here* no place for the poor with whom your pastor is continually coming in contact, and who would rejoice at the privilege of bidding them welcome to our open doors. As to its encouraging a spirit of worldly vanity, what is there to excite such a spirit. In the grand and imposing design of the church we propose to build, and in its ornamental decorations, there is nothing *fantastic* or trifling. And for whom is all this adorning? Is it to set off ourselves? Will the "dim religious light" better serve to make conspicuous the flaunting colors of the gay? . . . And what is there to encourage pride? If the character of the edifice is any proper index of the character of those who shall assist in its erection, then may we well infer that when its hallowed doors are thrown open, instead of the proud and self-sufficient, we should meet humble worshippers, who preferred to honor *God* to themselves, and without a spirit of exclusiveness, and hence that all who seek admission would find a ready welcome, no matter how humble their dress, no matter how poor in the things of this world. . . . We would never close the doors against any poor man, nor refuse the children's bread to the hungry and naked. . . .

An Ambassador of Christ

And in concluding:

Let us never forget that "except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." It is all-important that we should have this truth deeply impressed upon our minds. Though professedly laboring for God (for I trust that this is the inspiring motive with us to undertake the enterprise) there is danger that we may forget the nature of our work. Nor can we watch too narrowly every motive and act, knowing that we cannot expect God's blessing upon that which will not bear His searching scrutiny, being especially careful to look at it from the high standpoint of Christian duty, and not to attribute too much to human instrumentality, giving to man the praise due only to God. For what are we when God is not with us, and of what avail would be our wisdom, our counsel, our plans, and our labor, should He withhold His aid and cease His support? What is your minister but an instrument in His hands, . . . and who are the people but God's servants, whose ability to give and to labor cometh from Him alone?

On Him at last must our sole dependence be placed, and only so far as He blesses can we prosper. Yet on this account we are not to cease our exertion. The Lord will build only as we labor to build. We must give cheerfully and liberally of our time, our money and our prayers, or we shall not behold the walls of our beautiful Temple rising before us.

It was in troublesome times after a long captivity, while their city was lying in ruins, that the Jews, in answer to the exhortations of Nehemiah, resolutely determined to erect the second temple, saying, "Let us rise up and build,"* though surrounded by enemies on every side, and compelled with one hand to lay the walls while with the other they held a spear, and, added the sacred Historian, "so they strengthened their hands for this good work."

With like resolution must we enlist, and with a unanimity and a zeal befitting the magnitude of the undertaking; and *then* may we with confidence conclude "The God of Heaven, He will prosper us; therefore we, His servants, will arise and build."

But on the day when this appeal was made a fearful blizzard swept over St. Louis, blocking the roads and stopping the horse-

* This conclusion is repeated almost verbatim in nearly every sermon on the subject of the New Church. Dr. Schnyler evidently thought that nothing else fitted the case so well.

Building the New Church

cars. It was with difficulty that Dr. Schuyler reached the chapel, to find only a few determined church-goers in the chilly room. The evening service was abandoned, as the blizzard showed no signs of abating—the snow piling higher and higher. And “on the evening of the sale it was almost impossible for ladies—or gentlemen, even, who lived at a distance—to be present, by reason of the severe cold and wind. There was a small attendance of those who were determined to have the work go on, and by them a very encouraging purchase was made. Nearly one-third the amount needed was obtained. Before adjourning, the vestry resolved “to hold another sale on Monday evening, December 28th, in the chapel, at 7 o’clock.”* And at the urgent request of those present the rector repeated his sermon on the following Sunday for the benefit of those who had not been able to be present. The postponed meeting was well attended, and pews were sold to the amount of \$50,000.

This was tantalizing. Sixty-five thousand dollars was needed, and this sum was *so* near it. The vestry felt that the matter must not be given up, and the building committee was clothed with discretionary powers to make private sale of pews. All through the month of January, 1864, they labored, but it seemed as if the limit had been reached; and in this emergency a parish meeting was called for February 8th.

This meeting was the turning point in the church’s history, and so the minutes of it may be interesting:

The Rector, after suitable prayers, called the Meeting to order. Mr. J. R. Triplett was chosen to act as Secretary of the Meeting. The Chairman then stated the object of the Meeting to be for the purpose of devising some plan to raise the \$15,000 deficit to complete the sum of \$65,000, the amount required to finish the church as per the proposed plan, and added that if any one present had any remarks to make on the subject, the Meeting was now ready to hear them.

Mr. Shepley then made a few remarks, stating that, in his opinion, the \$15,000 requisite would have to be raised in one

* From circular issued by the vestry dated December 19, 1863.

An Ambassador of Christ

of two ways: either by mortgaging the property for it (there being already a mortgage of \$11,000 on it), or by the subscribers to the \$50,000 increasing their subscriptions.

Mr. Wilgus then spoke, favoring the plan of raising the funds at once; and that if it could not be realized now by the further sale of pews, he was willing to be one of a number to guarantee to the church the deficit, pledging himself for \$1,000, the sale of pews to be continued, and the parties making this guarantee to be reimbursed by the sale of pews over the amount already raised. Mr. Wilgus further stated that he had received a note from Mr. C——, saying that he wished to take one of the \$1,000 pews, which reduced, as above stated, the deficit to \$14,000. His remarks meeting with such general approval, the following gentlemen responded to his example in the sums set opposite their respective names: Messrs. Wilgus, Doan, Shepley, Carson, Bent, Swon, Tutt, Clark, Durkee, McQueen, Powell, Triplett, Mackay, Jackson, Adams, Clapp, Richardson, making a total of \$11,000.

Judge Ferguson sent word that he was willing to add \$500 to his subscription, and Dr. Clark selected a pew for his brother valued at \$350.

Mr. Wilgus then moved that a committee of five gentlemen be appointed to solicit further subscriptions and not to stop at the mere amount necessary to complete the \$65,000, but to raise all in their power. . . .

The committee was appointed, and it was then enthusiastically resolved that the whole Meeting consider itself a committee to get subscriptions and to report to committee of five, who were to report to vestry.

Then, it being plain that the remainder could be easily raised, the meeting adjourned and the happy rector wrote in the church-roll book, "God be praised; the work will go on."

And in the minutes of the vestry meeting of March 7, 1864, is found the following: "That, inasmuch as the \$65,000 has been subscribed for, in order to commence the work on the new church, therefore the building committee are now authorized to proceed immediately with the work."

The news of the success of the effort to recommence work on the church building, as Dr. Schuyler had foreseen, produced a marked effect upon the prosperity of the parish. The con-

Building the New Church

gregation rapidly increased, and at the annual renting of pews at Easter, the sum realized was so much larger than that of the preceding year that the salary of the rector was raised to \$3,600 and an organist for the evening services was employed, Mr. Balmer still continuing to give his services in the morning gratuitously.* At the same time the church suffered a great loss by the removal to New York City of Mr. Alfred Mackay, who had been secretary of the vestry ever since April, 1857, and treasurer also since June, 1861. He had never, even during the darkest days, faltered one moment in his devotion to the parish or in his loyalty to his beloved rector; and even after his removal, he still continued his interest in the church, Dr. Schuyler often consulting with him and using his freely offered services when business had to be transacted in New York. Mr. F. R. Alexander was elected to succeed Mr. Mackay.

During the summer, from July 10th to September 4th, the chapel was closed, as Dr. Schuyler was absent on a much-needed vacation with his family.

At the first vestry meeting after his return, the building committee could report but little progress. They had made contracts for brick † and had renewed arrangements with Mr. Lark, the owner of the quarry across the river, whence the stone was to come. But Mr. Lark had been able to accomplish little, owing to "the present difficulty of obtaining responsible and reliable workmen, except at enormously high wages," and he had sent no stone to the building on account of the difficulty of obtaining teams. Mr. Lark stated that, by a delay of about one month, he could get farmers' teams to haul the stone at much less rate than at present, when the farmers were all using their teams. Dr. Schuyler and three other members of the vestry visited the quarry, and found the ornamental stone-work all cut and some of the plain blocks or "ashlar." Mr. Lark

* For several years, Misses Anna and Virginia Hamilton and Mr. Branson also sang gratuitously in the choir—being thus of great assistance to the church.

† At \$11.00 per thousand. The price in 1860 had been \$6.25.

An Ambassador of Christ

had done all that could reasonably be expected. It should be mentioned here that all through the work he looked out for the interests of the church as if they had been his own. Though he was exceedingly slow and deliberate, he gave his personal attention to the getting out of every stone and to the finishing of all the finer work; and whenever there was any opportunity of saving any expense he utilized it for the benefit of the church. Dr. Schuyler was deeply attached to him and spent many pleasant hours with him at the quarry, for he recognized in him the same spirit that animated the workmen of the mediæval cathedrals. He gave the best he had because it was for the glory of the Lord.

The rector's old carryall was rather rickety at this time, and the old white horse he drove in it, which he bought from a wounded officer, was about on his last legs. On Christmas, 1864, Mr. Wilgus and Mr. Shepley drove up to his front gate and handed him the following letter, signed by forty-five of his parishioners:

The flock under your care wish to acknowledge the sacrifice you have made to advance the work of the church in less prosperous times and to mark the uninterrupted love, confidence, and sympathy always existing between you and the people of your charge. They trust you will not consider it an inappropriate way of doing this in asking you to accept the horse and carriage accompanying this.

The horse was named John, after Mr. Shepley, and for years after might be seen any afternoon in those parts of the city or vicinity where the rector went on his pastoral visits or errands of mercy. So frequent were these visits that the intelligent horse would stop of his own accord at the door of the proper house.

On January 1, 1865, Dr. Schuyler delivered the third of his series of historical discourses, this one commemorating the first ten years of his pastorate, relating the story of the new church and looking forward joyfully to its speedy completion.

Building the New Church

There are in all nine of these discourses, the others being on the semi-centennial of Christ Church, 1869, on the 17th, the 21st, and the 25th anniversaries of his pastorate, on the seventieth anniversary of Christ Church, 1889, and on the semi-centennial of the Diocese of Missouri, 1890.

During the autumn and winter a large amount of stone was brought over from the quarry, and late in October the first stones were laid under Mr. Lark's supervision. But little was accomplished, the early approach of winter soon rendering masons' work impossible; and it was not until the following spring that work on the church proceeded steadily.

In March, 1865, Christ Church suffered a great loss in the death of Mr. Asa Wilgus, who had been identified with the parish from its earliest days, for the past thirty years had served as a vestryman and warden, and in the enterprise of building the new church had been foremost in every effort. As Dr. Schuyler said: "It was his ardent wish that he might live to worship in the new church; and when, in his feebleness, he was privileged to ride out,* he was always sure to go by the church, to see what progress had been made on the walls; but it was his Master's will that he should worship in a higher temple."

During this winter Dr. Schuyler contracted an obstinate affection of the throat, which grew worse and worse, until by the end of May he was practically unable to conduct the services. His physician advised an absolute rest and change of air, and so he took a vacation of five Sundays, going first to Marshall, and then, in company with his sister Mary and her husband, Dr. J. H. Montgomery, he made a trip to the White Mountains. This completely restored him, and he returned early, ready to take up his work with renewed energy.

But he was met by a problem which probably distracted him

* Mr. Wilgus frequently went out driving with Dr. Schuyler and his family in the old carryall, and kept all in continual laughter by his unfailing good humor and comical stories. Dr. Schuyler used to say that a drive with Mr. Wilgus was the best tonic he knew of. In his will Mr. Wilgus left \$5,000 to his "beloved rector," which was of great service in meeting the expense of a large family.

An Ambassador of Christ

more than any one he had as yet to grapple with. What this problem was is shown by a letter which, in his dilemma, he wrote to the Honorable Murray Hoffmann, of New York, a great legal light, especially on matters of ecclesiastical law:

As you are well aware, Missouri being one of the Border States, has been the theater during the late rebellion of the exhibition of great asperity and bitterness of feeling. The most extreme views have been held and advocated by the openly disloyal and by those claiming to be "par excellence" loyal to the Government. Parties have grown up here unknown to other portions of the Union, and radical measures have been supported and adopted which the conservative part of the community deem an encroachment upon their just rights and liberties as citizens of a Republican Government. In this heated state of partisan excitement a convention was ordered to amend the constitution of the state. Among many other objectionable features an oath* is exacted (see Art. II, Sec. 306) of every minister of the Gospel before he can perform any of the functions of his sacred office.

Now the question is being agitated among the clergy of the various denominations, and of our own church, whether a due regard to our own rights and prerogatives does not demand that we should refuse compliance with an exaction which so clearly infringes upon our liberty as citizens and so unjustly proscribes us as a class. It is generally understood that the Romish clergy, with the Archbishop at their head, have determined to disregard this requisition of the constitution. So far as I am personally concerned, I can take the oath without any conscientious scruples as to my ability in the fullest sense to comply with its terms. . . . I have never had the least sympathy with the cause of the Rebellion, . . . but to say that I have had no sympathy for the sufferings of friends who, from whatever cause, may have been induced to take up arms against the Government, would involve the utter ignoring of the vital principles of my Christian faith. I have felt for them, and I have esteemed it a *privilege* to minister to the sick and wounded prisoners in the hospitals.

* Dr. Schnyler sent a copy of the "Drake Constitution" along with the letter. The "Ironclad oath," as it was called, had substantially two branches, one, prospective, of future allegiance and support of the Constitution, etc., the other of past loyalty, and that the party had not been guilty of the acts specified (support of and sympathy with the Rebellion, in substance).

Building the New Church

A proper construction of this oath would not demand that we should disavow such sympathy.

I have a great reluctance to assume a position of open resistance to the Laws of the State, and particularly to the requirements of a Constitution which has been sanctioned by the people, judging from the formal returns of the proper officers. There is good reason to believe that, could the people, as a whole, have been reached, there would have been a decided majority adverse to its sanction.*

But we have a decision according to the forms of Law in its favor, and therefore I am not disposed to take refuge behind any such claim.

The simple question is, Am I bound to submit to such an unjust exaction, and thereby admit that my right and duty to preach the Gospel and perform the ministrations of my holy office is *limited* by the construction which any body of men, no matter by what authority convened, may choose to put upon my loyalty? I have written this in behalf of my brethren of the clergy, and we have chosen to appeal to you because we know that you will sympathize with us in our perplexity; and we have great confidence in your legal wisdom and in your judgment of what is due to the claims of our Holy Office.

The Honorable Murray Hoffmann sent to Dr. Schuyler a long and carefully considered opinion, in which he held that, according to the law of the Church of England (of which the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States is an offshoot), there was no ecclesiastical reason why clergymen should not take the oath (there was no precedent whatever in American canon law). Then examining the question by the common law, he concluded:

Thus far I do not see how the law can be set aside as to future conduct and obligation, but the clause as to past loyalty seems to me very objectionable. It superadds a new punishment for former offences—and is one of the examples of an *ex post facto* law. The question, and, indeed, the general question, would be settled by the courts of justice upon a prosecution for the penalty prescribed by the Constitution.

* There is every reason to believe that the "Drake Constitution" was "counted in." The official vote was some 43,000 for, to 41,000 against it.

An Ambassador of Christ

The ecclesiastical law of the Church of England had great weight with Dr. Schuyler, and at the present juncture he did not feel that he should be the victim to test the constitutionality of the "iron-clad oath"—such a complication might be ruinous to the new church enterprise now at last fairly under way. So he yielded this time to the claims of expediency and took the oath, deeming it necessary, however, to publish a "statement and protest" in the *Republican* of August 29th. It commenced:

I have deliberately concluded that it is my duty, in view of all the circumstances of the case, to take the oath, but not without entering my public protest against what I deem an invidious and unjustifiable exaction on the part of the late Convention. As peaceable and quiet citizens, we are sometimes obliged to submit to cruel and unjust laws, not feeling ourselves authorized to resort to the "higher law" or to rebel against constituted authority, only to suffer a useless martyrdom.

And then followed a long and labored and not very happy attempt to justify his position, in which he quoted largely from Judge Hoffmann's opinion, to show that the oath affected only his rights as a citizen, not his privilege and duty as a clergyman.

But his sacrifice to expediency was not at all well received. The outrages committed by the "Radicals" had made even many who had been, like Dr. Schuyler, stanch Unionists very bitter, and not only were many severe things said about the rector of Christ Church, but a number of articles attacking his position were published in the papers. Dr. Schuyler saved all of these (probably for his soul's benefit), though he had the wisdom not to answer them.

The constitutionality of the oath was tested by the case of Father Cummings, a Catholic priest, and the United States Supreme Court declared it null and void, and then the whole affair gradually was forgotten; but it may be said that Dr. Schuyler was now so beloved by his congregation that none of

Building the New Church

his supporters fell away from him because of this momentary weakness.

As the work on the church progressed, it became evident that more than the \$65,000 already subscribed would be necessary to complete the church, on account of the still further increased price of labor and material, and because it had been decided that the "interior fittings" should be of black walnut instead of white pine, as in the architect's estimate. In this emergency the ladies of the congregation came forward and organized in the spring for a grand fair, to be held in Mercantile Library Hall a little before the Christmas holidays. All through the summer and fall they worked, one and all, rich and poor, making articles for sale, and gathering contributions of goods and money from their friends not only in St. Louis, but from all over the country. The fair was held for a week in November, and was a great success in every way. Crowds were in constant attendance, and it was accounted the finest affair of its kind held in St. Louis with the exception of the great Sanitary Fair. The net proceeds were \$10,025.*

From a letter by a "visitor to the city" printed in one of the daily papers on September 11, 1865, some notion of the progress made in the building at that date may be given:

They have progressed so far that a view from the interior of the magnificent range of pillars and arches already gives some idea of its grandeur. [These were the pillars and arches supporting the clere story.] There is to be no sham about the build-

* In a circular preserved by Dr. Schuyler are the names of the following ladies who were directresses or heads of committees: Mrs. A. Douthitt, President; Mrs. J. R. Shepley and Mrs. L. B. Shaw, Vice-Presidents; Mrs. D. Durkee, Treasurer; and Miss A. L. Hamilton, Secretary. Mrs. J. Wann, Mrs. W. T. Helmuth, Mrs. J. Percival, Mrs. C. I. Filley, Mrs. M. Odell, Mrs. J. J. Clark, Mrs. A. Peterson, Mrs. H. Campbell, Mrs. J. Lindell, Mrs. M. Schuyler, Mrs. J. A. Brownlee, Mrs. E. Brooks and Mrs. T. G. Comstock.

Besides these the following ladies, as far as I can remember, were very active: Mrs. J. R. Triplett, Mrs. B. E. Walker, Mrs. J. B. Gazzam, Mrs. George P. Plant, Mrs. Silas Bent, Mrs. Charles Balmer, Mrs. R. C. Gordon, Miss V. Hamilton, Miss Lillie Brooks, the Misses Morgan, "and many others"—W. S.

An Ambassador of Christ

ing, and the work is being done in the most thorough manner. I have seen no church outside of the city of New York which will compare with it in size, taste, and costliness of finish.

All this time the vestry had been endeavoring to get Mr. Eidlitz to appoint a resident architect. The work done under Mr. Lark's supervision had been perfectly satisfactory, but he was needed at the quarry, and the work had been greatly delayed on that account. Mr. Eidlitz's chief hesitation seems to have been lack of confidence in the knowledge of Gothic architecture possessed by the architects whose names were suggested to him; and judging from the churches they erected at this period in St. Louis, he was not far wrong. He paid a visit to St. Louis in the late autumn of 1865 to inspect the work, and while there found the right man. A certain John Beattie had shortly before this moved to St. Louis, to practise the profession of architecture, and being a great lover and thorough student of the "Gothic," was attracted to the work then in progress at Christ Church. Here he became acquainted with Mr. Lark, who introduced him to Mr. Eidlitz. After an hour's conversation, Mr. Eidlitz discovered that he was just the man he needed, and appointed him on the spot. Mr. Beattie began his duties immediately, and gave the work his highest interest and faithful attention. He was a man of the same stamp as Mr. Lark, who was still continued as general supervisor of the stone work.

"In January, 1866, St. Luke's Association was organized for the purpose of founding a hospital. This effort originated among the young men associated with the parishes of Christ Church, St. John's, St. George's, and Grace Church." Dr. Schuyler gave his hearty endorsement and aid to the movement from the start. The eloquent sermon he preached in behalf of the hospital did much to give it a start. And when it was opened he ministered indefatigably to the patients, especially during the cholera times, when a great charitable work was done there. (In later years he became its chaplain, and se-

Building the New Church

cured from one of his parishioners the gift of its beautiful chapel.)

On February 5th Dr. Schuyler found himself forced to write the following letter to the vestry:

I am constrained by my necessity to make the present statement. In looking over my accounts for the past year, I find that my expenditures have exceeded my salary in the sum of \$900. I have never been more economical in my mode of living, and have been obliged to forego in many instances the pleasure of giving as I could have wished. I have felt that under the present circumstances of the Parish it was my duty and my privilege to ask no more than was absolutely necessary to support my family. But with seven children to clothe, educate, and otherwise provide for, with the high prices of everything making up the expenses of a family, I have been involved in debt; and in justice to myself I feel bound to state that I could not possibly get through another year on my present salary. I am well aware that to go on with the church the parish will necessarily be heavily taxed; and I would do all I could to bring them up to a determination to meet this pressing claim, and hence it is peculiarly unpleasant for me to allude to my own wants; but in my present circumstances I have no other alternative.

Trusting that God may open a way for us to meet this trying emergency in our history as we ought, I remain truly your friend and pastor,

M. SCHUYLER.*

The emergency was indeed a trying one. The tide of inflation that followed the war was now rapidly rising, and prices continued to rise higher and higher. Over \$58,000 had been expended since the work had been recommenced, and the walls were not yet ready for the roof. In spite of the receipts from the fair, only about \$3,500 was now available. The subscriptions to the \$14,000 February 8, 1864, were made on condition that \$65,000 would finish the church, and were con-

* This matter was laid over until after Easter, when the pews having rented for considerably more than the preceding year, the rector's salary was fixed at \$4,200.

An Ambassador of Christ

sequently released. Mr. Beattie estimated that it would now take some \$53,000 to complete the work, which, with the old debt of \$11,000, made a sum almost as large as they had raised two years before.

This was too serious an affair for the vestry to decide, and a meeting of the pew-owners in the new church was held on February 26, 1866, and when the case was plainly stated and fully discussed, it was unanimously resolved "that the vestry be empowered to mortgage the property of the church for a sum sufficient to finish and furnish the church, so far as may be necessary to prepare it for religious services." And so Christ Church was launched into the sea of debt which was to harass it for the next fifteen years. Yet it is certain that had not this been done, the Diocese of Missouri would have no cathedral worthy the name.

Still this greatly affected Dr. Schuyler, who had fondly hoped to complete the church "without a dollar of debt," and in his Diary we find this entry, March 5th: "Attended a vestry meeting and began, as I ought to have done before, to open the meeting with prayer." But as it was now near the beginning of Lent, and the pew-owners' meeting not largely attended, and the money on hand sufficient to carry on the building at least till Easter, the vestry decided to let the whole parish think over the matter and express itself at the next election, Easter Monday.

The confidence of the parish was shown at that time by practically re-electing the vestry, the only new members being Messrs. J. B. Gazzam* and David Folsom.

Some entries in the Diary deserve notice:

Good Friday.

The Bishop confirmed 26 persons. It was particularly solemn to me, as my dear son Louis was among the number.

* This was the beginning of Mr. Gazzam's remarkable services for Christ Church, he being still treasurer of the Cathedral at the present time, 1901.

Building the New Church

Easter, April 1st.

This has been a delightful, joyous Easter. I have never seen such a number in the chapel at the Holy Communion. Collection for memorial windows, \$127.50! It has been a very great comfort to me to receive my dear boy Louis to the Communion.

April 9th.

Attended meeting of the vestry this evening. No determination reached, though I think it is the desire, if not design, of one and all to go on with the building. The plan seems to be to borrow the money; and the principal difficulty is as to the rate of interest.

Still at this meeting it was resolved to form Christ Church into a religious corporation, so that money might be borrowed more readily, and Mr. Shepley was to draw up the articles of incorporation and Messrs. Durkee and Gazzam were to draw up a plan of issuing interest-bearing bonds, which they hoped to dispose of among the congregation.

On April 20th the treasurer of the building committee reported himself out of funds, and thereupon "Mr. Shepley and Dr. Clark of the building committee agreed to raise the money immediately needed and see that there should be no delay on this account."

Vestry meetings and parish meetings followed thick and fast. On May 14th the parish accepted the articles of incorporation prepared by Mr. Shepley, and a circular was drawn up, describing the plan of the loan, which was printed and distributed among the congregation the next Sunday. On May 21st a committee was appointed by a parish meeting, to see what portion of the loan would be taken by members of the church, at a rate of six per cent. On May 28th this committee reported to the adjourned parish meeting that \$13,000 * only had been subscribed. And then the treasurer of the building committee, who had been, up to this time, one of the most active in push-

* This sum was subsequently raised to \$16,500.

An Ambassador of Christ

ing the project of the new church, took fright and said that

The interest on this loan and other expenses in the new church would make an annual expense of at least \$14,000, with this enormous debt to be provided for, and asked the meeting if it was the desire of the parish that the vestry jeopardize the property of the church by such a loan. He, for one, did not think it safe, and would prefer that the work should stop rather than take so great a risk.

Dr. Schuyler desired to know what would be gained by delay, and expressed his opinion that if the work were *now* discontinued, the church would never be completed, and it would be ruin to the parish.

Mr. Alexander stated that the present expenses of the chapel for one year were over \$7,000, which were met by members less than 300 in number, and he asked if it were any too great risk to suppose that a church, that when completed would hold more than three times the number that the chapel can accommodate, could pay an annual expense of twice the present expenses.

Mr. Forster made some remarks, strongly advocating the borrowing of the money without delay and pushing on the church to completion.

The meeting then voted and directed the vestry "to obtain the money by loan on the Church property and proceed with the work." [From Minutes of Parish Meeting.]

In the Diary is found:

May 29th.

At vestry meeting to-night it was resolved to borrow \$50,000, provided the congregation would loan (on second mortgage) or purchase pews to amount to \$14,000. The condition of the parish, under the circumstances, seems very discouraging. God grant that some way may be devised and carried into effect to relieve us from the difficulty.

May 30th.

Wrote to Mr. Mackay as to the probability of effecting a loan in New York City. I cannot feel much encouraged as to the condition of the parish.

Building the New Church

June 2d.

"Z" [treasurer of the building committee] gave notice to the men that the work must stop. I shall call a vestry meeting and see that the matter is reconsidered.*

Sunday, June 3d.

Preached this morning on the *duty* of going on with the church. Vestry meeting immediately after service. They resolved to keep on for this week.

* Dr. Schuyler's gloomy opinion of the condition of the parish was largely due to the action of the good treasurer, who had been one of his warmest friends and most faithful supporters during the trying days of '61 and '62, but who now took his rector's opposition to discontinuing the work as a personal matter. After his stopping the work on his own responsibility was not supported, and the money borrowed, Z resigned the positions he held in the vestry and board of trustees of the Church Corporation and got released from his subscription, but still remained in the parish, endeavoring to get up a party which would stop the work, sell the property and build further west. Failing in this, for he found absolutely no supporters, he finally treated his rector with great coldness, barely recognizing him when they met, refusing him admission to his house when he called, and absenting himself from communion. Dr. Schuyler, who at first feared a repetition of his Buffalo experience, did everything he could to bring about an understanding, especially after he found that Z was practically powerless in his opposition.

At last he wrote him a note asking for an interview. To this Z sent the following reply :

"Dec. 16, 1867.

"Yours of the 8th came duly to hand. After careful thought and reflection upon the contents of your note, I am confident that an interview would not produce any good to either of us. With a desire to keep any differences of opinion which may exist within their present dimensions, I beg leave to decline accepting your suggestions."

Dr. Schuyler replied Dec. 17th :

"Yours of the 16th received. It was solely for your satisfaction that I proposed the interview, as I know of no cause of complaint on your part, and only inferred from your treatment of me that there must be something which you would like an opportunity to explain.

"With me it is a small matter 'to be judged of man's judgments,' but it certainly becomes a question of serious import to your soul's welfare, whether you are to withdraw from the Holy Communion.

"It is in this light I wish you to look at this question, and if you can come 'in love and charity with your neighbors' you may be sure I shall gladly receive you and desire no explanation you may not wish to give.

"So long as you are pleased to place yourself under my ministrations, it is my duty to remind you that you can not refuse obedience to the Saviour's dying command and be guiltless.—Truly your friend and pastor,

M. SCHUYLER.

Z then immediately severed his connection with Christ Church and joined another congregation.

An Ambassador of Christ

June 5th.

The vestry had a meeting this afternoon and commissioned me to go to New York and Philadelphia for the purpose of making a loan of \$50,000 to finish the church. I shall go most reluctantly, because I have very little hope that anything can be accomplished in this way.

Still Dr. Schuyler left for the East the next day, resolved that failure should not result from any lack of effort on *his* part.

For a week he remained in New York, staying at the house of Mr. Eidlitz, and spending his days in the city, trying to make the loan at eight per cent., which was the limit allowed him. He called to his aid while there prominent business men, with whose assistance, if it had been possible, the money could have been obtained; but after making many applications, he was satisfied that "the money could not be obtained at the rate allowed him." And so, after preaching on Sunday in Old Trinity, he turned homeward, going by way of Buffalo and Marshall. At both these places he was detained by the serious illness of his wife, who had accompanied him for the sake of her health. At last, on Saturday, July 7th, he reached St. Louis, and on Monday he met the vestry and made his report. He found that during his absence members of the congregation had pledged themselves to loan \$14,500 on second mortgage, if the \$50,000 could be borrowed, and so the vestry appointed Dr. Schuyler and Mr. R. C. Gordon as a committee to make a loan in St. Louis at ten per cent, if they could not get a lower rate. The Diary goes on:

July 10, 1866.

Spent the morning in attending to the matter of the loan for the church. Visited individually the several members of the Board of Directors of the Boatman's Savings Bank. Learned, to our great gratification, this evening, that they had concluded to make the loan. [\$50,000 for two years at 10%.]

And then for the rest of the week, through a blistering spell of hot weather, he went about the town, attending to the multi-

Building the New Church

farious and complicated business connected with the loan, it being necessary to get the signatures of the old trustees as well as those of the new church corporation. Beside this, he went over to the quarry with Mr. Gordon on the 17th: "Found but very few men at work. It looks discouraging in the way of progress—we have five stone-cutters, and we ought to have fifteen." Then on the 18th he "spent the morning working for the church—succeeded in getting free tickets for the teams across the ferry. Sat up last night with Mr. C. It is astonishing how his strength holds out," and then the indefatigable pastor's own strength gave out and he collapsed.

For over a week he was confined to his bed, but pulled himself together for Sunday morning service. And the next day "spent the greater part of the morning at the church. Spent the afternoon at home." And from this time through the rest of the year we find him nearly every day "at the church" either in the morning or afternoon. Mr. Beattie says that Dr. Schuyler not only inspected almost every bit of work done there, but that he was always ready to throw off his coat, pull a rope, turn a windlass or steady a stone, and lend a hand in every possible way with more skill than most workmen, and with an interest and enthusiasm which were inexhaustible.

One thing had been of great help to Dr. Schuyler during this time of trouble and worry, and that was the absorbing interest he took in writing a story, which was later published under the title of "The Pioneer Church." Its inception was purely accidental. About the middle of Lent this entry is found in the Diary: "March 10, 1866. Began a story for the Sunday-school children, instead of the usual address at Easter." All he originally intended was a short story of a couple of children, who, living in a frontier town without a church, were the cause of the founding of a Sunday-school, which, with God's aid, prospered and developed into a church. But as Dr. Schuyler wrote, the subject grew upon him; the reminiscences of his early life in Marshall crowded his mind; the characters he had

An Ambassador of Christ

imagined became more vivid and life-like, and the little story grew into a book. All through the rest of Lent he worked at every spare moment on it, and by Easter, when he read the first chapter to the children at the Sunday-school celebration, it was almost half done. His children remember what a joy the writing of it was to him, what child-like delight he manifested when they would ask him to read each chapter as it was finished, and how spiritedly he read it, his dear face beaming at the enthusiastic interest they showed. In writing and reading and talking about it, he could get away from the worry of the almost overwhelming crisis of Christ Church back into the fondly remembered times of his early manhood.

In the Diary, April 18, 1866, is the following: "Spent part of the day in my study writing upon my book. . . . This is the third evening this week that I have had gentlemen to spend the evening, and have not been able to write." But in order to save his unfailing hospitality from injury, he finished the book the next day.

On May 1st he began rewriting it, making amendments and alterations, and in spite of the many distractions of that busy month, had the copy finished in time to take it to New York with him. When there, he submitted it for publication to the Sunday-school Union and Church Book Society.

On his return to St. Louis he found the following letter awaiting him from the editor of the society:

MY DEAR DR. SCHUYLER:

By to-day's express I return the MS. you did me the honor to submit for examination. I found it very readable, as I stated to you when I had the happiness of seeing you at the Depository; and there is a great deal in it with which I agree most cordially. But there are so many things which it would be inadvisable for the society to publish—as, in relation to Hard Shell Baptists, whiskey-drinking Irish, and priests, love-scenes, village gossip, dancing—in all of which there is more or less of truth mixed up, that I think you will concur with me, a good deal of criticism from opposite quarters would be brought down upon the Society by the publication.

Building the New Church

If you should bring it out, it would be better, I think, to publish it on your personal responsibility; and I have no doubt that in the neighborhood of the scenes which are so spiritedly described, it would find a goodly number of interested readers.

For eighty pages or so I have used my pencil with freedom, and am sorry you should have the trouble of effacing the marks with India rubber.

This letter was quite a shock to the author, who had no idea that he had been doing anything objectionable in describing life in a frontier town with truth and spirit. But he finally resolved to publish the book on his own responsibility, and give the profits, if any, to the domestic missions, which had always been dear to his heart.

After modestly accepting many of the pencilled emendations, he sent the book to his cousin, the Rev. Dr. Anthony Schuyler, for criticism. The MS. came back with this letter:

September 29, 1866.

I have gone through with the book. . . . You will see that my criticisms and emendations are of two kinds—one class is where I have endeavored to redeem the book from the air of commonness, which I certainly think, if printed, it would otherwise wear. In so doing, I do not think I have marred the characters at all. Yours are, perhaps, more true to nature than mine. But your book is not simply a story true to nature, nor was it written for the sake of the story. It was written for a far higher purpose. I have not prejudiced *that* by my alterations at all. On the contrary, I think I *further* it, by making it a book which will improve the thought and conversation of children and elevate them. It is to be a specimen of church literature for Sunday Schools. As such, I am sure I have improved it, and I would improve it at the expense of elevating the conversation of vulgar people.

The other class of corrections is designed to make the book read smoothly and rhetorically. . . . In such cases, change the style back, if you please. Please reflect upon my suggestion as to love passages in such a book. I believe that chapter, if it stands, will be scorchingly noticed in the papers.

And now let me say, my dear cousin, that I think you remark-

An Ambassador of Christ

ably good natured and uncommonly free from the touchiness of authors as to their productions. Your letter in answer to mine was a model of Christian forbearance and kindness. After such a stricture, I feared a blowing up. Well, if I can *criticise*, rest satisfied that I could not *write* so good and useful a book. The plan is a capital one, and the working out is complete; all the points of importance are touched and well handled, and I congratulate you.

The fact that his cousin agreed with the secretary of the Church Book Society convinced Dr. Schuyler that he must elevate the language and eliminate the love-scenes, which he accordingly did in the course of the autumn.*

Early the next year he borrowed the money to bring out the book, which was printed by Hurd & Houghton. It ran through four editions, the expense of the second being defrayed by a lady of the parish and the other two on the publishers' responsibility. The last edition was in 1880. Dr. Schuyler's heart was especially delighted by some letters that he received later from churchmen in frontier towns, who, inspired by the simple story, also built churches in the wilderness.†

The Diary for August 7, 1866, says: "There are reported several cases of cholera in the city." This was the beginning of the last visitation of the dread disease to this country, which lasted in St. Louis till October this year and broke out for a short period in September and October the next. One week later Dr. Schuyler "was called to see the first case of cholera," and for the next two months he labored incessantly, comforting

* On comparing a very vivid recollection of the story in its first version, with the printed volume, I am inclined to differ with the above criticisms, and feel that "The Pioneer Church," in its first form, was the better book, because a truer one, being a picture of Western life as the writer had seen it.—W. S.

† On March 15th, 1867, while the book was being printed, Dr. Schuyler "began on a new story, a continuation of the 'Pioneer Church.'" He worked on this intermittently for the next three years, and in 1870 it was published as a serial in *The Church Register*. It was called "The Young Deacon," but like most "continuations" it was inferior to the first work. There is also an air of restraint about it, as if the author was afraid of letting himself go and being too natural and life-like.

Building the New Church

the sick, cheering the dying, and consoling the afflicted. Few of his own congregation were among the victims, but Montgomery Schuyler, in works of mercy, knew no distinction of wealth, race, or breed. Night and day he was working in the slums through the height of the epidemic that for a time numbered over a hundred fresh cases daily. Through the worst of the scourge he and his family escaped, although he was constantly exposed to the infection; but on September 17th, after returning from the funeral of one of his parish who had died from the disease, he and three of his children, besides one of the servants, were all taken with the first symptoms. Fortunately, the family physician had left remedies, with explicit directions for administering them, and instructions for nursing, which were faithfully carried out by Mrs. Schuyler; and when the overworked physician finally arrived, he found the danger averted. Those of the family who are old enough, will never forget the terror of that night and the dread of the days following, for the father was the most seriously affected; but all that is found in the Diary is the following: "September 17th. The day has been particularly gloomy. September 18th. Have not been outdoors to-day. Began a sermon on the degrees of bliss in the Heavenly World. The cholera has not abated much. Dr. Comstock says he has five new cases to-day. September 19th. Spent the whole day in my study. Have been reading, as I could not muster spirit enough to write on my sermon."

But the next day he pulled himself together, and in company with his wife, who went along to look after him, he made two or three visits to sick people, and then the record of the old round continues till early in October, when the epidemic abated for the year.

In November the great fair for the Southern Relief Society was held; and as Mrs. Schuyler had taken charge of the Ladies' Furnishing Department, Dr. Schuyler assisted her greatly—got Mr. Beattie to design the "cottage," and the church carpenters to put it up for little or nothing, and helped in innum-

An Ambassador of Christ

able other ways; for whenever there was "a brother in need"—no matter where he came from—he was always ready to do all in his power to assist him.

Meanwhile the work on the church was progressing surely but slowly, the chief difficulty being the hauling of stone from the quarry—several miles across the river in the Illinois highlands. During the summer it was almost impossible to get teams, except at exorbitant rates, and during rainy weather the roads were so bad that the heavy stones could not be hauled at all, which made it impossible to close any rigid contract for the job. So slowly was the stone delivered that nearly every block was laid by one man—William Veitch, from Aberdeen, Scotland—but as he was a master of his craft and a man of the same stamp as Lark and Beattie, it secured the practically perfect work which may stand for ages. But often Mr. Veitch had to be idle for lack of material. In the Diary for 1866 we find the weather for each day carefully noted, and when pleasant, hopes for the church. One entry reads: "*Rainy, rainy, rainy* day—no stone for the church." Another, "Have been trying to get teams to haul stone, but cannot succeed." And a third, October 25th, "It has been a terribly rainy day. Have spent the whole day in my study, writing upon my sermon and reading. I wish I could keep out of my mind the thought of the bad roads that keep us from hauling stone. But I must try to discipline myself to patience."

Mr. Alexander, who was appointed by the vestry to engage teams, reported that "four teams had been obtained from our city, each of which made one trip and refused to return." But at last, on December 4th he was able to report that "the farmers had again taken hold of the work and almost all the stone at the quarry had been brought over to the church." And a little before this, on November 17th, he had written in the Diary, "This morning 'we' set the centre of the last chancel arch." The end of the mason work was now in sight.

In January, 1867, the vestry-room and rector's study were

Building the New Church

finished, and on the 29th Dr. Schuyler moved into it. Here, in that little upper room, he was to be found almost every morning for nearly thirty years. Many a suffering mortal climbed the narrow, winding stairs to find material aid and loving consolation for the sorrow and deprivations of this world, and heavenly hope for the world to come. And here Montgomery Schuyler spent hours of silent meditation and prayer, strengthening himself with grateful earnestness for his Master's work. On January 9, 1868, he wrote: "This is my fifty-fourth birthday. Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life."

The work on the church proceeded all through the winter, the men working whenever the weather permitted; but once more it was found that, owing to a number of causes—among them the steady rise of prices and wages—that there would not be enough money to get the church ready for occupation. At the vestry meeting of March 4, 1867, "Mr. Shepley stated that as it had been made clear to him and the balance of the vestry that we should need an addition of say \$12,000 to complete the church, he would be one of twelve to make a donation of \$1,000. Mr. J. P. Doan agreed to be one of the twelve. Messrs. Bent, Gordon, and Russell stated that they would donate what they had subscribed as a loan. This was all done in a conversational way, and Mr. Doan and Dr. Schuyler agreed to see others and have them make as liberal donations, to save us from incurring so large a debt, if possible."

And so Dr. Schuyler, as once before, in Buffalo, found himself pledged to do what was most distasteful to him, and what his judgment decided to be a most dangerous proceeding; but now he felt that he could not refuse to do any honorable thing to save the church, so near completion. To stop now would be ruinous; the church must go on, and feelings of personal pride and the dignity of his office must go down before this pressing necessity. His taste and feelings should count for nothing when God's work was to be done.

An Ambassador of Christ

This meeting was held just before Lent; and in his "pastoral letter" he laid the whole matter before the congregation and then went on:

Those who can buy a pew, and have not done so as yet, can give their help in this way. There are pews at all prices, from \$100 to \$1,500 each. . . . There are some who would esteem it a privilege to pay for a memorial window to a dear relation or friend, and in this way, while gratifying a cherished wish of their heart, contribute at the same time to building the church.

But what your Pastor wishes now especially to propose is that during this holy season you will all, rich and poor, young and old, lay by in store, as God shall prosper you, and, by studied self-denial and scrupulous care, save from your income, earnings, and receipts such sums as you can, and on the joyous Easter morn come and present them on the altar as an offering unto the Lord. . . . It is not your pastor's province to intermeddle with your private affairs, nor to prescribe to individuals the measure of their alms. All he can do is to call your attention to the requirements of the Master from whom you have received your talents and to whom you must render an account.

And I would refer here to a fact which may not be generally known: that during the period we have been building, a few with limited means have come with their offerings of one, three, and five dollars, and these offerings have been carefully deposited, and doubtless have gone up as a memorial before God. Some of the choicest stones in the building have been laid by these self-denying contributions, and the handiwork of many days and weeks of an humble woman has brought to our treasury a larger gift than all they who have cast in of their abundance.

As an example worthy of imitation, your Pastor would refer to the account given in the Book of Exodus, Chap. xxxv.

Here followed the story of the building of the Tabernacle, and the rector's comments upon it, and he then concluded:

Let this examination be an incentive to us, and let the Easter offerings be an earnest of what we can and will do to finish the work under a sense of our dependence on the great Master Builder, and for the honor of His Name, not forgetting that

Building the New Church

"except the Lord build the House, they labor in vain that build it."

All through Lent Dr. Schuyler threw himself into the work; day after day the Diary tells that he was "at work for the church, soliciting subscriptions." One of the first things he did was to sell a pew for \$1,500; then he secured several memorial windows, then two weeks before Easter he reported that subscribers to the second mortgage bonds (which, by the way, were never issued) to the sum of \$7,800 had changed their loans to gifts.* Others said that they would do all they could and lay their offering on the altar at Easter. The rector did not cease visiting and soliciting until Holy Week, and then he gave himself up to prayer, that the Lord would bless his labor and turn the hearts of his people to the building of His house. The Diary for Easter says: "This has been a glorious day for us. The church was crowded to excess, and we had a grand offering on the altar of \$21,477.†

"There was one offering of \$3,000, and three of \$2,000 each; but there were also those which attest the fact that 'the widow's mite' or its counterpart finds its way into the treasury of the Lord even in these days. There was an offering of \$16, all saved in five-cent pieces, \$15 by a servant girl,‡ and \$5 by a poor washerwoman. The Sunday-school gave \$206."

Montgomery Schuyler could, indeed, praise God, for now it was a blessed certainty that he should worship in the new temple before the close of the year.

At the parish meeting only two new names, Mr. B. E. Walker and Colonel J. R. Shaler, were added to the vestry in place of Messrs. Russell and Durkee. Later Dr. Wm. Tod Helmuth and J. R. Triplett were added, to fill vacancies made by the resignation of Dr. J. J. Clark and Mr. J. P. Dean. These last-named

* All the members of the vestry and Dr. Schuyler were among this number. The others who had pledged themselves to take the bonds were released from their pledges.

† This included the subscriptions secured by the rector.

‡ The faithful nurse, Jane Stewart, who had been in Dr. Schuyler's family for years.

An Ambassador of Christ

gentlemen had been most active in their labors; but now that the work was practically accomplished, they felt that younger men should take their places.

At the first meeting of the new vestry Messrs. Gordon, Bent, and Shaler were elected as the building committee, and "on motion of Mr. Bent, the rector was added to the committee." This last act was but the official recognition of what had been the fact since the work on the church had recommenced. As one of the gentlemen expressed it, Dr. Schuyler was the building committee. At their request he had attended all their meetings, carried on the correspondence with the architect, and with Mr. Doremus (who furnished the stained-glass windows), had continually prodded the leisurely Lark to hasten the work in the quarry, had engaged teams to haul stone, besides assisting the resident architect and helping the workmen. But now that he was a full member of the committee he took more and more of the work upon himself, looked after the carpenters, arranged contracts for the painting, tiling, heating, lighting, and chancel furniture; wrote, telegraphed, and hurried up the workmen, while the other members gladly assisted him and ratified all his separate actions.

All through the summer he labored at the work, being absent from the church but one Sunday in August, when he paid a flying visit to Marshall, to bring back some members of his family he had sent away for the summer. The building went on apace, rector and vestry straining every nerve to have it finished by Christmas at the latest. If funds ran low on account of slowness or difficulty in collecting subscriptions, the members of the vestry discounted their personal notes so that the work should not stop for a day. It had been decided to omit the galleries in the transepts, but Messrs. Davies and Ritchie, the carpenters, carried away by the prevailing enthusiasm, put them in at their own expense, presenting the south gallery free to the church, and reserving only the rent of pews in the north gallery for a term of years.

Building the New Church

In September and October a brief return of the cholera for a time distracted Dr. Schuyler's attention from the church. Mr. F. R. Alexander, "whose bright face and cheering words had so often encouraged and helped us on, and who never spared himself when he could accomplish a good work for the church," was one of the victims of the epidemic, which was quite virulent while it lasted.

As Christmas approached, Dr. Schuyler stirred up contractors and workmen, so that by extra exertions and working overtime, the building was at last ready. In his Diary he says on December 21, 1867:

Have spent the greater part of the day in helping to get the church ready for Christmas. Dec. 22d: Preached in the morning at the chapel. This is the last service. We begin on Christmas in the new church. Dec. 24th: Have spent the whole of this day about the church getting ready for Christmas. Dec. 25th: Christmas. This has been a glad day to us all. The church was opened for the first time for worship. It was crowded with people. God be thanked for his great goodness in crowning with success our enterprise for Christ and His church.

In the introduction of the eloquent sermon which he delivered on this occasion Dr. Schuyler said:

Under no circumstances could we suffer Christmas to pass without an explicit acknowledgment of that greatest of all gifts—the gift of His dear Son. But there is a special call for rejoicing upon us as a parish. This house of God which we hope ere long to consecrate to His service, and which we now open for His worship, is the result of long years of persevering struggle, anxious toil, prayerful thought, and unstinted devotion of our worldly substance. Cold, indeed, must be that heart which does not beat with a quicker throb of grateful joy as we assemble here for the first time to mingle our prayers and praises together and record our glad acknowledgment of the goodness and mercy which have blessed our labors and brought them to a successful issue. The rude blasts of winter no longer sweep through its unclosed windows, the noise of the workman's hammer has ceased, and a sacred

An Ambassador of Christ

stillness pervades this chosen spot, henceforth to be hallowed by the presence of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords.*

* About two weeks before Christmas Dr. Schuyler wrote a description of the church for the *Democrat*, from which the following extracts are taken :

"The plan is cruciform, with shallow transepts, an apsidal chancel, with a chapel attached at the south-east corner.

"The style of architecture is that which prevailed in the fourteenth century, technically termed 'Second Pointed,' or 'Early English Decorated.' The church is properly placed as regards orientation. The arrangement of the main church consists of a nave and aisles. The nave is 121 feet long, divided into five bays, besides the large arches (60 feet high) across the transepts, and 36 feet wide and 95 feet from floor to ridge of roof, or about 27 feet higher than Trinity Church, New York. The chancel is 37 feet deep, by 36 feet wide, and of the same height with the nave, and separated therefrom by a magnificent double arch. The aisles are each 68 by 36 feet and the transepts 18 by 36 feet. The edifice throughout is an honest one—not a sham in it—the walls, arches, window frames, mullions, and even down to the window traceries being of cut stone of a beautiful soft color much resembling Caen stone, and all laid up in cement. The glass is set in lead. The only wood about the church is the furnishing, which is of black walnut; and in the open-timbered roof, which is massive in its framing, and is supported on stone corbels, built in with, and forming part of, the clerestory walls. The roof of the chancel is also open-timbered, resting on short hammer beams, supported on stone corbels, and, like the roof of the nave and aisles, is decorated in polychrome, and is enlivened with stars and fleur-de-lis in gold on an ultramarine-blue field. Immediately back of the altar on the central panel and directly under the memorial window to the late Bishop Kemper, who at one time had charge of this parish, is painted on the wall a picture of the crucifixion. The nave is divided from the aisles by five beautifully moulded bays, the columns of which are octagonal in shape and without capitals, the mouldings of the arches dying into the columns. All of the windows are of stained glass, nearly all of them memorials, the ground work of which being of the richest blue. All of these are figure windows of excellent design and gorgeous coloring."

CHAPTER XIV

THE BURDEN OF DEBT

THE congregation of Christ Church increased greatly after the opening of the new church. As Dr. Schuyler had predicted, many people had been waiting for the new building to be ready in order to cast their lot with the parish, and the Sunday services were swelled by transient travellers who were attracted by the beauty of the superb interior, which had no equal in the West and no superior in the country. In the Diary are found frequent entries of "large congregation," "church crowded"—and in the rector's sanguine mind there opened out limitless opportunities of successful labor in his Master's vineyard. At Easter, 1868, all the pews of the great church were filled and many stood in the aisles not only at the morning service, but at the Sunday-school celebration in the afternoon. His address to the children began:

Again we have assembled on our annual Easter Festival to commemorate the great event the Church brings to our notice at this time. . . This is the first festival in the new church, and it is well that we should make this an era in our history. Some of the youngest of you may be spared to look back over the history of a generation to this day—to see your children assembled here to unite their glad voices in the same joyous songs with which you are now commemorating your risen Lord. It will then be an *old* church, and those of us "old folks" who are now here will be sleeping in the quiet of the graveyard. This is a changing world, and while you will fill our places for a little while, others will come up to take your places, and thus the congregations of the living will pass on to swell the ever-increasing population of the city of the dead. But this noble structure we may believe will stand in all its solemn grandeur for centuries to receive generation after generation who shall assemble here to be taught the word of Faith and to worship the God of their Fathers. It will have a history whose record shall be noted in the Book of Life and whose momentous issues the revolving ages of eternity alone can compute.

An Ambassador of Christ

You have helped to build the church. This tasteful altar and the tiling in the chancel have been paid for by your contributions, as well as one of the windows in the chancel, which it will be your privilege to designate in memory of some one of the Rectors of this church when he shall be called to rest from his labors.*

To build a church in honor of the Most High is an act of pious devotion—and it will be an occasion to you all of grateful remembrance that you were privileged to add your mite to the accomplishment of such an object.

On April 19, 1868, Bishop Hawks died, quite suddenly at last, although he had been rapidly failing for some time. The last service he had attended was in Christ Church on Palm Sunday. He sat in the chancel, while Bishop Vail, of Kansas, administered confirmation, but he took no part in the service. Dr. Schuyler was called to see him just before he died and offered prayer by his bedside.

Before the convention met which was to choose Bishop Hawks's successor Dr. Schuyler was much talked about as the proper man for the place. Had he desired the office there is no doubt that he could have been elected. His success in opening Christ Church under such tremendous obstacles made him at this time the most prominent clergyman of the Transmississippi States. But he resolutely set his face against any such move. He felt that Missouri needed a young, active, and vigorous man to be the chief missionary of its benighted diocese, which was just beginning to recover from the horrors of the Civil War, and as he was now in his fifty-fifth year he felt that the work to be carried on in Christ Church was all that his powers were capable of. And so he threw the weight of his influence in favor of Daniel S. Tuttle, then Missionary Bishop of Montana. He was sure from Bishop Tuttle's record in the West, that he would soon put life into the stagnant diocese, reopen the deserted missions, and build new temples in its vast spiritual wilderness.

* This window was dedicated to the memory of Bishop Hawks.

The Burden of Debt

The Diary says:

May 28, 1868.

To-day the convention met in Kirkwood. I was elected President of the convention. I have so far succeeded better than I could have hoped in the discharge of duties to which I am so entirely unaccustomed.

May 29th.

This has been a day of deep interest. Bishop Tuttle was elected on the first ballot by a concurrent vote of Clergy and Laity. The convention has been singularly earnest and harmonious, and I pray God that its action may redound to His glory.

May 30th.

I have been so wearied to-day that I have not had strength to do anything.

That Dr. Schuyler's health was failing had been evident for some time. The amount of work and worry connected with finishing the church, in addition to his regular parish duties, growing heavier day by day with his rapidly increasing congregation, had brought on a severe attack of nervous dyspepsia. Dr. R. N. Jordan, one of his parishioners, strongly advised the water of the Sulphur Springs, near Winchester, Va., and Dr. Schuyler finally resolved to try them, and to take his family with him. In his Diary, June 29th, he says:

"Left this afternoon. Was most agreeably surprised by a noble present of \$500 * from several of my parishioners. May I be truly grateful for such kindness."

By means of this unexpected aid and of another present of \$100 from a parishioner, Dr. Schuyler was enabled to visit Washington and Baltimore before settling down for the sum-

* This gift was accompanied by the following letter: "A few of your many friends, being cognizant of your contemplated trip for the summer, made to obtain a little rest, to which your unceasing labors have entitled you, and appreciating the expense incident to such trip, beg leave to present you with the enclosed drafts, which they hope may be the means of enabling you and your family to reap the benefit you seek. Wishing you and all yours a pleasant summer and a safe return, we remain," etc.

Signed by 35 parishioners.

An Ambassador of Christ

mer at the Sulphur Springs. Here, whether it was the virtue of the waters, or the many tramps and fishing excursions in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley together with daily bowling in the tenpin alley, he found his dyspepsia much relieved. During his stay he had services in the hotel parlor every Sunday he was at the Springs, for he made numerous excursions in the Old Dominion, preaching at many of the surrounding towns and being greatly delighted with the people of the State, and the warm reception everywhere extended him. He had expected to stay at the Springs until the time for the general convention, but an unwelcome event changed his plans.

"As president of the convention, Dr. Schuyler, on the day succeeding the adjournment, had written to Bishop Tuttle informing him of his election, and urging his acceptance. He received a reply, dated July 7, 1868, declining, for the reason, among others, that he 'could not leave the field assigned him by the Church.'"

This necessitated a special convention, which Dr. Schuyler called for September 3d, and returned home for that purpose. In his address at the opening of the convention he said:

It was right that we should be overruled in our choice. Why we were thus overruled it is not for short-sighted man to say. But "God's ways are not our ways," and hence it is always dangerous to attempt to interpret the meaning of those Providential dealings whose issues are in the distant future.

Diary, Sept. 3d.

This has been a day of great interest for the Church in Missouri. The Convention met at 10:30 A.M. We elected, after several ballots, Rev. Charles F. Robertson, of Batavia, N. Y. I pray God that our work may receive His sanction.

Dr. Schuyler was appointed on the committee to correspond with Mr. Robertson, and resigned his position as delegate to the general convention in order that he might visit in person the Bishop-elect and secure his acceptance.

The Burden of Debt

Diary, Sept. 15th.

Went to Batavia and called upon Mr. Robertson, Bishop-elect. He seems an earnest young man. I am afraid too young for himself and the Diocese. He will undoubtedly accept. May God strengthen him in his work.

Years afterward Dr. Schuyler wrote that he had been "much impressed with the conscientiousness, judgment, earnestness, and good sense manifested in frankly discussing the grave questions demanding his decision. He had studied the map of Missouri thoroughly and comprehended the vast possibilities of the work it presented. It was clearly apparent that if he accepted the call it would be with a just appreciation of the duties involved."

Mr. Robertson did accept the call, and after his consecration in October held his first service in his diocese at Christ Church. And through the rest of his life he had no more loyal and earnest co-worker than Dr. Schuyler. Although the two strong men, as was natural, sometimes differed upon points of policy, these differences never assumed a personal character—and their correspondence, private as well as official, was ever marked by the high honor and profound respect in which each was held by the other.

At the close of October the vestry and trustees of Christ Church, in order to put the finances of the parish on a definite footing and close up all floating debts which had been incurred by the partial completion of the church, made a note of \$70,000 at the Boatman's Bank for two years at ten per cent. This was considered at the time a better plan than to trouble the new congregation, which was rapidly filling the church, with appeals to pay off the floating debt before they were fairly settled in their pews or had begun to feel identified with the parish. Within the next two years the effort could be made.

Although Dr. Schuyler did not attend the general convention this year, yet he followed its proceedings with the greatest interest and gave his congregation his opinions on its

An Ambassador of Christ

actions in a very able sermon. What he said concerning "changes in the Church ritual and ceremony," which question was attracting great attention at that time, is here quoted because it states the policy which he unvaryingly followed till the end of his life:

Upon this point, Brethren, so far as my individual opinion goes, I would advocate no advance which would not be to the edification of the congregation, or which would involve a serious difference of opinion in the Parish likely to eventuate in discord and disunion. Changes that are desirable will be made in due time, and it is better that they should be of gradual growth, and in such a way as to commend them to the hearty acceptance of the people.

And so gradually, very gradually, from the introduction of early communion each Sunday during Lent and the singing of the responses to the commandments to the full choral service and vested choir of the cathedral and the candles on the altar of the Mary E. Bofinger Memorial Chapel, the changes were so gradual, so well prepared, that no serious difficulty ever occurred. Although Dr. Schuyler was always ready for anything tending to beautify and enhance the solemnity of the worship of God, yet he was never a "Ritualist," and so conservative was his mind that when *he* was ready to endorse an enrichment of the ritual, he found that practically his whole congregation was ready to go with him.

In a letter to his cousin Anthony, he expressed still further his opinion of the subject:

As to Ritualism having any deleterious influence, or as to Bishop Robertson's sympathy with it, there is no ground for such an opinion. I agree with you that it is not best to attempt to put down what may be termed the excesses of Ritualism by *law*. In fact, I am more convinced that there is a certain class of minds who are captivated with these modes of expressing reverence in the worship of the Church and can thus be enlisted more heartily in Church work. You will find, as a rule, that these men are the

The Burden of Debt

hardest workers, and more willing to submit to self-denial than others of the R—— stamp, who affiliates with the Evangelical Alliance and makes himself one of them in all their prayer meetings and Young Men's Christian Associations.

During the latter part of the year Dr. Schuyler, not content with extending the work of Christ Church in its own parish, had, by assisting the efforts of the Rev. J. I. Corbyn, inaugurated and carried to a successful issue a mission in Elleardsville—one of the outlying districts of the city. The first services were held in a hall on November 15, 1868, and Dr. Schuyler devoted many Sunday afternoons to holding services and preaching there. Finally he visited Mr. Charles Elleard, whose wife was one of his parishioners, and secured from him the donation of a lot for a church building, and then with great energy pushed among his parishioners a subscription to assist the struggling congregation to erect an edifice. This was speedily completed, and on Trinity Sunday, 1869, he preached the first sermon in the new church of St. James, of which Dr. Corbyn was the first rector.

It may be well to mention here that two years previously Dr. Schuyler had received a letter from an old parishioner, who was now a vestryman of Trinity Church, Chicago, asking him if he would accept a call to that parish if it were given, or, at least, would come to visit him in Chicago, preach in the church, and see for himself. To this Dr. Schuyler promptly replied in the following letter, which gives admirably his position on a matter much mooted among the clergy:

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 5, 1867.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Your favor of the 4th inst. is this evening received. I thank you for the kindness and frankness with which you have written. I shall answer you with the same frankness. I have laid it down as a rule upon which I have heretofore acted that under no circumstances will I preach upon trial, as it is called, even in the way you suggest. My visit to Chicago would necessarily be regarded

An Ambassador of Christ

in this light unless I had some "bona fide" occasion to call me there. Besides, I have tried to consider my course as to a call to any particular Parish, as under the guidance of Providence, which I certainly could not do, if in any way either directly or indirectly I should knowingly do anything to bring it about.

I cannot, therefore, consistently with the principle upon which I have heretofore acted, give to your suggestion any serious consideration.

Were a call addressed to me directly, I should feel bound to give it *prayerful thought*; nor would I feel myself justified now in indicating what my decision would be, for I would studiously avoid regarding the matter as under advisement.

I remember you very well, and my many other friends, some of whom were once my Parishioners. No matter where a Pastor goes, he never forgets the ties which once bound him to his flock. It is a relation whose issues are linked with eternity and higher and holier than the bonds of mere earthly friendship.

Give my kindest remembrances to my old friends, and believe me,

Truly your friend,

M. SCHUYLER.

On February 18, 1869, Dr. Schuyler received the following utterly unexpected telegram: "An unusually full Parish Meeting of St. Paul's Church, New Haven, to-night unanimously elected you for their rector. Letter by mail."

The letter came in due time, and in the next few days was followed by others from the Bishop of Connecticut, the Bishop of Long Island (who had formerly been rector of St. Paul's), Dr. Twing, of the Board of Domestic Missions; Dr. Chandler, of the Church Book Society; his brother-in-law, James Sandford, and a number of old friends who lived in or near New Haven, all urging him to accept; also a series of warm letters from his cousin, Dr. Anthony Schuyler, whose chief arguments were, that having done a great work in St. Louis, he should pass his remaining days in a firmly-established parish; that "young men were needed in the West, old men in the East," and that there could be no question of the Hand of Providence, the call being unsolicited and unanimous, and that his chil-

The Burden of Debt

dren would grow up in the region of his own birthplace and in the midst of his relations and oldest friends.

Besides, there was a strong desire in Dr. Schuyler's own heart to return East—but against it was the equally strong, if not stronger, feeling to complete the great work in St. Louis he had carried on so far. The salary, which was \$4,000 with a rectory, also offered an improvement on his present financial condition, and the superior educational advantages which would be afforded to his growing family were not to be overlooked. Almost all the members of his family were in favor of the change; but when he thought of severing the ties formed by fifteen years of alternate struggle and victory, his heart misgave him. In his perplexity he submitted the call and some of the accompanying letters to his vestry. The vestry in reply sent him by the Secretary the notification that they had raised his salary to \$5,000, accompanying this with the following resolutions:

Whereas, We, The Vestry of Christ Church Parish, have been informed that our Rector has received an unanimous call from St. Paul's Parish, New Haven, Conn., and have seen the urgent solicitations addressed to him by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Littlejohn and others to induce him to accept the call; therefore,

Resolved, That while it gives us sincere pleasure to know that others besides ourselves so cordially appreciate the great usefulness of our Rector, it is with deep regret we can entertain the possibility of his being drawn to another field of duty; and feeling that such a change is fraught with great danger to the interests of this Parish, and that its future prosperity, and perhaps its existence, is dependent upon the continuance of the relation so long and happily existing between Pastor and People, we earnestly urge upon our beloved Rector to remain with the Parish which he has seen for these years growing under his hand, and which has, amid struggles and trials, arrived at that state which more than ever requires his care, co-operation, and prayers.

And then, not only the members of the vestry but also many of the congregation called upon their rector and gave him

An Ambassador of Christ

such assurances of the feeling of the parish, that he finally made up his mind and sent this letter to the vestry of St. Paul's:

After mature and prayerful consideration, I have felt constrained to decline the call made to me by the Parish of St. Paul's under circumstances of such unanimity of feeling.

Never in the course of my ministry have I had such a struggle to decide as to the path of duty. Clearly, on very many accounts, for myself and my family, it would have been both for our interest and pleasure to have made our abode in your lovely city, and to have enjoyed the many advantages of education and clerical intercourse there offered. I know, too, there is a wide field of labor there, and, as your noble Bishop remarks, with "capabilities for Mission work not exhausted," and yet, under the present circumstances of my parish—circumstances which none but those who are acquainted with them can rightly appreciate—and in the face of the representation of my Vestry, which I herewith enclose, I dare not leave them.

It may be that I have erred in judgment in this decision, but of this I am certain: that it is the ruling of my conscience in view of my accountability to the Great Head of The Church.

Praying that you may be guided to the choice of a Pastor who will serve you far better than I could have done, I am, etc.

All Saints' Day of this year, 1869, was the semi-centennial of the organization of Christ Church Parish, and the vestry resolved not only to make it an occasion for a great celebration, but at the same time to inaugurate a movement for paying a portion of the heavy debt, the interest on which (\$7,000 per annum), in spite of the greatly increased revenue of the church, prevented them from carrying out the pledges they had made to their rector when he had decided to remain with them.

The celebration was held in the evening of Monday, November 1st. The great church was crowded. The bishop and all the clergy of the city were present in the chancel and Dr. Schuyler delivered an historical discourse, reciting the story of the parish from its inception. It was very carefully pre-

The Burden of Debt

pared, giving in a concise but interesting manner all the important points in the varied history of Christ Church, and concluded as follows:

There is one subject more to which I shall briefly call your attention and close. At the last meeting of the Vestry a resolution was passed which I shall now read:

“Resolved, that the large debt which now hangs over the church is not only dangerous to its prosperity, but to its *security*, and that it is incumbent on the Parish to make an effort to reduce the same, and that the Vestry recommend that, in commemoration of the semi-centennial anniversary of the establishment of the Parish, a subscription be commenced, to raise the sum of Thirty Thousand Dollars, but no subscription to be binding unless the sum of Twenty Thousand Dollars be subscribed.”

My brethren, we shall not have commemorated this important era in the history of our church *in vain* if we make it the occasion of inaugurating so important a movement as that proposed by the resolution just read. It is a matter of great moment to the prosperity of this parish—nay, I may say, in the language of the resolution, to its *security*—that we should take immediate steps towards relieving ourselves of this burden. A debt must always rest like an incubus upon us, to impede our growth, and to rise like a lion in the way when we would plan or execute any enterprise for Christ and His Church. I need not argue the question, whether or not it is desirable to make the effort. It will be admitted, without argument, by one and all whose judgment is of any value. The only question is, *Will you do it?* Will you *all*, from the richest to the poorest, from the oldest to the youngest, make common cause in this matter, and enter upon the work with the determination that the largest sum mentioned shall be reached? *You can do it, and you ought to do it*—and then there will be no prouder record associated with this commemoration than the *Thank-offering of Thirty Thousand Dollars devoted to God's House!*

The members of the vestry thereupon immediately began their canvass of the congregation for subscriptions, and carried it on faithfully for the next three months.

But the congregation, with a few generous exceptions, failed

An Ambassador of Christ

to respond. Probably the old members, who had already contributed so much to the building, felt that the payment of the debt belonged to the newer members, and these had not been long enough with the parish to feel that interest in their rector and his work which would lead them to make the special pecuniary sacrifice now demanded. And so the rector was again called in to aid the enterprise.

In the Diary for February 13, 1870, is the following: "Preached in the morning, or rather made my statement and appeal to the congregation in the matter of the debt. May God make it effectual for good."

With the season of Lent which followed the rector commenced the practice of having early communion at 8 A.M. on all Sundays except the first ones of the month. Originally this only continued through the Lenten season, and then it was begun on the great feast days of the Church, and then on saints' days; but when in 1882 the rector was finally provided with an assistant it was extended to every Sunday in the year, and the effect of this practice on the spiritual condition of the parish has been very marked.

An excellent movement was set on foot at this time by Bishop Robertson, in which he was ably seconded by Dr. Schuyler. This was the gathering of all the clergy of the city and of representative laymen from each parish into an organization known as the "Chapter of St. Louis." This body first met on March 7, 1870, in Dr. Schuyler's study, and he was made the dean. To be sure there was no cathedral as yet—for to Dr. Schuyler's great sorrow the debt which hung over Christ Church prevented what was already his dream from being realized. But the Chapter, under the leadership of the enthusiastic young Bishop, became a great power in the church work of St. Louis.

About this time — January, 1870 — *The Church News* was started as the organ of the Bishop and his co-workers in the diocese. To this publication Dr. Schuyler gave much attention

The Burden of Debt

—frequently contributing to its columns and doing all in his power to widen its circulation and extend its influence.

During the season of Lent the vestrymen, assisted by some of the congregation, had been going their rounds and gathering gradually, very gradually, subscriptions for the debt. But Easter passed and the \$20,000 needed to make the subscription valid was by no means reached. This was a great disappointment to Dr. Schuyler, who had hoped to celebrate this feast by the announcement of the good news. Still, the remnant to be raised was not so large as to cause the workers to despair, and so they continued their difficult and disagreeable work. At last the rector felt, in spite of his belief as to the part the clergyman should play in such a matter, that the time had come again for him to set aside his private judgment and personal feelings. The following is found in his Diary, May 16, 1870: "Afternoon went with Mr. Baker to call upon Mrs. A. — and Mrs. L. — to subscribe toward the debt of the church. Mrs. A. — promised a favorable consideration and Mrs. L. — subscribed \$1,000."

Mrs. A. —'s "favorable consideration" probably reduced the margin considerably, for in the Diary of May 23d is found "Meeting of the vestry, and the amount needed to make up the \$20,000 was subscribed by the vestry."

And so the first struggle with the debt resulted favorably, after a long and painful effort, and with not so decisive a victory as had been hoped for. Yet with the expenses of the church considerably reduced, the rector and vestry might pause for a while before making the next attack. And on the first Sunday in November, 1870, Dr. Schuyler was able to preach "On Parochial Matters in Review Since Last All Saints" in a manner that was decidedly encouraging; for beside the subscriptions there was a steady increase in the number of communicants, in the attendance upon the services, in the membership of the Sunday-school, and in the amount of the collections for all objects.

An Ambassador of Christ

About the same time he was very active in helping to start a new scheme of the energetic young Bishop—the “Church Guild” or “Church Brotherhood,” an association of young laymen from the different parishes of the city, who aided in many ways in the work of the church—teaching in Mission Sunday-schools, providing means for establishing new missions, etc. Their work was afterward passed on to the Brotherhood of St. Andrew. The Diary contains frequent notes of attendance at their meetings, many of which were held in the chapel of Christ Church.

The first of January, 1871, was Sunday. The Diary says: “Preached and administered Holy Communion. Very large congregation. Baptized three children. At 2.30 P.M. a fire broke out in the church from the furnace near the chancel, and by the special interposition of Providence the building was saved with a damage of about \$15,000.* Fortunately the smoke was seen issuing from the windows and the fire department was very prompt, so that the flames were quickly extinguished, but not before the pulpit was entirely destroyed, the lectern and Bible burned, together with the chancel steps, and the main floor and pews for nearly one-third of the way down. Two of the memorial windows were broken, and the stone work and all the painting were greatly discolored.”

The state of the mind of the rector, who was on the scene soon after the fire-engines arrived, may be more easily imagined than described. He was in the church surrounded by smoke and flames, helping the firemen and rescuing the sacred vessels, the books and other furniture of the altar, and securing the records of the parish. A few fragmentary notes from his Diary and a couple of extracts from the sermon he preached the following Sunday may be of interest:

* Dr. Schuyler's estimate was naturally much too large. As for the furnaces, they were for years a constant source of annoyance to the Vestry, who were always in dread of another fire, and the bills for repairs and renewals of the furnaces were no small items in the church's expense.

The Burden of Debt

Jan. 2, 1871.

After the fatigue and exposure of Sunday afternoon I had a very sick night. Came down-stairs to receive company about 2 P.M. Felt very much better, and have seen a large number of friends. Am grateful the church is saved from utter destruction.

Jan. 5th.

Came down to the church this morning. Have been receiving the condolence of friends. A number of ladies have called.

Jan. 4th.

Spent the morning looking after matters connected with the estimate of damages on the church. Began my sermon [on the fire] in the evening.

Jan. 5th.

Spent the morning looking after the Insurance Companies. Have had some experience of the contracted notions of the managers of these companies.*

Jan. 6th.

Spent the morning looking about the matter of repairs for the church. Attended meeting of the vestry. Did not accept the proposition of Insurance Companies to pay \$8,000.

Jan. 7th.

Spent the morning in my study and finished my sermon. The ladies have decorated the chapel with the remains of the greens from the church.

Jan. 8th.

Preached in the chapel on the calamity to the church by fire. It has been an occasion of mingled sadness and grateful joy.

The text of the sermon was "God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in time of trouble," and the discourse began:

These words specially become the occasion on which we are again assembled in the chapel where, for years, we were wont to

* The rector's feelings will be understood by all who have suffered from fire. But the insurance companies finally allowed \$10,000 damages, which happened to be considerably more than the bills for repairs. The church was so thoroughly well built that the actual damage proved to be much less than it seemed at first.

An Ambassador of Christ

worship. It is an instance of God's kind, over-ruling Providence that this chapel and church are not a mass of ruins. While we should be thankful for the judicious and noble efforts of the firemen who devoted themselves with untiring energy to the difficult and dangerous work of extinguishing the flames, and to the interposition of many kind friends among the citizens, yet all their efforts and labor would have been in vain had not *He* whom the winds and the waves obey presided over the fierce conflict with the elements and rebuked their rage. To Him we owe a debt of gratitude which, as a congregation now assembled, we should, with one heart and voice, be glad to acknowledge. . . .

And now, my dear Brethren, I would entreat you to let the conviction of the *uncertainty* attendant upon all our earthly possessions be so fastened upon your minds as to lead you to seek more earnestly for those treasures which the fire cannot consume nor moth and rust corrupt. Little did I dream on Sunday morning last, when asking what would seem a very commonplace question, "who can tell when he rises in the morning, under what circumstances the night shall close upon him?" that I was standing for the last time in that pulpit, hallowed by so many cherished associations, and that we were *then* on the verge of a fearful calamity. And yet, is not this the experience of daily life? We know not what a day or an hour may bring forth. Let us, then, take heed of the admonition and watch and be ready. "Let your loins be girded about you and your lamps burning;" and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord, that when he cometh and knocketh, they may open unto Him immediately. "Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when He cometh shall find watching."

During this winter Dr. Schuyler's second son, Louis, was with him. He had always intended to be a minister and had gone to Hobart College with the express purpose of preparing himself for the sacred office. He was singularly free from the ordinary failings of young men and was distinguished by an earnestness and intensity of character unusual in one so young. To aid in his support he had taken a scholarship (granted to those preparing for the ministry), and having learned to play the organ had secured the position of organist in the college chapel. But his chief fault was a certain over-conscientious-

The Burden of Debt

ness, arising from the intensity of his temperament, that sometimes ran into morbid manifestations.

So now at the end of his junior year, he felt that he should not be a clergyman—because he was not worthy to fill that holy office. The harmless college gayeties in which he had indulged seemed to him heinous offences. As he wrote to his father:

How much better it is to give up now than to go through the ordination service with a lie on my lips. When such fellows as W—— enter the ministry ——! But this is not said as the Pharisee, who thanks the Lord that he was not like the publican; but seeing that I am like him, I do not like doing the same. . . . It was always my desire to be a clergyman, and now I would prefer that profession to any other if I could be one. It is the profession of one whom I love more than anyone on this earth, and more than I can love anyone else. . . . And it is only lately that, having examined myself, I find myself unworthy of that sacred calling. . . . But for your sake I would do anything. But this much I have finally decided: that if college has done me no good for the last three years, there is no likelihood of its doing me any good for the remaining year. Home and home influences may work wonders, but college and college influences do not work in the same direction. . . . But, Father, let me come home—the sooner the better—and with you to aid me, I might come to a better conclusion than that at which I have now arrived.

Dr. Schuyler, whose own varied experience had often led him into such “Sloughs of Despond,” urged his son not to decide hastily, but to return to college in the fall, and then if he found himself in the same mind to come home. Louis tried but failed, and October, 1870, found him back at home. Not one word of reproach or upbraiding greeted him, but his father devoted himself to him in innumerable little ways whose sum total was irresistible. He took him as it were into his confidence and showed him plainly by his example what was the life of a true parish priest. He took him with him on his visits to the poor and the afflicted. He made plain to him that one did not cease to be a man by becoming an ambassador of God.

An Ambassador of Christ

And Louis, with his eyes opened to the realities of the sacred calling, reversed his former decision and another devoted helper was gained for the cause of Christ and His Church.

In April, Louis, who had faithfully continued his studies during the winter, returned to Hobart, where he graduated. In the Diary, September 19, 1871, is found: "The standing committee met at 3 P.M. Louis was admitted as a candidate for Holy Orders. May God in His Providence and grace prepare him for the right discharge of his holy office and make him eminently useful." *

It was about this time that Dr. Schuyler's wife entered the Roman Catholic Church. Although her father had been a Presbyterian and her mother an Episcopalian, yet all through her life she had felt drawn toward the Roman Church. She used to tell the story how her old Irish nurse, who loved her very much, had taken her when a child into the cathedral at Buffalo and there had her baptized by one of the priests. And in St. Louis, as she came into close social contact with many Catholics, the feeling grew stronger and stronger. So now after much hesitation and prayerful consideration she became sure that she could not be true to herself unless she openly professed her adherence to the Church in which with all her heart she believed. Her husband endeavored to convince her that the faith as held by the "Anglican Branch of the Holy Catholic Church" would thoroughly satisfy her religious ideals; but at last, finding that her soul's peace demanded this change of profession, he acquiesced.† And no one, either in the congrega-

* For two years Louis taught in St. Paul's College, Palmyra, Mo., of which his father was one of the trustees, and which had lately been reopened. Here Louis studied faithfully for Orders, then passed his examinations, and was ordained deacon September 21, 1873. In the Diary of that date is found the following: "God be praised for His Goodness in giving me a son for the Ministry." Louis immediately took charge of the two suburban Mission parishes of St. James, Elleardsville, and Holy Innocents, Oak Hill (in the mining district), and there accomplished a work which filled his father's heart with justifiable pride.

† I was old enough at that time to be allowed to listen to some of the discussions, which were carried on with great earnestness by both disputants, but always with the most loving consideration for each other's feelings.—W. S.

The Burden of Debt

tion or in the immediate family, ever was aware of any difference in the relations of husband and wife. For with all his devotion to the Church, Dr. Schuyler thoroughly believed that each person should follow what he really believed, should "prove all things" and having proved them should stand by his convictions. And if there was anything which revolted him it was the use of any kind of coercion to secure external conformity. And so devoted were his friends to him that though some of the congregation made this matter the subject of unfavorable and sometimes cruel criticism, yet in the vestry, which was always composed of the rector's faithful supporters, the matter, out of deference to his feelings, was never once mentioned.

The first of October, 1871 (the anniversary of Dr. Schuyler's first service in Christ Church), happening to fall on Sunday, he took advantage of the occasion to deliver the fourth of his series of historical discourses, "A Review of a Seventeen Years' Rectorship." A couple of paragraphs are significant enough for repetition here:

It may not be in the day of the present generation, and yet, with the rapid growth of our large cities, we never keep pace, even in our most sanguine anticipations, but the time will certainly come when Christ Church will occupy the same relative position as Trinity Church in New York—when every pew and the galleries shall be filled with worshippers, the largest share of whom will be the transient visitors or the class whose homes are in the business district, of which this noble Temple shall then form the Centre, and stand with the grand tower and sky-piercing spire, a witness to the multitude of the worldly and careless, that there is a God to be worshipped and an immortal soul to be cared for. I believe that there are in this congregation those who, in due time, will forecast the evident destiny of our position and will make adequate provision for our release from debt, for the full completion of the building, and for the partial endowment which its peculiar position will then imperatively demand. And when I indulge in such anticipations I think I may say that they are only such as our past history would fully warrant. . . .

God has done great things for us in the past, and He will, if

An Ambassador of Christ

we are abreast of the times and faithful in proportion to our ability, do still greater things for us in the future. We have but to contemplate the position and condition of this Parish as it now stands and contrast it with what it was just seventeen years ago this day, to be enabled to appreciate, in some measure, the changes that have been wrought and the progress made. Then we numbered a little over 100 communicants; now, by the last report, that number exceeds 400. In the meantime there have been added to the original number nearly 800. But of these many have died, many removed from the city, and very many have gone out to organize new Parishes, and thus to extend their influence in the increase of the Church's privileges to greater numbers than could be accommodated within these spacious walls. The three new parishes of the Holy Communion, St. James (Elleardsville), and Mount Calvary, which have been organized within the past four years, have drawn the principal portion of their most zealous and able supporters, particularly the two last named, from the communicants of this church and the members of this congregation. They stand as mementos of what we have done, and speak with encouraging emphasis of what may be looked for, with the continued blessing of the great Head of the Church, in the future. During the same period of time there have been 935 baptized and 527 confirmed. . . .

God has helped us since we have been in the New Church. The little flock which worshipped in the chapel has increased four-fold, and in about a like ratio has been the increase of our communicants. As a Parish, we have been forward in good works, taking the lead by a long advance in all the Missionary work of the Diocese and in the various enterprises of Christian charity and benevolence inaugurated by our zealous and self-sacrificing Bishop.

The next day Dr. Schuyler started for Baltimore to attend the general convention, to which he was, as usual, a delegate. Shortly before his departure he had received a call to return to his old "beloved parish of St. John's," Buffalo, accompanied by a letter from Bishop Coxe urging his acceptance. This call he declined while in Baltimore, after he had met and consulted with the Bishop, and his old friend, Dr. Shelton. There is no record of his reason for declining, but some extracts from letters which were found among his papers are here given:

The Burden of Debt

From Mr. A. Sutherland, Warden of St. John's, to Dr. Schuyler.

I believe it was the conduct of a *very few* that rendered your stay here uncomfortable. In the division of our church since the fire, it is believed that *all* of that element has *gone*. Had you been present at our Vestry meeting, when it was said that there was hope that you might be induced to listen to our call, heard the utterances, seen the faces light up with hope, and the hearty amen from our worthy Bishop and all present, you could not doubt that you, sir, retain the confidence and love of the present St. John's. It appears to me that there is an important field here (too long neglected), ripe for the harvest, and I hazard nothing in saying that it is (so far as I can learn) the unanimous belief that you, under God, are the fitting reaper.

From Dr. Schuyler to Bishop Coxe.

Your very kind note has remained too long unanswered. I write now simply to acknowledge it, and to say that it is impossible for me, without longer time, to come to a decision. There are many strong inducements for me to go back to my old field, . . . and yet there are claims quite as strong and pressing here; and the fact is, I do not know what to do. Pray for me, that I may be guided to a right decision.

From Dr. Schuyler to his Wife.

BALTIMORE.

He (Mr. Sutherland) wrote very earnestly and said that if I would go, I could build up St. John's. It would be a good work to do, and, by God's help, I believe I might do it; and if "A" is a representative of the feeling in Christ Church, I don't see that any particular harm would arise to Christ Church by my leaving. I shall not decide as yet. I saw Bishop Robertson, and he says I must not entertain the thought of leaving for one moment. Dr. Shelton advises me to go, by all means, and says that he will give me a hearty welcome. I wish the subject were off my mind. Pray for me, dearest, that I may see my way of duty clear.

An Ambassador of Christ

Perhaps the following has some connection with the above:

Diary, Christmas, 1871.

Splendid present from the congregation. They paid on my life insurance \$621, and placed on the plate, as an offering from a few friends, a cheque for \$450.

In the spring of 1872 Dr. Schuyler was able to be of great assistance to a brother clergyman who was suffering under a dastardly attempt at blackmail.* Dr. Schuyler, after looking into the matter, became convinced of his co-worker's innocence, in spite of the fact that the sensational newspapers were making the most of the matter, and the clergyman's opponents in his own congregation had forced him to resign his pastorate. As a member of the Standing Committee, Dr. Schuyler "advised Bishop Robertson not to proceed with the prosecution of the charges," and even visited the Bishop in company with the clergyman to make a personal plea in his behalf. But the Bishop felt that the integrity of the Church should be vindicated, and charges were brought in regular form and an ecclesiastical trial was held in May and June. During all this time, as is shown by his Diary, Dr. Schuyler frequently visited his old friend, giving him all the comfort and moral support that he could, and when the court finally decided that the charges were not sustained, he aided in every way possible in organizing a new parish for him—the nucleus of which was a Mission Sunday-school started by Christ Church in the western part of the city. The Diary for June 13, 1872, says: "Spent the morning in court and heard the decision of acquittal of Dr. ——. God be praised for the result." But the same day dated one of Dr. Schuyler's greatest losses. The Diary goes on: "A storm came up in the afternoon. Mr. Gordon, my best friend

* This is a terrible thing, to which any clergyman is liable, no matter how pure his life may be. I remember a case where Dr. Schuyler himself received a note from a rascally shyster stating that he held certain letters which he would surrender upon payment of a sum of money. Dr. Schuyler replied by a brief note, referring him to his lawyer, and heard no more about the matter.—W. S.

The Burden of Debt

in St. Louis, fell from the roof of his house and was killed.* Went to see Mrs. Gordon. It is a fearful blow for her and for the Church and for myself. He was a *good man* and an earnest worker in the Church." And on Sunday: "This has been a sad day. My good friend and senior warden was buried. His funeral was the only service in the church for the day. I shall miss him very much. He was a true and kind friend, and I trust I knew how to appreciate him. May God give support to his afflicted widow and raise up someone to fill his place in the Church."

Someone to do something was very much needed in the church at this juncture. The last instalments of the \$20,000 subscription raised two years before were paid in, and in May 6, 1872, Mr. Gazzam, the treasurer, was able to report that with this sum and the interest on the first instalments he had reduced the note at the Boatman's Bank to \$50,000 and had also paid \$1,000 on the floating debt. But this floating debt was now \$6,000; and, although the church's annual income was nearly \$12,000 from pew rents and about \$600 from Sunday collections, yet the large amount of interest to be paid created a deficiency which was piling up at the rate of nearly \$3,000 each year. At present it was about \$6,000.†

Shortly before Mr. Gordon's death, he, together with Mr. Forster and Mr. Shepley, tried to get twenty-five men each of whom should pay \$2,000 toward extinguishing the debt; but for some reason this effort failed. And then at the beginning of summer it was resolved by the vestry to circulate a petition for subscriptions to pay the floating debt.

* Mr. R. C. Gordon, who had for years been senior warden of Christ Church.

† In the spring of 1872, as the Government was about to erect a new Custom House and Post Office in St. Louis, among the city blocks which were taken into consideration was the one on which Christ Church stood. To some of the congregation and even of the vestry, this seemed a chance of escape from their difficulties. In Dr. Schuyler's Diary, April 8th, is written: "Meeting of the vestry to consider the proposition of sale of the church to the Government. I have no idea that there is any likelihood of its being taken." And his idea was correct.

An Ambassador of Christ

But at the first meeting of the vestry in the autumn, October 7, 1872, when it was found that this comparatively small sum had not been raised, it seemed the unanimously expressed opinion of the vestry that the parish was in a critical condition, and that something had better be done at once for relief. Whereupon the vestry adjourned, to meet the next week, hoping that some plan would be discovered in that time. And help did come from an unexpected quarter. Bishop Robertson, having heard of this critical situation, mentioned to his wife (who was a member of the parish) that in all likelihood Christ Church would be sold to pay the mortgage, as there seemed no possibility of raising money in the congregation. Mrs. Robertson, who as a faithful Churchwoman loved her parish and its beautiful church, felt that such a thing could not be allowed to happen—at least until she had tried what she could do. With her husband's approval and blessing she wrote a note to Dr. Schuyler, offering to make a personal canvass of the whole congregation, to see if the entire debt could not be raised. He immediately called upon her and they arranged the plan together, the rector giving her a list of the congregation, specifying those who should be called upon first; and as Mrs. Robertson was very much admired and beloved, there seemed strong hopes that she might be successful. And at the adjourned vestry meeting October 14th, when her plan was laid before them, four members of the vestry immediately made up the sum of \$10,000. Dr. Schuyler says in his Diary: "God be praised for this noble beginning, and may His blessing be vouchsafed in carrying forward the effort till the whole \$50,000 is raised."

And so with this "noble beginning" Mrs. Robertson, although she had a nursing baby at home, week after week made the rounds of the congregation. The first persons she visited were, by the advice of Dr. Schuyler, those who were well known for their liberality; and these, as was customary with them, put their names down for handsome sums. Then she went to those of lesser means, whose gifts were, however, just as liberal, in

The Burden of Debt

proportion to their incomes, and they responded in like manner. Then she began to find hesitation, although she accepted any amount—even when less than a dollar; and finally she began to meet refusal after refusal. In order to aid her in her work, Dr. Schuyler had made a statement of the crisis in the church's affairs and of Mrs. Robertson's plan; but finally, about the middle of January, when she had nearly reached \$30,000, as she expressed it, "the whole thing seemed to stop." Not another cent could she raise; and as all these subscriptions were contingent upon the whole \$50,000 being subscribed, it seemed as though she had failed. Dr. Schuyler was very anxious that she should continue her work and see if a sufficient number would not give conditional on a smaller total, so that the debt might be greatly reduced. However, Mrs. Robertson had done a great work in bringing home personally to almost the whole congregation the exact condition of the church and what was absolutely necessary to save it, in a way that could never have been accomplished by any pulpit exhortations. And the vestry felt that now after Mrs. Robertson had cleared the way it was the time for Dr. Schuyler to make his influence fully felt in a last effort to lift the burden which was crushing the parish. The Diary says:

January 13, 1873.

Vestry meeting in the evening, at which it was resolved to make a strong effort on next Sunday morning in the church to raise \$40,000 after an appeal from the pulpit. I must say I have but little confidence in the result. We can but try.

January 15th.

A committee of the vestry met me in the vestry room to concert plans for next Sunday. I trust to God we shall not be entirely disappointed. I can but feel we are justified in what we purpose to do.

January 17th.

Came to my study and wrote all the morning and finished my statement and appeal to the congregation in behalf of the church debt. I sincerely trust this may be the last. May God's blessing make it effectual.

An Ambassador of Christ

But the next Sunday a fierce blizzard kept most of the congregation away from church, and it was decided to wait for a more favorable opportunity. February 9th was a "most lovely day." There was a large congregation and after the service Dr. Schuyler entered the pulpit, and, instead of a sermon, delivered the following appeal:

MY DEAR BRETHREN: After consultation with the Bishop, and at the unanimous recommendation of the vestry, I have determined to present the matter of the church debt, for the last time, before you this morning, and ask your immediate decision and action on it. It is a very unusual thing to devote Sunday morning, and to take action in the church upon such a matter; but we have reached a juncture in the affairs of the parish when extraordinary measures are not only justified but demanded. The whole congregation, therefore, are requested to remain after I shall have made a full statement of our financial condition, and they will be asked to advise and act with the vestry in carrying out any plan which may be proposed.

Here followed a reading of the resolutions of the vestry and an itemized statement of the financial condition of the church, and then Dr. Schuyler continued:

It may be asked, how does it happen that we have an exhibit of a debt of \$60,000, whereas you have been before told that it was only \$50,000? I will explain this; and I think after the explanation you will see the greater urgency of immediate action. The additional \$10,000 is made up of notes to the amount of some \$7,000, which have been accumulating, and which the vestry have been carrying for a series of years and paying interest upon them, and of \$3,000, which will be the deficiency estimate up to next Easter, April 13, 1873. So long as we have between \$5,000 and \$6,000 of interest to pay, we shall be running behind each year from \$3,000 to \$4,000; and with this condition of things it will not take long to swamp the parish financially beyond all hope of recovery. You will observe that in the statement I have read the item of taxes amounts to over \$1,300; and we are actually paying interest on nearly \$60,000, so that we have here the exhibit of the extraordinary sum of over \$7,000, aside

The Burden of Debt

from what ordinarily comes into the account of current expenses. And just here I would add, that if \$40,000 is raised, there can be no doubt that hereafter the debt can be gradually paid out of the income of the church—say an excess of \$1,000 a year on current expenses—so that there will be no further call upon the parishioners to pay the debt.

But in the present condition of things there is nothing but financial ruin before us; so the vestry have expressed themselves at a meeting held December 30, 1872:

“Resolved, As the carefully formed and deliberately expressed opinion of the vestry, that, unless the relief asked for is given, the interest of those owning pews will be entirely lost to them.”

And again, in another resolution, “Unless this sum be raised, the sale of the church is inevitable.”

And as an evidence of the deep interest the vestry feel in this matter, I would state that one-fourth of the required amount was subscribed by them on the book which Mrs. Robertson has circulated with such unwearied diligence, and through which she has, indeed, accomplished a good work, which will not be without its fruit.

Now, brethren, there is a selfish view to be taken of this subject; and it is one, perhaps, which ought not to be entirely lost sight of; and that is the one referred to by the vestry, “that, unless the relief asked for is given, the interest of those owning pews will be entirely lost to them.” Admit that the church is sold—and here let me say that the very utterance of such admission ought to blister the tongue that could coldly and deliberately make it—what would be the result? Your seat in church would be gone without any pecuniary return. There will be no money-making out of the sale. You will have no capital left from it to begin any new enterprise. The parish, unable to raise \$40,000 to retain a church like this, will be unable to make any attempt in the way of church building. No rector would be willing to identify himself with a people who had evinced so little interest, so little pride, so little public spirit, aside from their utter lack of love for Christ and His Church. The parish would necessarily be disbanded; and where would you go? Give up your religion, give up your church, or try to find a cheaper way to heaven, by seeking a place in some other parish? It would be impossible to find room for all of this congregation in the churches of our own denomination, already built, and those who were left out might stay at home and rest upon their oars, or seek a place

An Ambassador of Christ

in some house of worship where there would be no calls upon them for money. And there is another consideration to which I only need to allude. There are memorial windows in this church, erected by loving hands, in memory of "the loved and the lost"—not lost, but safely housed in Paradise. Would you suffer the headstone to be removed from the grave of the dear ones you have buried? Are not these mementos in God's House as sacred, and would you willingly allow them to be transferred to other hands, to be desecrated, it may be, by services with which you could have no sympathy, and to pass into utter forgetfulness? Is there not here, dear brethren, an appeal to the most cherished affections of Christian brotherhood?

As I said, I have been presenting this subject before you in its selfish aspect. But is this the way that those who bear the name of Christ should regard such a juncture as the very possibility of giving up to Mammon the House of God? Is it not treachery—to use the softest language—treachery to the cause of Christ and false-hearted allegiance to the Master we profess to serve? Could you see the red flag of the auctioneer posted at the outer corners of this noble edifice and not feel in your hearts that it was the symbol of the traitor who had sold his Master for thirty pieces of silver? As for myself, I can give no proper expression to my feelings. This noble edifice is a work in which, perhaps, I may have indulged too fond an interest and cherished an unwarranted pride. I have watched it from the breaking of the first spade of earth, from the laying the first stone. I have stood upon the walls from day to day as they were slowly rising under the mason's trowel. I have wept and prayed over them as they stood for years, enclosed like a deserted ruin. My heart throbbed with gratitude at the renewal of the work, and with joy have I watched its progress as these tasteful decorations came forth from the carpenter's plane and the painter's brush, and with devout thankfulness have I offered it to the service of our dear Lord; and now—to contemplate the possibility that the labor of years may be wasted—that this church, the child of my prayers, of my hopes, of my fears, may be disowned, and the deep disgrace of such a failure attach to my memory and become the inheritance of my children! Do you wonder, brethren, that I am in earnest about this matter—that I feel deeply the want of sympathy in this crying emergency? And yet, while I feel it for myself—God knows—I speak with reverence and conscious honesty. I feel it because His honor is involved; because the precious interests of undying

The Burden of Debt

souls are at stake; because the Mother Church in this city, and of all the vast region west of the Mississippi, may, after the struggles and successes of fifty-three years, yield up the ghost and leave no mark, save in the hallowed influence of her past teaching.

I cannot believe, brethren, after the exhibit I have already made, that any will be disposed to ask, what is the pressing need of immediate action; and yet I would leave nothing unsaid to forestall such a question. The note of the \$50,000 becomes due the 2d of November next; and practically on the last of May next, should we fail in the payment of the interest. It is therefore liable to be pressed to payment at a time when, as we know, there is generally more than usual stringency in the money market. We cannot foretell what may happen in the ever-changing financial history of the country, and we are not safe for a day after the debt becomes due with such a heavy claim upon us. We have therefore but little time to make the necessary negotiations. And here let me say we are not providing for a parish which in the course of time will be likely to die out. There has been no time since the church was built when so many pews have been rented and so many families added to the congregation as within the last few months.

A church like this in the heart of a great city will be yearly more and more needed to minister to the spiritual wants of the multitudes who for generations hence will cluster about it.

And now, dear brethren, a few words as to your ability; and they shall be very few. Did I not believe that there was abundant ability in this parish to pay this debt, I would go on a pilgrimage to the East, and I would plead with our brethren there to come and save us from the ruinous consequences of such a failure. But with my present convictions I could appeal for relief only upon the admission that I had been ministering to a reckless, worldly people, who cared only for their selfish pleasures and indulgences, and of such narrow views as to be willing to have the public disgrace of such interference attached to themselves and their children. I know you would not suffer such an imputation; and least of all would I be disposed to publish it.

I believe there are individuals in this parish who could pay one-fourth of this whole debt, without any undue encroachment on their yearly incomes. I believe there are individuals who are cumbering themselves with paying taxes on a large amount of unproductive property who could donate a few of these cumbersome possessions without any material diminution to their

An Ambassador of Christ

capital and greatly assist us in this emergency. I believe there are many who could donate each \$5,000 to this good work and go to their rest with a lighter heart and with a brighter assurance of God's blessing. We need examples of noble generosity; and a few of them now would lift off the depressing incubus and tell with a power which no future opportunities would be likely to furnish.

There is money enough to spend in building houses for yourselves and furnishing them richly. There are thousands upon thousands to be expended upon parties, and laces, and frills, and diamonds, and costly equipages; and there are thousands upon thousands in marble shafts at Bellefontaine. All this shows that there is money enough for other purposes; and shall we forget God in our generous outlays?

Whose is the silver and the gold? Who gave you power to get wealth? Is this prosperity with which God has blessed you all your own, to do with as you please? Does the certainty of your income depend entirely upon your own shrewdness, independently of an over-ruling Providence? And may He not at any moment close your stewardship and call you to account?

While, then, we have time, and while there is an opportunity O let us improve it! But I present not this claim to the rich alone. We want you all, dear brethren, to act in this emergency under a full appreciation of the responsibility resting on each individual. We would hear none of you reason with yourselves that "the debt will be paid without the little I can subscribe." It will not be paid if you thus reason. We want all who have subscribed to renew their subscriptions; and where it is possible, to double them; as the failure in that only makes it more imperative that we must enlarge our liberality. And we want each one of you to take such an interest in the success of our present appeal that you will try and think of someone you can influence, and go to that person and urge your application with all the zeal the pressing urgency of the case calls for. We want you to subscribe your thousands, or hundreds, or fifties, or tens, or even a dollar, when it brings with it the blessing of the widow's mite. In short, we want you, one and all, to share in the glorious privilege of saving the House of God from the desecration of the auctioneer's hammer.

And may the ever-blessed Spirit overshadow us, while we now take counsel together, and guide us to a wise decision, a right action, and a favorable issue.

The Burden of Debt

"At the close of his remarks,"—to quote from one of the daily papers—"the Right Rev. Bishop Robertson continued the subject in a well-considered exhortation. . . .

"Captain Silas Bent, the senior warden of the church, completed the statement of the condition of affairs, dwelling with particular emphasis upon the immediate need of energetic action. He said the vestry wanted the congregation to subscribe \$40,000 toward the removal of the debt, and that would enable them to take care of the remaining \$20,000. He concluded his appeal by subscribing \$2,000 to carry out the proposition. The ball was thus set in motion, and short, energetic, and eminently practical speeches were made from their pews by Messrs. John R. Shepley, Thos. E. Tutt, George P. Plant, Ben. W. Lewis, Jesse January, and many others, each subscribing sums varying from \$1,000 to \$3,000. Cards were then passed up the aisles and then collected. The total amount of the collection was announced as \$36,965. In five minutes more additional subscriptions were announced which swelled the grand total to \$40,565."

And then the whole congregation rose and sang, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."*

Fired by the success of this effort, the vestry resolved not to stop till \$50,000 was secured, to pay off the note at the Boatman's Bank. Of course to raise this last amount was a much slower task, as the enthusiasm of that beautiful Sunday subsided;

* *The Church News* published a list of subscribers in its February issue. From that it would seem that all—rich and poor—gave in proportion to their means. There were two subscriptions of \$3,000 (one afterward increased to \$4,000); one of \$2,500, one of \$2,000, four of \$1,500, ten of \$1,000, two of \$600, ten of \$500, one of \$400, six of \$300, three of \$250, nine of \$200, three of \$150, two of \$125, twenty-nine of \$100, two of \$75, ten of \$50, four of \$30, four of \$25, two of \$20, two of \$15, fifteen of \$10, and seven of \$5. The vestry also acknowledged the noble services of Mrs. Robertson in the following resolution: "That the vestry, in behalf of themselves and of the Parish, now desire to express to Mrs. C. F. Robertson their sense of the value of her services in initiating the movement for reducing the debt upon the church, and of her unwearied exertions and self-sacrifice in that behalf, without which no such gratifying result would now have been reached."

An Ambassador of Christ

but the records of the parish meeting Easter Monday, April 14th, contain this entry:

“The treasurer announced there then was needed but a small amount—less than \$100—to complete the subscription of \$50,000 for the church debt, and thus secure those sums that had been subscribed contingent upon the sum of \$50,000 being raised (this referred to the amounts upon Mrs. Robertson’s list), whereupon the said deficiency was subscribed by members present at the meeting.”

CHAPTER XV

ADVANCING YEARS. DECLINE OF CHRIST CHURCH PARISH

THE period in which these efforts were made to reduce the debt was the time of the greatest prosperity of Christ Church parish—prosperity both material and spiritual. The size of the congregations steadily increased, and the list of communicants grew till it lacked only three of being 500. Of the Easter service, 1873, Dr. Schuyler says in his Diary: “This has been a glorious day. The sun was bright and the air bland. There never has been so large a congregation assembled for morning service in the church. The music was grand.” The mission work of the parish was also extended, for, besides St. James, Elleadsville, and St. Peter’s Sunday School, Advent mission was planted in 1874 by some enthusiastic laymen of Christ Church, and also, with the encouragement and under the supervision of the rector, grew up later into a new independent parish. And the result of Dr. Schuyler’s constant exhortations to liberal giving seemed to be shown in the fact that not only in the matter of donations for parish objects, but also for those of the diocese, the country, and in foreign lands, the parish was far ahead of any other in the diocese.*

January 9, 1874, was Dr. Schuyler’s sixtieth birthday. The man who had come to St. Louis in 1854 as “the young clergy-

* Some of these financial items may be of interest. The high-water mark of the old church’s income and donations was reached in 1873–1874, when the pew rents and taxes amounted to \$12,309.17, Sunday collections for church expenses to \$602.35, and Communion Alms to \$656.85. At the same time \$450.71 was contributed for Domestic Missions; \$228.24 for Foreign Missions; \$1,588.57 for Diocesan Missions; \$940 for the Orphan Home (it was \$1,085 in 1873); \$1,074.36 for St. Luke’s Hospital; besides \$28,681.22 collected on the first instalments of the subscription for the debt, and a number of lesser contributions for various ecclesiastical and charitable objects, which swelled the total amount paid in cash by the congregation for the year to \$40,035.45.

An Ambassador of Christ

man from Buffalo" had greatly changed. His dark hair and beard were now a silvery white. His step had lost much of its elasticity, and though his walk was still rapid and energetic, yet he leaned somewhat on his cane, and his large figure, grown much heavier, had a slight stoop, which increased with years. But his eye was as bright as ever, his smile if possible even more kindly, his hand-clasp even more hearty, and his voice more tender and sympathetic. His physical health and activity were maintained by his constant work in his beloved garden, where he could be often seen early in the morning surrounded by the beautiful flowers he loved and understood so well.

People now called him "the venerable Dr. Schuyler," and by his solemn services and simple sermons in the church and his unremitting ministrations to his flock, in joy and sorrow, misfortune, sickness, and death, his sympathetic presence, full of the beauty of holiness, had so penetrated the hearts of his congregation that many of them felt toward him the same love they had for the dear ones of their own families. And in the dark days that were soon to come it was this same love that he had awakened which carried him through all difficulties and which, roused by the possibility of losing him from among them, at length enabled his people to save his beloved Christ Church in the hour of its greatest danger and place it on a safe foundation forever.

And his ministrations were not confined to his own flock. Besides his efforts in the mission work, which was constantly emanating from Christ Church, and his labors as chaplain in St. Luke's Hospital, which continued till his death, his services were willingly given to church people not connected with any parish, to people of other denominations, and to those of no religion at all, who in the hour of sickness and the darkness of approaching death sent for him from the City Hospital and the Pest-House, that he might speak to them the comforting words of his Lord and Master Jesus Christ, and when they passed away might lay them to rest with the beautiful service of the church, which

Advancing Years

no one could render more impressively.* He was now a well-known "public character," revered by people of all shades of belief as an exemplar of the highest spiritual life of the great city.

In a sermon delivered October 3, 1875, entitled "Reflections connected with the 21st anniversary of my rectorship," the following extracts occur:

This is the twenty-first anniversary of my Rectorship of this Parish. The infant of that time has become a man. There are young men now who are just entering upon the responsibilities of life; young women at the heads of families with their children, who were then in their cradles. More than 1,200 have been baptized, and more than half that number have been buried. . . . And of all the pew-holders in the old church who were occupants of seats *then*, only fifteen are with us now; and some of these even were children in the several families. What marvellous changes: and yet how unconscious have we been of their silent progress! . . . By a singular coincidence in seeking among the record of burials for the number of communicants who, during the period of my Rectorship, have been consigned to their last resting place, that record has been found to accord precisely with the number which made up the Parish Register when I came. . . . Among this number were four of those who had held the responsible position of Senior Warden. These were all men who were dear to me as warm personal friends; who shared my sympathy and confidence; and on whose judgment and efficient co-operation I fully relied. They were taken from us, two of them especially, at a critical period in our history, when we needed all the combined strength and help of every individual

* Mrs. Mary E. Odell, who was one of his most efficient assistants in the charitable work of the parish, thus writes: "It is of his work among the poor that I would tell, of the gratitude and love expressed by the many who had only words to repay for kindness and charity bestowed upon them. Often have I seen him ministering at the bedside of the lowly, and have watched the calmness come on the face of the sufferers as he spoke to them words of comfort and administered to them the Bread of Life, and then when all was over, how willingly he followed them to the grave, solemnly performing the last rites of the Church, which alike belong to the poor and the rich. In his later years how unbounded seemed his gratitude that he had been spared to see the church for which he had so long and so zealously labored become what he prayed for—a mission church for the poor. May the work he founded and fostered be blessed and continued when all who were co-workers with him shall also have been called to their Eternal Home."

An Ambassador of Christ

identified with us. And it has been with us, as it is, undoubtedly, with all Parishes, for the same selfish human nature is everywhere to be found, that at any critical juncture there were always some who were ready to beat a retreat and to desert, to avoid the call upon their manly co-operation. . . .

And yet confusion and defeat do not follow. The work goes on. There is a controlling spirit somewhere; and there is a helping hand at the right time and place, and things adjust themselves to the new order, and the current of prosperity is but momentarily interrupted. God moves in a mysterious way, and not infrequently demonstrates to our self-complacent consciousness that He can dispense with this or that agent, no matter how prominent, and carry on His purposes to completion with the seemingly weak and obscure. . . .

Have all those who have left us gone away, with no farther interest in us and in our work? This is a question in which we must all feel a deep concern, for who is there who has not been called to mourn over the separation from some dear relation or friend? . . . There is more in the blessed doctrine of the communion of saints than we are wont, in this day of the *pride* of Human Reason, and the claims of a vainglorious Philosophy, to acknowledge.

Faith is a factor in our spiritual life which builds upon no uncertainties, for, in the Word of God, and in the teachings of the Church of God, from the time of the first covenant, there are abundant grounds on which to rest the blessed assurance that,

Angels and living saints and dead
But one communion make.

. . . While the places which once knew them in the flesh can know them no more forever, while they may never revisit us in bodily form, while they may never kneel with us at the same altar in the earthly sanctuary, or cheer us by their visible presence, their counsel, and their love, yet are they still co-workers with us and belong to the same great company who are doing service for a common Master. . . .

Now, brethren, as we look back over the history of twenty-one years, how many beloved forms rise before our memories and gather about us to lend us the assurance that our work here is not forgotten by them? These memorial windows suggest the names of some of them, and seem to give a reality to the fact that they were once our fellow-laborers, and more than suggest that if they are absent in body they are with us in spirit. And there

Advancing Years

is this reflection, connected with every old parish, that it has a strength back of its present supporters, whose power is exerted in ways and forms of which we can have no just appreciation. We none of us know in our individual lives how much we are helped by influences which are unseen and of which we may never have any knowledge. And so it is in the Parish. We have co-laborers, who once were with us, and yet have gone from us and are now near the Fountain of all Wisdom and Love, who, we may well believe, within the veil are presenting their prayers in our behalf, and in answer to which the dews of Heavenly grace are constantly distilling upon us. . . .

And, Brethren, should there not be such a hallowed influence in these memories as should keep us together and such a recognition of Brotherhood as should override considerations of mere personal convenience? Because we happen to move out of the neighborhood of the church should not be a sufficient reason for changing our Parochial relations. The Parish Church should be a bond of union which we should be proud to transmit as a heritage to our children. . . .

The history of the Parish, as well as our daily observation, remind us that *we* are passing away, and with each passing year some of us will have passed that "bourne whence no traveller returns." The lesson, then, which speaks impressively to one and all is to "work while it is day; the night cometh, when no man can work." There *can* not be many years in the future for your Pastor, and there *may* not be *one*. And so I cannot go to an individual in this congregation and say to him, though he be in the full strength of manhood, that there is a future of twenty-one years.* "We know not what a day or an hour may bring forth," and therefore the admonition is sounding in the ears of all, from the oldest to the youngest, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." "Take ye heed; watch and pray, for ye know not when the time is." More than 600 of the dead along the line of 21 years are crying out from their graves, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."

On January 8, 1876, Dr. Schuyler wrote to his cousin:

To-morrow, should I live till then, will be my 62d birthday. Truly am I growing old. Three score years have passed, and how

* Dr. Schuyler, however, lived to complete almost another twenty-one years of service to his beloved congregation.

An Ambassador of Christ

like a dream in the retrospect! I have had many great trials and many great blessings. For the past twenty years and more our family circle has been unbroken—I mean my own immediate family. A family of ten children without a death in such a time is rather remarkable and calls for special thanksgiving. I cannot see that my desire to live increases, as I have heard it does sometimes, with my age. I have no desire to live to an old age, and particularly to such a time as that I shall be a burden to anyone. When my work is done I hope it will please God to call me. And yet I know and realize that I am but an unprofitable servant. God give me grace to be ready when the summons comes.

What were Dr. Schuyler's ideas of the relations that should exist between the pastor and his flock were clearly set forth in an admirable series of articles, entitled, "Church Wardens and Vestrymen," contributed to the first volume of *The Church News*. A few extracts which throw much light upon subsequent events are here given:

In seeking for a pastor it should not be the leading inquiry, "Is he a popular preacher?" It is desirable that he should be acceptable as a preacher; that he should be plain and faithful in proclaiming the blessed Gospel of the Son of God, setting forth at the same time with kindness and yet without compromise the teachings of the Church. But his qualities as a preacher should be made secondary to those of a pastor. In these lie, with God's blessing, the source of his permanent success. He who is most successful in winning souls to Christ and building up His people in their most holy faith, and therefore extending and strengthening the Parish in temporal as well as spiritual things, depends not so much upon the teaching and exhortation of the sermon as upon the power and influence of his daily intercourse, and in the social gathering, and the quiet improvement of the dealings of Providence in the sick room. It is by influences such as these that he gets nearest to the hearts of his people and gains a hold upon their affections which the lapse of each year serves only to strengthen. . . .

The Vestry should feel that the Rector has placed himself *in their hands*, to be looked after and cared for. It is not with him as it is with a man of business, whose chief care is to make his business pay, and so to manage it as to cause it to yield the largest

Advancing Years

income for himself and family. The cares of the pastor, those things which are to be his chief concern, are outside of himself and family. The interests of Christ's Kingdom are committed to his hands; he has the cure of souls; the sick and the poor, the naked and the hungry look to him. When trouble and distress come to any of his flock they go to the pastor for sympathy and advice; and to one who has been with his people a number of years there is not a habitation in the limits of his charge which is not associated in his memory with events the most sacred in the lives of its inmates.

It is therefore impossible for him, and would be regarded as utterly inconsistent with his holy calling, to devote himself to worldly traffic and money making. . . .

The vestry, therefore, especially the wardens, should place themselves in the most confidential intercourse with their minister in this regard, and should seek to inform themselves whether they are making for him, considering the necessary expense of living and the number of his family, a *just* and *reasonable* provision. What would be *liberal* and *generous* is another phase of the question we do not now propose to consider.

No right-minded minister would ever regard such interest in his pecuniary affairs as improper inquisitiveness or intermeddling curiosity. If he were engaged in some money-making business, he might wish to conceal the amount of his profits or the true state of his income; but in the present case there could be no such objection. He would be grateful for the opportunity of confiding to those whose office places them in the relation of worldly advisers the true condition of his pecuniary affairs. . . .

A clergyman is the only man in the community who, by public consent, is debarred from accumulating anything for his family. He is expected to "live from hand to mouth," and to die, leaving his wife and children to take care of themselves. But of this the clergy are not apt to complain. They have made up their minds when they enter the ministry to forego all the prospects of wealth; and they have faith enough to believe that the Master whom they serve will not leave their little ones to want. But they do believe they are entitled to a compensation which will enable them to live with an ordinary degree of comfort, and to furnish their children with an education, which is all they can give them, without the painful embarrassment and the heavy incubus of debt. And to this end the Wardens and Vestrymen should not be slack in the discharge of their duty.

An Ambassador of Christ

Little attentions, too, from Parishioners, in the way of gifts, especially in country Parishes, where it can be easily done, by helping to supply the table, or other household expenses, not only assist materially the limited income of the Rector, but are the most grateful indications of the kindly feeling and hearty goodwill of those to whom he ministers.

When Dr. Schuyler, at the close of 1875, came to cast up his accounts, he found himself in a most embarrassing position, being behindhand about a thousand dollars. His children, since 1872, numbered ten, and year by year the expenses connected with their support and proper education were necessarily increasing. His two eldest sons, though self-supporting, were just able to meet their own expenses and could not contribute anything at this time to his aid. His third son, who had graduated from college the year before, had striven for months to obtain employment, being ready to take anything that offered; but in the ever-increasing financial depression which followed the panic of 1873 no one was willing to employ a novice when experienced men were being discharged daily. And so the young man was obliged to eat the bitter bread of idleness, knowing that he was increasing the burdens that he longed to lighten. The same business depression also had caused the cessation of the generous Christmas gifts which had for the past two or three years enabled Dr. Schuyler to make both ends meet. But Montgomery Schuyler, who, forty years before, had made a successful business man, was now, after thirty-five years' service in the kingdom that "is not of this world," a very poor financier. Economical, and even abstemious, as far as he himself * was concerned, he was generous and even lavish with those who depended on him, and especially where charity was concerned. No one who came to him for assistance was turned away, if the pastor had any money—and even then he was willing to help by his endorsement. When the monthly communion alms were exhausted, his own pocket supplied the needs of the hungry

* In later years some of his affectionate parishioners formed the habit of ordering a suit of clothes for him each year, so that their beloved pastor might not appear in threadbare garments.

Advancing Years

and naked who climbed the stairs of the study at the church* or opened the gate of his flower-filled garden. He truly fulfilled the saying, "Give to him that asketh, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not away." Among his papers have been found many notes of loans that were never paid—which had been made without any expectation, on his side at least, of payment; and when, as happened in a few cases, a debt was finally discharged, no one was more surprised than he, as the following entry in his Diary shows: "Mr. A—— called and paid me \$50.00. I never expected to get it. I look upon it as a special interposition of Providence." And when he, in turn, received some generous gift, he never considered it as an acknowledgment of his own worth or services, but as a special and undeserved Mercy of God, to be recognized by a gift on his part. Toward the close of this very year, when his circumstances were becoming more and more straitened, so that at Christmas there were "no presents in the family to the older children," this entry appears in the Diary: "Received from Mr. Tinker his brother's bequest of \$300. Devoted a tithe to St. Luke's Hospital as a Thank-Offering." He always kept cash accounts, full of minute details, but—like Thomas Jefferson, and probably for the same reason—could never make it balance properly. And yet no one hated debts more than he. He was never easy until they were paid. As he said, "One of my chief desires has always been to pay my way day by day, cash down; and yet, for most of my life I have been saddled with debts. I do not know why it is, but with all my efforts, I have only been able to gain temporary respites."

He would never see that it was his confirmed habit of giving to those dependent on him, to the needy, and to every organization for the advancement of the Church's interests—a habit sometimes carried to the verge of dissipation—that often left him without

* In a letter to his cousin, written at this time, Dr. Schuyler says: "The times here are hard. I am completely overcome with calls. The ladies come to my help and have a society to sew and work. And a committee helps me to visit and find out the worthy applicants. Frequently I have over a dozen calls in the morning."

An Ambassador of Christ

the means to meet his ever-increasing family expenses. And yet in every emergency his simple faith that God in his good providence would provide for him and his little ones was never shaken, and in the end was fully justified. In an article written in 1878 for the *Church Journal* and signed "One of the Clergy," Dr. Schuyler stated his own view of the case:

The present writer has been a city rector for more than thirty years, and during that time has received a salary of from \$1,200 to \$5,000 per annum. His family during this period has averaged, say, six children. He has lived at all times plainly and with an eye to economy, so far as consistent with a sense of duty and of the proprieties of his position. He has educated his children at home and with as little expense as possible, living in a plain house, plainly furnished, and indulging in no luxuries of party giving, and often denied the greatest of all luxuries—the ability to contribute to the charities of the Church. What has been the outcome financially? He has expended of his private means from \$5,000 to \$6,000 during that time, and has rarely spent a year without the perplexity of debt, vexing himself with devising ways and means to make "the ends meet." He has thus paid for the privilege of preaching these thirty years at the rate of some \$200 per annum. This would be considered a liberal tax by many a rich layman.

And so it was in the present crisis. On January 10, 1876, Dr. Schuyler wrote in his Diary: "Wrote a letter to the Vestry, giving a statement of my pecuniary affairs. May their action be such as God will approve. I leave it in His hands."

The records of the vestry meeting of January 13th contain the following: "The Chairman stated that the primary object of calling the Vestry together this evening was to consider a communication he had received from the Rector addressed to the Vestry, which was read by the Secretary and proper action taken thereon." The next page of the record contains nothing but a note in pencil, "Leave this page blank"; but what the action of the Vestry was may be gathered from the Diary, March 2d: "To-day I received, through General Simpson, from my Parishioners \$1,300. May God make me grateful, as I ought to be, for His

Advancing Years

unmerited goodness." And at the back of the Diary is preserved the list of the subscribers to this sum. How Dr. Schuyler endeavored to show his gratitude may be gathered from the vestry record of June 5, 1876: "It appearing that the painting of the walls in the church was paid by Dr. Schuyler out of his individual means, Mr. Triplett offered the following resolution, which was adopted: Resolved, that Mr. Walker be authorized to appropriate out of the funds in his hands of the weekly offerings the amount necessary to reimburse Rev. Dr. Schuyler for the amount (\$240.-70) expended by him in painting, etc., the body of the church and to appropriate \$40 toward other work of similar character in finishing the work begun by Dr. Schuyler." The rector endeavored to prevent the passage of this resolution, but failing in this, was obliged to show his gratitude in some other way.

On April 21st Dr. Schuyler wrote to his cousin:

I am glad to say that I am relieved from the pressure of duties connected with Lent and the preparation of a class for Confirmation. And yet I must say that I have never enjoyed the season of Lent so much as the one just past. As day after day passed away my heart seemed to be more enlisted, and Holy Week seemed indeed an *Holy Week*. The attendance upon the services was remarkably good; and we had most admirable music, which gave the services unusual interest. I had a sermon on Wednesday evening and a short lecture on Friday afternoon. Our confirmation took place on Palm Sunday afternoon. There were 38 confirmed at that time and six more on the next Wednesday morning. I had a class at nine A.M. every Sunday for those from the Sunday-school and for any others who might come. About a dozen others came. I am sorry to say that not one-fourth of them were men or boys. It is strange how hard it is to reach the men. I preached to them as directly and thoroughly as I could. But there is a secret infidelity which has its influence with men, and even with boys; and I have found it, too, but rarely, among girls. It is a great problem how we are to bring Christianity to bear upon such persons. Easter passed off pleasantly, and yet I can see the hard times are affecting our pew rents. Several have given up their pews because they must begin *first* in their economizing at the Church. Christ Church is beginning to be the

An Ambassador of Christ

down-town church, and the wave of population is going away from us. I wish we had an endowment, so that we could make this a free church. It will probably stand here for generations, as it is too costly to be removed, and it ought to stand as old Trinity in New York, to supply a portion of the city that will be abandoned ere long by all but Roman Catholic churches.

But there seemed little chance at this time that his pious hope, so often expressed, could ever be fulfilled. The hard fact was, that ever since the great effort of 1873 Christ Church Parish had been steadily running down. The terrible panic of that year was followed by the longest period of financial depression ever experienced in the United States—lasting for over seven years, and growing worse and worse till the final revival of business in 1880. The first effect of this on the well-being of Christ Church was felt in the collection of the final instalments of the subscriptions for the debt. Some, who had property but were “land poor,” gave lots of real estate in payment, which could not be disposed of at anything like their real value, and while held, added still further to the expenses of the church on account of taxes. Others simply could not meet their obligations, thus entailing a dead loss. As it was, a little over \$40,000 was actually collected; and with this sum the note of \$50,000 at the Boatman’s Bank was reduced to \$20,000 and the floating debt extinguished, for a time, with the remainder. But though there was thus effected a saving of upward of \$4,000 annually, which had been paid for interest, the income of the church was decreasing in still greater proportion. On Easter, 1874, the treasurer reported \$1,290 of pew rents delinquent; and this became worse from year to year, some of the oldest members of the parish failing to meet their obligations. The rent of the pews was reduced again and again as the years passed; but even this failed to check the fatal tendency. In one of his Lenten pastoral letters, Dr. Schuyler states the case in the plainest language:

In these times of financial stringency and distress the current income of the church has materially suffered. Many have given

Advancing Years

up their pews as the thing they were the most ready and willing to sacrifice in curtailing their expenses; and, if they have not given up the church altogether, go from place to place for free sittings. Besides these are a very large number who come regularly from Sunday to Sunday and are seated who refuse to identify themselves with the Parish or to assume any part in the burden of its current expenses by taking pews. At least one-third of every Sunday congregation is made up of such persons; and there are hundreds of families throughout the city, many of whom are communicants, and in comfortable circumstances, who, from the little meanness of escaping expense, are willing to sacrifice their spiritual interests. There would be some excuse, perhaps, for shirking the expense of pew rents were it the case that the assessments upon them were so heavy as to be beyond their ability to meet. . . . And in Christ Church eligible and comfortable sittings may be obtained within the reach of the narrowest income.

In February, 1876, the vestry resolved to dispense with the paid choir, which had cost \$2,000 per annum, and employ an organist at a salary of "not more than \$500 per annum."* This organist, with the assistance of Mr. J. R. Triplett, gathered together a volunteer choir, which for many years furnished the music for the church services.

At Easter, 1876, the treasurer read a statement to the vestry, "showing the deficit for the past year up to Easter was \$4,000, falling off of pews rented for present year amounting to \$1,800 and probable deficit at next Easter of over \$5,000." And in June, after an ineffectual attempt to get the Boatman's Bank to reduce the rate of interest on the note it held, \$25,000 was borrowed through Mr. Henry Stagg, a broker, at eight per cent., for five years, which paid the note and took up the deficit.

But the following year was even worse. The treasurer, at a special meeting of the vestry March 24, 1877, reported that "the income from pews engaged for next year and from Sunday collec-

* On the preceding Easter Mr. Charles Balmer, who for thirty-four years conducted the music of the church, and frequently gave his services gratuitously, had resigned his position as organist on account of his increasing years, but continued till his death his connection with the parish, which he had also served as vestryman.

An Ambassador of Christ

tions (estimated at \$475) was only \$6,532.50, while the expenses of the church, including interest and taxes, would be \$10,195, leaving a new deficit of \$3,662.50." In this emergency the vestry returned their rector's confidence of the preceding year, and in a resolution stated that "they were not able to devise any means of meeting these deficiencies or of carrying on the parish, and felt that it was necessary to present this state of facts to the Rector and to the Parish."

At an adjourned meeting March 31st the treasurer "read a letter from the Rector, stating that he knew of no way of providing for the prospective deficit in next year's income, but that he would relinquish one thousand dollars of his salary."* The following resolution was passed:

"That in view of the reduced revenue of Christ Church and the impossibility of that revenue meeting the current expenses . . . it has become necessary that a full statement be made to the congregation of the condition of the financial affairs of the church. That the Vestry feel called upon to say that in view of this result they cannot be expected to take upon themselves any personal responsibility in reference to any past or future liabilities, but that the revenues of the corporation alone must be looked to for the payment of salaries and other expenses for sustaining the services of the church." And "on Sunday morning, April 15, 1877, after morning service, the Rector made a statement to the congregation of the affairs of the Parish, after which a collection was made."

This collection, which amounted, in cash and subscriptions, to \$2,872.40, added to the rector's reduction of his salary, tided the church over the present difficulty.

* Dr. Schuyler was the better able to do this, as his eldest son was now able to give assistance whenever needed, and his third son, who had during the past year paid his expenses by all sorts of odd jobs, soon after obtained a position in the public schools, and so not only ceased to be a burden, but was able to contribute to the family expenses. But even with this help Dr. Schuyler was obliged to sell, at a loss, a piece of ground which he had purchased some years before with a portion of the bequest left him by Asa Wilgus. It is thus noted in his Diary March 20, 1878: "Closed the sale of the Laclede Avenue lot—selling for \$35 per foot what cost \$60."

Advancing Years

The widespread railroad strikes of July, 1877—that first great battle between the forces of labor and capital—affected Dr. Schuyler deeply. From his intimate knowledge of the poor, gained by the constant association of years, his sympathies all through that terrible time were with the workingmen; and yet when the half-crazed mobs began rioting in the streets of St. Louis, his innate love of law and order asserted itself, and he not only sanctioned but encouraged the action of one of his sons in joining the ranks of the volunteers who finally suppressed the disorders. But he saw in this conflict the same unchristian spirit, on both sides, that had caused him so much sorrow during the Civil War, and he well knew that it was only by a faithful following in the footsteps of Jesus that such horrors could be averted. Immediately after the strike he delivered a sermon from the text: “Am I my brother’s keeper?” in which he set forth these views, and from which the following extracts are taken:

— Were the mass of the community influenced and constrained by the religion of Christ to love their neighbor as themselves, there would be no such strife as we now witness between capital and labor. We talk of capital and labor as if they stood aloof from us as men; as if they were abstractions, to be viewed in their relations to each other without clothing them with the soul, the conscience, and the affections which must characterize our intercourse and dealings with our fellows. Now there can be no doubt that when capital is massed together in great corporations, and when it is controlled under the management of men who are acting in an associated capacity without a separate individual responsibility, there is a tendency to ignore soul and conscience, and in a hard and grasping spirit to make capital do its work without much reference to the claims or the wants of the instruments it employs; and hence the old adage that “corporations have no souls” is one which has grown out of general observation in such cases, confirmed by the experience of ages. And then, too, in the case of individuals, the possession of great wealth has a tendency to harden men’s hearts, to take them out of the range of sympathy with their fellows, and to fill them with a sense of self-sufficiency; and in the spirit of Nebuchadnezzar, “Behold this great Babylon which I have builded,” to ignore the higher

An Ambassador of Christ

claims of a less self-asserting class. Hence it is that we find so many warnings uttered by the Great Teacher against riches as the fruitful source of danger to the interests of the undying soul. . . .

But it does not follow that they who are not rich are, in consequence, the unselfish, the sympathizing, and the kind-hearted, who delight to bear each other's burdens and share each other's woes. I think no doubt it may be safely asserted, as a rule, that in the humble walks of life, where people, so far as the factitious distinctions of society are concerned, are more uniformly on the same level, there is more genuine sympathy and good-will and a greater readiness to share in a common lot; yet there is in no class an absence of that grasping spirit of selfishness which closes the door against a neighbor when want may compel him to appear as an intruder. The struggle between capital and labor to which I have already referred is owing to a disposition on *both* sides to ask for themselves an undue preponderance of the right they would assert. The temptation is greater on the part of those who have been nursed in self-sufficiency and fancy themselves the hereditary possessors of power; but pride, pride of opinion, is confined to no class, and the spirit of Lucifer may beat in a bosom covered with rags and assert itself with a vindictiveness whose appetite can only be satisfied with blood. . . .

It would be a Utopian dream, so long as men are what they are, to expect that there would be no jars and collisions; and when these come they must be met by those in authority with a brotherly yet firm and determined spirit. . . .

The disturbers of the peace are often misguided men, and are not necessarily the wilful mischief-makers. The innocent are often made, through reckless indifference, to suffer with the guilty. There cannot, therefore, be too careful discrimination in the exercise of authority. . . . Nor is this thoughtfulness to be confined to official station, but is binding upon every one of us. . . . We may not, from any love of ease, set such considerations aside, or from any ignoring of our true position ask in heartless selfishness, "Am I my brother's keeper?" . . . "For this is the message that ye heard from the beginning, that we love one another. Not as Cain, who was of that wicked one and slew his brother." . . . We are to avoid so terrible an example. We are to look to it that our works are righteous, and to institute no comparison between ourselves and others, save to "provoke unto love and good works." And did this spirit characterize the

Advancing Years

mass of men, were this the principle by which society was guided and controlled, there would be no conflict between capital and labor—no struggle of the selfish interests of one class against another. “Love is the fulfilling of the law,” and with perfect obedience comes perfect peace.

In the Diary, September 28, 1877, is the following entry: “Louis left us for England. May God bless and watch over him. We feel very sad to-night.” Ever since the ordination of his favorite son, Dr. Schuyler had followed his career with ever-increasing love and admiration. Louis had done a wonderful missionary work at Oak Hill, filling an almost empty church, which had been attended by only a few well-to-do people, with an enthusiastic congregation of miners and laborers—a congregation which sometimes overflowed the limits of the building, many following the services looking in through the doors and windows. In only one thing did the father find fault with his beloved son: and that was an increasing tendency toward asceticism—the result of Louis’s over-intense temperament—a tendency which had at one time nearly driven him into the Roman Catholic Church, from which he was saved by his father’s sane counsels. This tendency had now led him to join the Brothers of the Order of St. John the Evangelist—commonly known as the “Cowley Fathers.” But his constitution had been undermined by his ardent nature and his ascetic practices, and a winter’s residence in England proved to the Superior of the Order that Louis was not fitted physically for the work of the Order, and so, in the beginning of 1878, he returned to this country, where, after a couple of months’ needed rest, he again plunged into missionary work in the slums of New York, and in Newark and Hoboken, New Jersey. Everything seemed to point to the recovery of his former health and to many years of useful service, when, on September 6, 1878, his father “received a letter from Mr. Swords, saying that Louis had gone to Memphis,” where the yellow fever epidemic was then at its height. Although Dr. Schuyler wrote in his Diary “God’s will be done,” yet knowing that Louis was in no

An Ambassador of Christ

physical condition to risk the danger of infection, he telegraphed him, withholding his consent. Louis's loving letter in reply—but plainly showing that he felt he had a call from God to go, and quoting, "Whosoever loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me"—was so in harmony with his father's deepest convictions that he immediately telegraphed, "You have my full consent and my blessing." From this time till the end the loving father lived in a tumult of alternate hope and fear. He prayed much but spoke little. He seems to have written no letters—only a few brief entries in his Diary remain:

Sept. 13th. Received telegram from Dr. Dalzell, informing me that Louis has the yellow fever. May God preserve him. Have spent the afternoon in my study.*

Sept. 14th. Telegram from Dr. Dalzell that Louis is no worse.

Sept. 15th. Telegram at noon that Louis was very low. May God spare him.

Sept. 16th. Telegram in the night, giving some little encouragement for dear Louis. My prayers go up continually for him.

Sept. 17th. To-day, telegram from Dr. Dalzell, received at 10 A.M. "Your dear son died at 2:30 A.M. Was rational, resigned, and communed. Left loving messages. God comfort you all." God's will be done. My darling boy.

In a letter written to his cousin the following month Dr. Schuyler gives expression to his inmost feelings:

I have written to Dr. Houghton and have told him that I do not, for one moment, cast any blame upon him for the part he took in dear Louis's decision as to going to Memphis. I should have done the same thing under similar circumstances. What he writes as to Louis's asking him whether he thought there was any "*self-will*" in his decision relieves my mind of every lingering doubt as to the entire purity of the motives which moved my dear son to offer his life as a sacrifice on the altar of duty. I do believe that the Holy Spirit moved him to go, and that in his death he

* Alone and in prayer.—W. S.

Advancing Years

has accomplished; by the blessing which will follow from *Him* who moved him to the act, *more* good than even by a long life of active usefulness.

I feel myself rebuked by the unselfish devotion of such an act, and I humbly trust and earnestly pray that its beneficent influences may not be lost upon me. I have no disposition to blame anyone but Bishop ———. There can be no doubt that in the mind of Louis his telegram to Dr. T.—— had had great weight. He probably would have gone when the telegram came from the Sisters. But (as I have written to Dr. Houghton) had Bishop ——— said to my son, "*Come* with me to the plague-stricken city," I would have honored him. But, away in a place of safety, coolly to telegraph, "Let Mr. Schuyler go to Memphis," shocks every feeling of true nobility and prompts you to pity the selfish cowardice that could give it utterance.

I cannot feel kindly to Bishop ———. But I will not cherish any vengeful feelings, and only pity the weakness which, under the loud call from the plague-stricken city, could have rendered him deaf to the claims of duty.

And from a later letter:

We had as pleasant a Christmas as we could expect under the deep shadow resting upon us. For the children's sake we tried to be cheerful, but, strange to say, the day after Christmas came Louis's books, the next day his travelling-bag from Memphis, and the next day his sermons from Hoboken. It was very hard to open his travelling-bag; and when I took out his dear hat, Sophie broke down completely. It seemed to bring him right before us.

And from the Diary, December 31, 1879:

Another year has come to a close—a year of many mercies, and only and always to be remembered as the one in which our dear Louis went to his rest in Paradise—a martyr in His Master's cause.

On January 7, 1879, Dr. Schuyler wrote: "Day after to-morrow, if I live so long, I shall be 65. I am rapidly approaching the ordinary limit of three score and ten years, and I do not know

An Ambassador of Christ

that I have any desire to go beyond it. 'I would not live alway,' and what there is of this life is enough for its woes, full enough for its cheer." He seemed to have a foreboding of what was to come, for the coming year was to be the darkest of his life. To be sure, there were many gleams of love and trust, but, on the whole, it was so gloomy that Montgomery Schuyler came at last to believe that all his labors had been for naught; that his influence for good had dwindled to almost nothing; that the beautiful church built under his direction would be sacrificed, and that there was nothing for him but to retire to some secluded spot to spend his few remaining days, a confessed failure in the calling to which he had devoted so many years. At the end, however, his forebodings were proved untrue; and for sixteen years longer he was permitted to labor for his beloved and loving flock, and then, as he had always wished, to die in harness.

Early in 1879, foreseeing that in the near future his financial prospects would not be likely to improve, Dr. Schuyler, by the aid of his eldest son, borrowed in New York sufficient money to erect two houses upon the west half of his lot. These were completed before the end of the year, and as the location of the rectory at that time was a very desirable one, he had no difficulty in renting them at good rates as soon as completed. The income of these houses, after the interest on the mortgage was paid, helped him very much in the coming years.

In spite of the reduction in the rector's salary and the saving in the choir expenses, there had been a deficit in 1878, most of which had been met by another subscription and the remainder carried forward; but the income from the pew rents was still steadily decreasing, being now only a little over \$5,000. This diminution was not only caused by people giving up their pews, but by a steady reduction in the pew rents. As the treasurer, Mr. Gazzam, says: "In order to keep people in the church, we were willing to let them have their pews for almost anything they were willing to pay."

And yet the number of people attending the services showed

Advancing Years

no apparent diminution; and while the number of communicants enrolled had grown less, it was still over 400.*

In the face of this state of affairs and the expressed opinions of many influential parishioners, and even some of the vestry, that it would be better to move up-town, Dr. Schuyler clung to his hope that Christ Church would be the "down-town church," and at the beginning of Lent, 1879, put forth the following pastoral letter:

Nearly a quarter of a century has passed since, as a congregation, we kept our first Lent together. In the retrospect of these years how many changes have taken place! One after another, year after year has gone from us, many of them leaving precious memories behind; and many of them leaving sad gaps, not only in the family, but in the parish. Of the first vestry by whom your pastor was called, not one of them is now with us; and of the thirteen who then composed that body, only four, as far as can be ascertained, are now living. During this period four who held the office of senior warden have been called to their reward.

Great changes have taken place in the position and condition of the parish. The old church stood on the corner of Fifth and Chestnut, and very few of those who worshipped there lived farther west than Tenth street. After the lapse of six years it was decided to build a new church, and to go as far west as our present location, it being then a matter of great doubt whether Thirteenth street was not too far west for many years to come.

The unparalleled growth of the city and the extension of the residence portion westward has left us already on the eastern verge; and the organization of new parishes and the removal of an old one have furnished church accommodations for that portion

* It may be of interest to compare the contributions of the parish during 1867 (the last year in the chapel) with those of 1879.

	1867	1879
Number of Communicants.....	248	406
Communion Alms.....	\$647.80	\$233.75
Domestic Missions.....	339.50	68.25
Foreign Missions.....	167.20	11.46
Diocesan Missions.....	1,087.00	243.53
Orphans' Home.....	1,035.00	735.00
St. Luke's Hospital.....	1,250.00	974.31
For the New Church.....	24,947.00
For Church Expenses and Deficit.....	869.47

An Ambassador of Christ

of the city; and the question is now a vital one with us, how is the parish to be sustained? And how are we to go on and do the work which God, in His providence, has clearly placed before us? If the great object for which we are banded together is to provide *ourselves* with the religious privilege of worshipping in God's house and enjoying the ministrations of God's ministers in the dispensation of His holy sacraments and the rites of His church, then clearly it is the part of wisdom either to sever our connection with the parish and unite with some other more convenient, or else for the parish to remove, as have others, and, selling the present edifice, build in a more fashionable and eligible locality. If the parish church is to be looked upon as a chapel of ease, or a proprietary building in which each worshipper is entitled to so much stock, and to enjoy the worship and preaching for which he pays, without any reference to the claims of his fellows who may not chance to be stockholders, or to be blessed with the means of paying for such privileges, then there are no higher considerations to be taken into account than those of mere expediency, and we have no problem of duty to solve.

But, dear brethren, your rector cannot regard this question in this light, and he trusts it will not be so regarded by the mass of the parishioners. In the stead of its being an unfortunate circumstance that this noble edifice should have been located where it is, he can but congratulate himself and the parish that their lines have been cast in a portion of the Lord's vineyard where there are such abundant and favorable opportunities for doing a great work for Christ and His church. *Now and prospectively* there is and will be a class of the population who need and should be provided with the ministrations of the church and the hallowed and comforting influences of the blessed Gospel of Christ. It is a mark of Christ's religion that "to the poor the Gospel is preached," and it was a characteristic of its early history that "the common people heard Him gladly." There could have been no better provision made, could we have seen into the future, than the building of such a church as we have and placing it where it is. The question is, are we ready to accept gratefully the privilege and meet manfully and unselfishly the responsibility? It is a question admirably adapted to occupy your minds during this holy season. While Lenten duties are those which specially concern personal religion, personal religion has to do with relative duties; with those we owe to others as well as to our own souls. Those of you who have wealth have a responsibility, the use of

Advancing Years

which, if it does not have its limitation, has its special sphere of application within the bounds of the parish. The experiment lately commenced in the Mission Sunday School* marks a sphere of duty, and already begins to give promise of far wider results. The first effort should be to clear the church of every dollar of debt, that it may be given to God in the solemn service of consecration.

Then let there be an assistant, if not a corps of clergy, to work in the mission field immediately around us, and let the daily sacrifice of prayer bear witness that God is with us of a truth. It needs no prophet's ken to foresee what a glorious work can be accomplished. Your rector would be more proud to welcome a gathering of the rich and poor together in the sanctuary than a crowded congregation of millionaires, no matter how rich the appointments of God's house, or how liberal their provision for strictly parish expenditures. The vision of churchmen must be enlarged. We must see beyond the narrow bounds of mere congregationalism, and work together as members of the one catholic church of Christ, and while having a special sphere wherein to devote our energies, yet looking for their bearing and influence on the common brotherhood of the race. Let these, and such as these, be the questions which shall form a prominent part of our consideration during the present Lent, and may the ever-blessed Spirit be with you and inspire and guide you aright.

And for Easter a grand service was projected. The veteran organist, Mr. Charles Balmer, volunteered to officiate once more, to collect and train a chorus choir and small orchestra, and so to show what could be done in the way of fitting services in the grand church. It was hoped that this service would be the beginning of a movement which would arouse a new interest in the church and which might end in the extinguishment of the entire debt. Of this Dr. Schuyler wrote in his Diary: "Bright, beautiful Easter. This has been a glad day. The congregation crowded the church and some were obliged to go away. I preached on the subject of the Church Debt, and trust it will

*About this time, in addition to the regular parish Sunday School, an afternoon school was started to reach those who could not be induced to come with the well-dressed children of the parishioners, and to be the beginning of a Mission work which should bring the poor of the neighborhood into the temple of God.

An Ambassador of Christ

bring full fruit. May God vouchsafe His blessing. A grand celebration of the two Sunday-schools in the afternoon." And the next day: "Prayers in the chapel at 9 A.M. This closes the daily services. Would I could keep them up through the year."

The deficiency for the year was about \$1,800; and as this was less than the interest (\$2,000) which the church was paying on the bonded debt, it was evident that if this burden were lifted from the church it would be once more able to pay its expenses without deficit; so at its second meeting, April 17th, the new vestry resolved: "that on Sunday, the 27th inst., the matter of the church debt be presented by the Rector to the Parish, and that at the conclusion of the sermon a personal appeal be made to the congregation for an offering to wipe out both the bonded and the floating debt." And at the same time a committee was appointed to canvass the congregation for subscriptions, so that the rector might go before the congregation with a good sum to start on.

But at the next meeting, April 24th, as the treasurer's report was far from encouraging—only \$1,500 having been promised—the proposed appeal was postponed; and when it was finally made, on June 8th, it was only for the amount of the last year's deficiency.* This appeal, for even such a comparatively small amount, failed by about \$600 to realize the amount needed; and in the face of this, the conviction that the struggle was hopeless forced itself upon the minds of the vestry. All of them were devoted friends of their pastor; he was closely knit to them by bonds of personal affection, and of gratitude for his comforting counsel and untiring ministrations in times of sorrow and trouble—a gratitude which had manifested itself not merely in words but in frequent and generous gifts. But what could they do now? From their long association with their rector they knew well that he would not recede from the position he had taken in

* On Saturday, June 14th, one of Dr. Schuyler's daughters, assisted by her sisters and friends, gave a fair for the Church Debt at the rectory. Of this the Diary says: "Attended in the afternoon Nellie's fair. A fearful storm came on at night and caused her great disappointment. It would otherwise have been a great success." As it was, the net proceeds were a little over \$125.00."

Advancing Years

his last Lenten pastoral—and yet his sturdy effort to keep up a down-town church seemed doomed to ultimate failure, and that not remote. His appeal, which on former occasions had resulted in raising thousands on thousands of dollars, had now failed to secure a few hundreds. From all evidences, his congregation loved him as did the vestry, and either the continued hard times or the westward movement of the population must be responsible for the present emergency. There had been of late in the parish considerable talk of selling the church to the Roman Catholics and building a new edifice further west; and if something could not be done to rouse the congregation, this would probably be the final outcome of the struggle of the past twenty years. There was no doubt that, from a religious standpoint, Dr. Schuyler was right, and this was an emergency that he either could not or would not see in the light of a cold business proposition. So, in order to spare the feelings of their beloved rector, during the discussion of this sad state of affairs, the members of the vestry assembled at the office of one of the wardens, and the result of their deliberations was the following letter to the rector:

I am instructed by the vestry to communicate to you the following resolution, offered at a special vestry meeting held June 14th:

“Whereas, the Parish has failed, after several appeals, to meet the deficiency of the revenue for the year ending Easter, 1879, and whereas the vestry are unwilling to incur any further liabilities for which they may in honor be personally liable,

“Therefore, be it resolved, that unless the Parish will undertake to meet the past deficiency and guarantee the expenses for the future, the vestry will be compelled to immediately prevent the incurring of any further indebtedness by a continuance of the services under their management.

“Resolved, that the Rector be requested to read this resolution to the congregation on Sunday, the 22d inst., and to call a Parish Meeting during the week for acting upon the matter.”

By this action they hoped to rouse the congregation to take the needed action to save the church from going under. But on re-

An Ambassador of Christ

ceipt of these resolutions, June 16, 1879, Dr. Schuyler called a special meeting of the vestry for the following evening, and every member was present, and he read them the following communication: *

GENTLEMEN: I have determined, in order that I may use no hasty or indiscreet word, to open this meeting with a written communication, not a word of which has been indited without long and prayerful thought. It is nearly twenty-four years since I took the Rectorship of this Parish, and I have been with it under varied circumstances of prosperity and adversity. It is natural, therefore, that I should cherish strong feelings of attachment to very many in the Parish, and that the interests of the church should be very dear to me. It is not with me a matter of dollars and cents; nor whether I can get more money here or more money there, that the question presents to my mind as to the direction of my duty in the premises. Did I not know from unquestionable expressions of attachment from the great mass of my Parishioners that my ministrations are acceptable and that my continuance as their Rector is not only desired, but that they regard the prosperity of the Parish dependent upon it, I would resign at once and relieve the vestry from the responsibility which seems to weigh so heavily upon them. I would remind the vestry that it is not many years ago since they assured me, in a communication which I now hold, when I was called to another field, that the life of the Parish depended upon my remaining. . . .

I cannot believe that ten years has availed to work such a change in the Rector or in the feelings of the congregation towards him that now it would be better for the Parish that the relation should be severed. Let me be convinced of this, and my own personal interests should not, for a moment, stand in the way of the Church's good. At the same time, I wish to remind the vestry that I do not regard myself in the light of "a hired man," to be discharged at the will of my employer. I look upon the relation of Pastor and People as a sacred thing. There are mutual obligations which cannot be ignored by either without guilt.

* As this letter is copied in full in the vestry records, and as Dr. Schuyler has also preserved it in the parish register as "part of the History of the Church," it seems proper to insert it almost entire—the only omission being some quotations of canon law and a former resolution of the vestry already given in this book. The letter is also valuable as showing how severe Dr. Schuyler could be, even with those he loved, when he thought it necessary.

Advancing Years

You may say that the Resolutions of the Vestry present no such alternative as the severing of the relations of Pastor and People. In *words* they do not; nor would I say that necessarily such a result was contemplated by any of the vestry. I would speak plainly, Gentlemen; I have been told by one of my Brethren in the Ministry of this city that the remark had been made by one of your number that it was designed to close the church and stop the services. Perhaps it may not be known that the keys of the church are in my hands, and that the services can only be closed at my discretion. That matter has been decided legally. . . .

Your Resolution, however, goes upon the assumption that the continuance of the services is under your control. . . . The Rector, not the vestry, has the management of the services. They may resign and relieve themselves of pecuniary responsibility, but they cannot interpose to close the doors of the church. In this same connection they ask that the congregation "guarantee the expenses for the future." It seems to me that this is a most extraordinary requirement for any Vestry to make of a congregation. How are you to bring it about practically? You have your pew rents as a source of income, and, as is the case with almost every Parish, there is always a deficiency to be made up by voluntary subscription or by a resort to such means as Fairs, Steamboat Excursions, etc. It is not usual for vestries to conduct their affairs on such a business basis, as that the income shall suffice to meet every dollar of expenditure. It must be remembered that a large item of expenditure, aside from the interest on the debt, is the assessment for the Bishop's salary,* which is usually made a matter of voluntary contributions from individuals. It is never expected; or, if it is, it is never realized, that the rental of a pew is all that each member of the Parish shall be called upon to do for its support. There are the methods, to which I have already alluded, to make good the deficiency, but it does not seem to have entered into the minds of the vestry to avail themselves of these. Nor do I learn that they have called upon individuals who were not present in the church when the Public Appeal was made to ascertain whether the small sum of \$600 still unpledged for the past year's deficiency might not be made up.

And here let me say that I *now* explicitly and in due form release the vestry from all engagements as to the amount of salary I am to receive, and relieve them of all responsibility to make good any deficiency which may accrue for the future. I am will-

* At this time \$750 per annum.

An Ambassador of Christ

ing to trust to Providence, believing that God will take care of me and mine; and if self-denial is necessary, so far as I am personally concerned, with His help, there shall be no complaint.

There are one or two other matters to which I would briefly allude. It seems to me rather surprising that these conferences of the vestry have been held without my being notified.

I call them conferences because there can be no legal meeting of the vestry, when the Rector is in Town, without its being called at his request, or with his express consent, and it is particularly required that he shall always preside. . . . I do not know why these conferences have been held without my knowledge, and I can only say it is not churchly, nor is it calculated to inspire confidence in the heart of your Rector. I would not charge any sinister design upon any individual, believing it may have been inspired by feelings of mistaken delicacy.

I must decline reading these resolutions to the congregation on any occasion of Public Worship. There is nothing to prevent the Vestry calling a meeting of the Parish for general consultation upon its interests. My own experience as to these meetings is that they are always a failure. If the Vestry were united in an earnest determination to give their hearty support to the church and were willing to devote a portion of their time to calling upon the members of the Parish individually much more might be accomplished.

I have written this communication, Gentlemen, with the kindest of feelings towards each of you personally, and with the full conviction that it was my duty to speak as I have done.

M. SCHUYLER,
Rector of Christ Church.

The vestry, after voting to legalize the minutes of their "conference," accepted their rector's proposition, promising to do all that they could to prevent him from suffering financially. Of the action Dr. Schuyler wrote in the Register: "To-night at a vestry meeting I resigned all claim upon the vestry for salary. There seemed no other alternative. They were none of them willing to assume any responsibility. I determined that, with God's help, I would go through the year trusting in His Providence to preserve me and mine from want. As a fact in the history of the Parish, I leave it without comment." In a letter to

Advancing Years

his cousin he wrote: "It does seem that there is a great work to be done here, and that there ought to be people of wealth enough to stand by me and sustain me. I am willing to try it for a year, and if I cannot get a support, I must leave the parish, I suppose, for some man without a family. But I will not do it until forced by the necessities of the case." And in his Diary: "May God give me an implicit faith. I hope for the best."

Though in the end his trust in Providence was fully justified, still it was to be sorely tried during the coming year. And yet his people, from all appearances, entertained the same feelings for him that they had always manifested during the past quarter of a century. The following is taken from the *Globe-Democrat*:

On Thursday evening (May 29, 1879) a number of ladies and gentlemen, friends of the Rev. Dr. Schuyler, called upon him at his residence and congratulated him and his estimable lady on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding. The surprise was complete to Dr. Schuyler, as his *negligé* and slippers attested. After hands had been shaken all around, the Rev. Doctor and his good wife were presented with a large and beautiful floral tribute, surmounted by a dazzling basin of some 200 or 300 silver dollars. The young people and the older ones enjoyed a delightful time for several hours with Dr. Schuyler and family; and these must have been, indeed, happy hours for the old pastor. It is just twenty-five years since the Doctor came to St. Louis, with his present wife as his bride, and he has lived here ever since, beloved and respected by all who know him; and his name is a password for all that is noble and generous in a Christian gentleman and minister of the Church.

And, as in July he was very much run down in health, a friend sent him passes to Colorado and return for himself and wife. As his letters and diaries show, he spent a delightful fortnight in the Rocky Mountains, being entertained by many people. He came back much benefited, for he had the happy faculty of being able in social intercourse and in the presence of the beauties of nature to cast off all carking cares and personal worry—a trait which, undoubtedly, did much to prolong his life and augment his useful-

An Ambassador of Christ

ness. During his absence he received a letter from one of his parishioners, from which the following extract is taken:

I am truly grieved at the thought of not seeing you before I leave for my new home. I have no words to express my affectionate gratitude to you for the kind sympathy, the gentle ministrings you extended me in my hours of deep distress and grief. The many hallowed, the many tender memories that are associated with "dear old Christ Church" will cling to me through life, and I shall ever cherish the deepest affection and interest in its sacred walls. May I beg you not to forget me in your prayers, that I may be wholly resigned to His Blessed Will?

In the Diary for September 17, 1879, is found: "This is the Anniversary of dear Louis's entrance into Paradise. I thank God for his good example."

And on Sunday, October 5th: "This is the 25th Anniversary of my Rectorship of Christ Church. I preached an appropriate sermon. Large congregation. Rev. Mr. Betts (of Trinity Church) dismissed his congregation after the service of holy communion and came over to help me."

A few days later Dr. Schuyler received the following letter, signed by many of his old parishioners and friends:

Taking advantage of the opportunity suggested by your sermon of last Sunday, we desire to offer you our sincere congratulations on your having reached the twenty-fifth anniversary of your Rectorship of Christ Church. Of the singular fidelity of your ministry there, those now of the congregation and the thousands who have passed from under your care can testify. We trust that God may graciously long preserve your life for faithful work in the Church.

Regarding the sermon as a valuable contribution to the history of the parish and Diocese, we ask to be allowed to publish it in pamphlet form.

Extracts from this sermon appear in a former chapter of this book. A few more are added here:

I do not think that there is any pastor of any religious body in the city now retaining his position over the same congregation who was in charge when I took the rectorship of this church, with

Advancing Years

the exception of the Rev. Dr. Post. And yet, during this time, we have not been called upon to bury a pastor in charge. . . . The love of change has infected both clergy and people, and they go from place to place—and the people are content to have it so—almost as often as in the itinerating system of the Methodists. Pastoral care and the attachments which grow up, or ought to grow up, between the minister and the several members of his flock, fostered by the long and continuous participation in their mutual joys and sorrows, and sealed by a sympathy and confidence which years alone can create, such a relation and such a state of mutual dependence is rarely exhibited. I do not wish to dogmatize upon a question which certainly is becoming every day one of more anxious import, *i.e.*, Why is it that Christianity seems to be losing its hold upon the hearts and consciences of the people, and that so little of its life-giving, purifying power is exemplified in the lives of those who profess to be Christ's disciples? May it not be the case that one reason for this failure is to be found in the constantly changing character and tone of the teaching which each successive preacher puts forth and the want of full and hearty sympathy and confidence which only years of pastoral intercourse can awaken and retain? A stranger cannot take the place of a parent in the love and confidence of the child, and so measurably must it be with the spiritual father and his children. . . .

It may not be out of place to state that, in the years 1864 and 1865, the parishioners, small in numbers for the want of church accommodation, contributed over \$60,000, besides paying the regular and incidental expenses, amounting to over \$7,000 per annum.

At the present time we have treble the number of communicants we had then, and a like proportionate number in the congregation. In view of this fact, brethren, let me ask here, Why should we falter at the work that is now before us? With a debt of only \$25,000, and with treble the number to meet it, and with an actual reduction of current expenses of nearly \$2,000, why should we go about with long faces, as though we had an intolerable burden to bear? It is true, there have been reverses of fortune among many during the past few years, and there is not the same proportionate pecuniary ability among those who remain with us, yet there are ample means to meet the greatly diminished debt and the current expenses of the parish.

I am not in the habit of interpreting Providence, and would

An Ambassador of Christ

never presume to dogmatize upon the lessons God would teach us thereby. But it does seem to me that we have been led to erect this magnificent building, and to expend so much money upon it, just in this place, because God designed that there should be here a standing monument to His honor and a house for His worship through all coming time. Had we erected a church of brick of comparatively small dimensions, at little cost, and without claim to architectural beauty, it could easily have been sold or removed without loss; and we should have been tempted to follow, in the wake of others, to a more fashionable locality. But now this noble edifice forbids that we should lay rash hands upon it; and there is an air of sanctity within these hallowed walls; and there are solemn voices from the dead speaking from these memorial windows, which cry out to spare the house of God and save it from desecration. Nor will it ever be out of place if it stands here for centuries. Like many of the grandest cathedrals of the Old World, it will stand in the midst of the busy throng to speak for God, and with open doors to invite to His worship, like old Trinity in New York, looking down upon Wall Street while lifting her spire Heavenward. Here will Christ Church stand in the days to come, as the Cathedral Church of the Diocese, with her doors open for daily prayer, and with a corps of clergy ready to do the work which, in a great city like this, must be ever pressing upon them.

In a discourse of this kind a few personal allusions may not be out of place. I came here in the full strength of manhood and gave you my best powers of mind and body. I was just, as it were, in my family relations, beginning life again, with bright and cheerful hopes for the future. These hopes have been realized. My home has been a happy one: a large family has grown up around me, with but one sad break. I cannot dwell upon it. It was God's doings, and "He doeth all things well."

I have been greatly blessed with health, and do not remember to have lost a month by reason of sickness, and have taken but few vacations in the course of the twenty-five years. You have had my services, such as they have been, with but little intermission, and, I can assure you, I do not recall them with any feelings of self-complacency. As a people, you have been uniformly kind and considerate towards me and mine, and in many instances generous and forbearing. I have formed friendships and attachments which I know death has not, and I trust it will not, sever. I have been several times called to other fields, and twice back to my old parish from which I came here. It would, doubtless, have

Advancing Years

been for my worldly interests, and for those of my family, had I accepted some of these calls. . . . I can truly say, it has never been my wish to leave you, nor have I ever sought for a change for the love of change; or because it seemed to be my duty to seek another field; or because I had reason to believe that my services were not acceptable to the mass of the congregation. . . . It would be unnatural to suppose that I could have gone in and out among you for so long a time without the strongest ties of attachment to very many. The little infant whom I took in my arms at the baptismal font and consecrated to God's service has grown up to the ripeness of age, and has come back to me with his or her own little ones, to receive for them the same washing of regeneration, and the same blessed seal of forgiveness. What a tie must this of itself form, to be the spiritual father of two generations! And yet I am not an old man; at least I am not weighed down with the infirmities of age, and surely with such bonds to link together the young and the old, the affections could not grow cold. It would be strange if, in all these years, there should not have been misunderstandings, and, in some instances, unkind feelings awakened. With the best of motives, and with every wish to do our duty, we may be mistaken as to the course we ought to pursue, and our conduct may be misconstrued when we are clearly acting for the best; so that it would be idle to expect to go through life without enemies, and it would be very self-complacent on our part to think that we did not deserve them. All I can say is, that I ask forgiveness and forbearance for what I have done amiss. . . .

At this point, and near the close of this discourse, I propose to give a summary of my official acts. I give them as they appear upon the register:

Baptisms—adults, 274; infants, 1,231.....	1,505
Confirmations	803
Marriages	456
Burials	768
Added to the Holy Communion.....	1,224

Amount of contributions by the parish for objects within the parish, exclusive of the salary of the rector	\$268,582.05
Extra parochial	103,146.79
Total.....	\$371,728.84

An Ambassador of Christ

In conclusion, let me add that none of us knows what is in the future for us, nor where we shall end our days. It may chance, in God's providence, that for years we may be together, or it may be that a speedy separation is at hand. I have no lease upon a moment of life, being a mere tenant, at the will of the Almighty; nor can I control providential circumstances so as to fix certainly the place of my abode. As to the possibility of a separation, I do not wish to contemplate it. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." There are troubles enough in this life without borrowing of the future. Let us, rather, strive to acquit ourselves of the obligations of the present by a faithful discharge of duty. "Let us work while it is day, for the night cometh, when no man can work"; and at its close, come what may, we shall receive the recompense of reward at His hands, who is as kind and merciful as He is holy and just.

Names of the thirteen communicants referred to in the sermon, as then living, who were members of Christ Church Parish in 1854:

Judge Alexander Hamilton,
Mrs. Octavia Shaw,
Mrs. Ellen H. Clark,
Mrs. Virginia Brooks,
Mrs. Agnes Kennett,
Mrs. Elizabeth Hart,
Mrs. Julia Kennett,

Mrs. Julia Hamilton,
Mrs. J. Lindell,
Mrs. Sarah Glasgow,
Mrs. Susan Clark,
Dr. T. Griswold Comstock,
Miss Sallie Walker (now Mrs.
Triplett).

Of this sermon, which was published in the newspapers as well as in pamphlet form and attracted widespread attention, Dr. Schuyler wrote to his cousin:

It cost me some labor to get it up, and it contains matters of history that will soon be forgotten. I wanted an opportunity of bringing out my conduct and the treatment I received during the war. The people seem to have received it kindly. I presume each one putting on his neighbors what might reflect upon his own want of charity. I hope never to have another such experience. I do not know how we are to succeed in keeping up the church where we are, and yet I am not willing to give it up. I never was more satisfied than I am now that the church is in the right place, but it is a terrible up-hill work to keep a paying con-

Advancing Years

gregation together. It is a long remove from the mass of the people who are able to sustain the services, but I think I can see gathering in gradually a class of people with moderate means who will keep up the services.

But as the year closed, things grew darker and darker for Christ Church. The vestry had attempted to increase the income by a system of "weekly offerings," but this fell far short of fulfilling expectations. The ladies of the church worked for months in preparing for a "bazaar" for the "bonded debt." This was given in December, and, though in many ways a success, yet its net proceeds, some \$3,600, would accomplish little in lifting the burden from the church, unless other efforts were made to raise money.

As no one seemed at this time to be willing to make further effort, Dr. Schuyler gave up hope. He wrote to his brother William in Marshall about securing a small farm for him. He expected to pay for this by the sale of the rectory; and then, aided by the rent of the two newly erected houses and with the assistance of his two youngest sons, he expected to make his living by farming.

In his brother's answer was the following:

We had our Christmas gathering at Dr. Montgomery's, and the subject of your letter was fully discussed. It seems to be the general opinion of the family that you ought not to remain in St. Louis, hampered as you have been for some time past. We all think here that you ought to tender your resignation of the Rectorship of Christ Church, on the grounds that the compensation you are now receiving is wholly inadequate for the support of your family, and that your present labors are too arduous without an assistant. Of course your future action would depend upon what your parishioners might determine to do. I have no doubt that your present impaired health is in no small degree owing to the trouble and anxiety connected with your present parochial relations. If you *do* determine to leave St. Louis, we shall all be rejoiced to have you make your home in Marshall again. I doubt very much that it would be advisable to purchase a farm and to work it, hoping to make it a profitable investment.

An Ambassador of Christ

Lands are too high here to be farmed with profit unless by those who are not obliged to hire much of their labor. In saying this, I merely reiterate the opinion of all your friends here.

After still further discouraging the "farm project," Dr. Schuyler's brother advised him to pay off the mortgage on the two new houses, by the sale of the rectory lot, and with the remainder purchase some small house in the town of Marshall, where the income of the houses, added to his sons' assistance, would support him and his family quite comfortably, on account of the much greater cheapness of living in a small town. And this exceedingly sensible plan was what Dr. Schuyler finally decided to adopt, in case he left Christ Church.

On Christmas a number of his old friends, knowing the financial straits in which he was, made him some generous presents; and on New Year's eve some others sent him, marked "paid," a note of \$200, which he had been obliged to have discounted.

The Diary for 1880 has been, unfortunately, lost, as also all Dr. Schuyler's letters of this year bearing upon this history; and so there is no record of his feelings during the critical months which followed, except the following, from the historical discourse on the seventieth anniversary of Christ Church: "To my own mind a failure to sustain the Parish in the Old Church seemed well-nigh equivalent to a failure of my life's work." And this from the sermon preached on the endowment of the cathedral, in 1888: "Many and many a time have the cold chills run over me at the careless expression of some parishioner or friend, in words like these: 'Well! you will soon have to give up the old church. All the other churches are moving away, and your congregation will forsake you. There will soon be no people left in the neighborhood but the poor.' And this conclusion seemed to have been reached by such persons without an expression of regret or any consciousness of any guiltiness on the part of the Parish, for deliberately abandoning a work which they had *professedly* begun for God's glory and the good of their fellows."

There is, however, extant a letter from his cousin in answer

Advancing Years

to one written on his 66th birthday, which contains some significant passages:

I have your letter of the 9th, and was very glad to get it, though sorry to find from it that you are not well in body or spirits. . . . My dream used to be, and I have not given it up entirely, to spend the declining years of my life on a farm. I think as we grow older we want to get back to our beginning. But,

“He who by the plow would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive”;

and at 66 it doesn't seem a profitable thing to do. What I think would be the thing for you, and, under like circumstances, myself, is a country parish, where there may be a few acres of land and a few hundred dollars' salary.

I don't see how you can look back on your life as a *waste*. If it had been I who made the retrospect, there would be some truth in it. But you have been a very laborious and successful clergyman in Buffalo and St. Louis. Look at your two churches and the number of souls you have ministered to in public, and especially in private, and the accounts that have always followed you. A lady from Buffalo is here now who spoke of you to me the other day, and of the great work you did there.

Don't let the dyspepsia turn every pleasant thing out of mind and memory. May God enable you to see your way plain before you and give you the comfort of His help and countenance.

The *Missouri Republican* of Sunday, February 15, 1880, contained the following:

The congregation of Christ Church, on assembling last Wednesday morning for the Ash Wednesday service, found in the different pews a small circular. The paper on the first page contained nothing but a short *resumé* of the services to take place during Lent. Most of the members of the congregation folded the paper up and put it into their pockets for future reference. The inner contents of the circular proved more interesting, on perusal, than they at first supposed. It was in the shape of a pastoral letter, and contained the announcement of the resignation of their pastor, Rev. Montgomery Schuyler, D.D. The resignation was a great surprise to all the members. All, without exception, were

An Ambassador of Christ

taken totally unawares, and could not, at first, account for the Doctor's action. The matter was kept secret for some few days, but began to leak out yesterday, and all sorts of rumors were heard on every side. The letter itself explains, in a great measure, the position of the rector towards his charge:

PASTORAL LETTER.

I have a few words to say to the Congregation, which I propose to put in the form of a Pastoral letter.

In the month of June last, in answer to a resolution of the vestry declining to assume the responsibility of "incurring any further indebtedness by a continuance of the services under their management," I made a written communication, from which I extract the following statement:

"I now explicitly and in due form release the vestry from all engagements as to the amount of salary I am to receive, and relieve them of all responsibility to make good any deficiency which may accrue in the future."

In response to this offer, the following resolution was passed:

"Resolved, That the liberal proposition of the Rector, to accept as his salary only such part of the revenue as shall not be required for the current expenses of the Parish, is hereby accepted, and that the vestry will use every effort to make the amount as large as possible."

There seemed to me no other course than the one I had proposed, as the vestry was unwilling "to incur any farther indebtedness"; and the Church must otherwise have been closed.

It is true, the Congregation might have been called together, and the whole matter presented to them for action; but I thought best to make the trial for a year, trusting to God's good Providence, and await the issue. Over ten months of the year have passed, and I have received as salary for that time \$1,400.84. Of this sum \$350 have been contributed, through the weekly offerings, in envelopes, as presented each Lord's day on the altar.

Now, it must be evident to everyone who has any knowledge of the necessary expenses of a large family, in a city, that such an amount is utterly inadequate; and if it had not been for the kind thoughtfulness of some of my friends, outside as well as in the Parish, I should have been involved—as I have no income beside my salary—in pecuniary embarrassments, both mortifying and vexatious. It is, therefore, my duty to look this matter plain-

Advancing Years

ly in the face. I trust I can do so, uninfluenced by selfish considerations.

It is no slight tie that binds a Pastor to his Flock, who has gone in and out among them for more than twenty-five years, and has been associated with them in the most intimate relationship of joy and sorrow. It implies something more than a mawkish sentimentality, when tears start, unbidden, at the very thought of separation. But there is a manly and Christian view to be taken of this question, which lifts it above the sphere of mere feeling. You need not be told—for I have told you often in sermon and Pastoral Letter—how important I deem the locality this Church occupies, and the position of the Parish, and the great work which God, in His Providence, has devolved upon it. There could have been no better provision made, could we have seen into the future, for the spiritual wants of this portion of the city, than the building of such a Church as we have and placing it where it is. The question is: Are we ready to accept gratefully the privilege and meet manfully and unselfishly the responsibility?

With this view of the importance of the work to be done in this Parish, I have given the matter long and serious consideration, addressing the question to my judgment and conscience, whether it is possible for me, *unaided*, to do the work which ought to be done. I have arrived at that age when, instead of undertaking more, I feel a longing for relief, and for a little rest from increasing responsibility. From my long residence in the city there is an amount of work thrown upon me, outside of the Parish, of which very few have any conception, and which would not ordinarily fall upon a new incumbent. The visiting the sick and burying the dead, of those who have had no connection with any Parish or religious body, entails upon me a labor which consumes time and thought, and often involves fatigue, unfitting the Rector for proper Parish work. As I said in my last Pastoral: "Let there be an Assistant, if not a corps of clergy, to work in the field immediately around us." But to do this there must be a large and reliable income. The last year's experience proves that there is no good ground for such expectation. It would be foolhardy for me to go on under such an expectation; and having made the trial, for the past ten months, with the result I have stated, no one can accuse me of having acted hastily in offering my resignation of the Parish. You may find someone without a family, who can live upon what may be the revenue, after meeting other current expenses, and, perhaps, associate with him a young co-

An Ambassador of Christ

worker, who may be able and willing to "endure hardness" for the Master's sake. There is enough in the field immediately about us to give encouragement to such workers; and it must be so as long as the city itself shall stand. I look forward with hope to the future of this Parish as occupying the enviable position of a free and faithful dispenser of the Grace of God; preaching the blessed Gospel to the rich and the poor alike; with open doors, and the offering of Daily Prayers, and the Weekly Celebration of the Holy Eucharist.

Commending you, as individuals, and as a Parish, "to God and the Word of His Grace, which is able to build you up and give you an inheritance among all them who are Sanctified,"

I remain, truly, your Friend and Pastor,

M. SCHUYLER.

P.S.—I propose my resignation (which will be forwarded to the Vestry in due time) to take effect on the 1st of July next. This will give time to take the necessary steps for choosing my successor.

The sequel is given in a newspaper report of the time:

Dr. Schuyler has been rector for nearly 26 years, and, in addition to being dearly loved by his congregation, has been esteemed and greatly admired by members of all denominations. He is known in every part of the city, mostly for his work among the poor and the unfortunate, and, though bearing quite a number of years on his shoulders, is still hardy and vigorous.

With a view of ascertaining his object, if any, outside of those revealed in his pastoral, a visit was paid to his residence yesterday evening. The Doctor stated that it was true that he had tendered his resignation to his congregation, and, though extremely sorry to take such action, the force of existing circumstances was such as compelled him to act as he had done. The letter explained his position fully and accurately, and he could think of nothing further to say, except that his relations towards his flock were as amicable and friendly as ever.

A visit was next paid to the residence of Capt. Silas Bent, senior warden of the church. Mr. Bent stated that the particulars revealed in the letter were true in every respect. He was grieved to think that they were to part from their pastor, but he could not but feel that Dr. Schuyler had acted in a true spirit and resigned

Advancing Years

his rectorship only from the force of existing circumstances. As a member of the vestry, he had for quite a length of time foreseen the present action of their pastor. He was, nevertheless, at the moment, as much surprised as any of the congregation on reading the doctor's resignation.

The interview continued with a concise and businesslike statement of the history of the church and the cause of the present emergency, and concluded:

They could not, in justice, expect the doctor to continue with them. He hoped that the congregation would realize the condition of affairs, and help the vestry out of their trouble. He had not the slightest doubt but that the doctor would remain with them if a reasonable salary was guaranteed him. He would wish it stated particularly that the relations of the congregation toward Dr. Schuyler were nothing but of love, esteem, and admiration, and all hoped to see the present difficulties adjusted. What course the congregation or vestry would take he could not foresee, as neither have had a meeting since the issuing of the pastoral letter.

During the week many plans were discussed by the members of the vestry and the congregation, but finally, after consulting with the Bishop, it was decided to adopt the method so successful in 1873 and bring the matter before the congregation the next Sunday.

The following is condensed from the *Republican* of February 23, 1880:

The sermon was dispensed with, and at the conclusion of the regular service Bishop Robertson entered the pulpit and addressed the congregation in a few remarks. He gave a full and complete statement of the affairs of the church, and also of the plan proposed for raising the necessary amount for paying the debt attached to the church. In conclusion, he exhorted them to be liberal, and he hoped in a short time to see the church entirely free from debt. He was followed by Silas Bent, senior warden of the church. Mr. Bent restated the condition of the affairs of the church. They had a large debt on their church, and it was necessary to pay that debt, if they would wish to be relieved of

An Ambassador of Christ

their present difficulties. It was common in matters of this kind for all to condole and sympathize, and he would recall to mind the anecdote of the poor old woman who was travelling the streets of Philadelphia with a large basket of glassware. By some unaccountable accident the basket fell to the ground and the glass was broken into a thousand pieces. A large crowd gathered about the poor woman, who was crying and weeping bitterly, and sympathized with her in her distress. The great philanthropist, Stephen Girard, happened to be passing at the time, and, on inquiring what the matter was, exclaimed to those around that their condolence didn't remedy the woman's distress. He, for his part, was sorry \$5 worth; and he hoped that they would express their sympathy in a like manner. The bystanders realized the truth of his remarks, and in a few minutes the woman was sent on her way rejoicing. This was a similar case, said Mr. Bent, only on a larger scale. He was sorry, on his part, \$1,000 worth; and he hoped the entire congregation would, according to their means, express their sorrow in a like manner.

At the conclusion of Mr. Bent's remarks the ushers passed among the congregation, receiving the subscriptions. Cards had been printed and placed in all the pews. The cards being collected, the congregation remained in their seats until the result was announced. It was found that some \$9,000 was realized.

Immediately upon this Bishop Robertson rose up, and, addressing the congregation, said that it would never do for them to leave the church with so small an amount promised. The work would be for naught; they would have to give the entire matter up. Let them all think once more and see if they could not do a little better. He himself would subscribe \$500. At the conclusion of his remarks, several of the congregation doubled their subscriptions, and others increased the amounts they had first subscribed by various sums, the handsome sum of \$11,822 being realized. The announcement of this sum being made, Bishop Robertson administered the benediction and the congregation dispersed. The amount realized yesterday, together with the \$3,500, proceeds of the late bazaar, makes \$15,322 towards making the necessary \$25,000. The attendance of the congregation yesterday was only fair, a large number of the wealthier members not being present. These, it is known, will contribute generously, having already expressed themselves ready and willing to come to the front at the proper moment. A large number of those who have already subscribed have also, since yesterday's meeting, an-

Advancing Years

nounced their intention to, if necessary, add to, or even double, their subscriptions. From the number of cards collected, it is presumed that almost every member of the congregation, both male and female, handed in subscriptions which ranged from \$2,000 down to \$5; and in some instances even less.

On the following Sunday the *Republican* stated that the subscription for the debt amounted to \$20,712; and Dr. Schuyler's entry in the Parish Register for Easter is: "It was ascertained that the principal (\$25,000) of the debt was secured."* And in closing the year's entries in the Register, he wrote:

Here ends the Record of 1880, so far as my official acts are concerned. It has been a year distinguished by *one special blessing*, for which I cannot be too grateful. The church has been relieved of the great burthen of debt. It was achieved, seemingly, by the Divine interposition, at a time when the prospect to human foresight was gloomy indeed. It has been said that my letter of resignation was "a master-stroke of policy"; but so far as my thought or intention was concerned, there was no policy in it. *It was of God's unmerited goodness.*

And at the first meeting of the new vestry after Easter, at which Mr. C. S. Freeborn was appointed senior warden, "Mr. Chas. Parsons of the committee appointed to take charge of the funds for the debt, reported that he had paid the sum of \$10,000 on the principal note and had credited, in consideration of this prepayment, four hundred dollars each on the last two interest notes. In order to do this, he had advanced \$4,359, to be repaid to him out of the first receipts from the subscription."

"Mr. Parsons also moved that a resolution of thanks be passed to Miss Minnie Newington and those who assisted her in the operetta of 'Little Red Riding Hood,' given for the benefit of the Church Debt; also to the ladies who inaugurated and held the bazaar and gave the dinners, and to Miss Nellie Schuyler for her aid from her 'Fair' for the same object."

* It may be of interest to note here, that before the last payment was made, the congregation had paid in interest considerably more than \$70,000, which was the largest amount of the debt at any one time.

An Ambassador of Christ

A letter being read from the rector, withdrawing his resignation, by a unanimous vote his salary was fixed again at \$4,000; and, though no definite action was taken, it was informally agreed that he should have an assistant as soon as possible.

During the following year the sum for the payment of the remaining interest notes was gradually collected by additional subscriptions, and by a great increase in the "weekly offerings," which were still continued. At Easter, 1881, the treasurer's estimate of assets and liabilities, instead of the customary deficit, showed a probable surplus of over \$800. And at the vestry meeting of June 21st, the treasurer reported that "the remainder of the debt and interest, amounting to \$15,600, was paid off on the 15th inst., and the deed of trust released." This report stands engrossed in the records of the vestry, surrounded by broad lines in red ink, and on the margin, Mr. D. F. Leavitt, the secretary, has inscribed also in red ink and in large letters the words, "*LAUS DEO.*"



Christ Church Cathedral, St. Louis, Mo.



THE AUTHOR OF THE "MISTRESS OF THE MIST"

CHAPTER XVI

THE CATHEDRAL

AT the head of the entry for May 2, 1881, in Dr. Schuyler's Diary stands jotted down in pencil, apparently apropos of nothing, the words, "All work hath its pain." Though his beloved church was saved, though his devoted flock delighted to heap testimonials of love and honor upon him, though his iron constitution enabled him to labor for fifteen years longer in his Lord's vineyard, yet the old spirit, the old enthusiasm, the old zest were gone. Age and sickness had begun to wear him away, and though he never shirked any duty that presented itself, yet the effort to perform this duty became greater and greater with every year. There is extant a series of letters written to his cousin and lifelong friend, Dr. Anthony Schuyler, in which he poured forth his soul unreservedly. In the Diary during these last years the receipt of his cousin's letters is always noted, heavily underscored, thus showing the importance he now put upon them. It is, perhaps, worthy of note that the handwriting of the two men was so similar as sometimes to be quite indistinguishable; and if there is anything in the "Science of Graphology," this was a proof of what was plainly evident—the similarity of two beautiful souls, chastened and purified by a rich experience in doing good to their fellow-men, and now passing down the last years of life in loving and tender converse. Of this correspondence Montgomery Schuyler wrote:

I always enjoy your letters so much that I write often to bring you into my debt. But more than this, it is a pleasure to talk with you even in this way, though, as you will say, it is a poor substitute for a face to face talk. Providence seems to have so ordered that we can but seldom see each other, and yet I can truly say, there is no man in this world upon whom I look with so much

An Ambassador of Christ

confidence and affection as yourself. It would be delightful if we could have more intimate intercourse.*

From these letters much of the following pages is taken, as in them Montgomery Schuyler revealed many of his inmost thoughts and feelings. On April 20, 1881, he wrote to his cousin:

I snatch a moment while I am waiting for a carriage to take me to a funeral. I have two funerals to-day, and shall be obliged to ride 12 miles in attending each funeral. Of course it does not often happen that I have two funerals in a day. It so happens that the families who are bereaved are among those who are my best friends. It makes me, therefore, feel especially sad. I have been better for two weeks past. The winter has been a very trying one to me, and I have never felt more despondent and low-spirited. But I have gotten through Lent much better than I could have expected. It seems to me as if the Devil has been persecuting me with more than ordinary vigor. I have never had such terrible doubts; and it seemed at times as if my mind would be entirely upset. But I am, in a good measure, relieved from these troubles, though I cannot say entirely. God has verified His promise, "as thy day, so shall thy strength be."

On Palm Sunday we had confirmation and twenty-one were confirmed. I had no idea I should have half as many, but they kept coming from the adult portion of the congregation almost entirely. I have now a good prospect of having an assistant. The vestry say they hope to raise \$2,000, so that we can have a good man. I know that the Parish can be worked much more effectively with the right kind of man. I find my vigor failing and I need help, but of course there is a good deal of risk, as poor Dr. S—— experienced. I think I am not a hard man to get along with. My ladies, as usual, presented me with a new suit of clothes at Easter; and yesterday I received a request to call at the tailor's and get a spring overcoat.

June 13th.

I have made up my mind to stay at home this summer. The fact is, I have a most unaccountable aversion to going away. There is no place like home for an *old man*, and I believe I *am* old. At any rate, I feel so.

* Dr. Anthony Schuyler survived his cousin, and it was in accordance with his urgent wish that this biography was undertaken. He died at Orange, N. J., November, 1900.

The Cathedral

We have been making several ineffectual efforts to get an assistant. But my vestry seem to think that unless we can get some *wonderful* man, it won't do. Two or three have been suggested who would have suited *me*, but some of the vestry found something to object to. One thing is certain: *I* shall be *suit*ed. I am more interested than anyone else, and shall accept no one who does not please me, for I am easily pleased. I need someone just now. Yesterday I was worked from morning till night. Early Communion at 8 A.M. Catechised the children at 9:30 A.M. Morning service and sermon at 10:30 A.M. Baptism after service. At 2 P.M. a funeral, and at 3:30 P.M. prayers and preached. I was sufficiently tired by night.

August 9th.

I suppose you are having a nice time in that lovely, cool place. How I wish I could be with you! But I never have felt more clearly that it was my duty to stay in town. There is only one clergyman in the city now beside myself, and he is a comparative stranger. I have attended three funerals within the last four days. Am called frequently to baptize children and to visit the sick who would be neglected were I not here. A gentleman came to my house after 10 P.M. last week; said he had been from 7:30 P.M. looking after a clergyman, finding one after another out of the city. I am glad to be here under these circumstances.

MARSHALL, Sept. 22d.

You have never given me an answer whether you would preach the sermon at the consecration of my church. I have not fixed upon the time, but it will probably be some time in December. I should expect, of course, to pay your travelling expenses. Now, let me hear from you favorably.

MARSHALL, Sept. 29th.

I was looking for an answer while you were in Skaneateles last month, thinking you would have plenty of time and would have compassion on me in my sweltering condition. But I can assure you I have had a blessed release in my vacation here. I was pretty nearly used up; and a letter for Sophie yesterday says that it is still fearfully hot there. . . .

I shall see the Bishop and find out when he can fix the time for the consecration. I should like it in November or the early part of December. Christmas, of all others, would be the time

An Ambassador of Christ

I should prefer, but I could not ask the Brethren to leave their parishes on that day.

As soon as I can determine the time, I shall write to you.

One of his greatest sorrows had been that his beloved church was unconsecrated; and he now looked forward with delight to the time when the beautiful edifice should be solemnly devoted to God and his beloved kinsman should take part in the ceremony. Dr. Anthony Schuyler accepted the invitation and actually wrote out the conclusion of his sermon, which he sent to his cousin.

On October 27th Dr. Schuyler writes again:

I have been waiting to write to you, to fix some definite time for the consecration, but it seems hard to do so. The Bishop requires that we should place the property in a condition so that it cannot be alienated. The consecration will probably take place by the 2d Sunday in December. The Bishop wants to make a great affair of it and invite three or four of the neighboring Bishops. I have no fancy for that kind of thing, and do not like to saddle the Parish with the extra expense. I should not invite them without paying their expenses. As soon as the time is fixed upon I shall write to you.

Nov. 14th.

The consecration has been postponed without our being able to fix any definite time. I shall explain to you the reason.

The Bishop has determined that he will not consecrate a church, not only until it is out of debt, but the title so arranged that it cannot be alienated. You will see in the General Canons, Title I., Canon 24, on what authority he bases his decision. We have a corporation composed of the Bishop and Standing Committee, entitled, "The Parochial Trust Fund," to which he is anxious that the church property in the Diocese should be deeded. But this corporation by some of our leading lawyers is pronounced unconstitutional,* and it has been determined to have an agreed case presented before the Supreme Court. When a decision can be gotten it is hard to tell. There does not seem as yet any feasible way to fix the title of the property to satisfy the Bishop, and so, for the present, we have concluded to let the matter of the con-

* This was especially Mr. Shepley's opinion; and besides the vestry felt a great aversion to surrendering the title of what they had gained by so many years of toil and trouble to any outside corporation or body of men.

The Cathedral

secration be in abeyance. I hope it will not be a very long time before we can arrive at a satisfactory solution of the matter. . . . I am sorry it has so happened, for I had been counting upon your visit; but I have learned to submit to disappointments without worrying over them.

It was well that Montgomery Schuyler had learned this lesson. On March 20, 1882, he wrote:

You ask about the consecration. The matter is in *statu quo*. I hope something will be done before long.

I have been unable to find out whether the "agreed case" was ever taken to the Supreme Court or not, but this is certain: Bishop Robertson and the vestry were unable to come to any satisfactory agreement, and when Bishop Tuttle's administration began, in 1886, the financial state of the parish had again become involved, and no one felt like pressing the matter. So it was not until after Christ Church became the cathedral that Dr. Schuyler saw his long-hoped-for desire satisfied.

In December, 1881, Rev. W. W. Silvester was called as assistant, at a salary of \$2,000, which was afterward raised to \$2,500. For nearly six years he was an earnest and devoted helper in still further extending the work of the parish and increasing its usefulness. Among other things, he first introduced, on April 16, 1882, choral service with a vested choir of men and boys on Sunday evenings; and though, for various reasons, this was discontinued after a year's trial, it yet paved the way for the acceptance of a regular choral service—first in the church and then in the cathedral. Another good work which was inaugurated during his incumbency was the "Woman's Auxiliary," in April, 1884.

After Dr. Schuyler's death, Dr. Silvester wrote the following sonnet, which was published in the *Churchman*:

"In thee, dear Schuyler, we beheld complete
The manly model of the priest and man;
Duty through length of years where few compete;
Devotion, saintly, earnest, pure, that ran
To God as child falls at his mother's feet,

An Ambassador of Christ

Thine for the poor, the law that Christ obeyed.
If came detraction e'er to thy sweet mind,
It lingered on thy woundless tongue unsaid,
Thy soft voice, teaching, fell with music grace;
Harsh truths grew mild; nor taught thou doctrines' flaw;
Thou wast in guilelessness, of that rare race
That underneath the fig-tree Jesus saw.
Nor lacked thou will, that gave insistent power,
Aptness to guide, and wisdom for the hour."

And in speaking of this, Dr. Silvester says, in a letter to one of Dr. Schuyler's daughters:

I greatly appreciated your letter, and was very glad that my sonnet on your father pleased you. I knew him to be of just the value which I tried to count out in the few lines of a sonnet. I well recollect, in the first sermon your father preached after I came to help him, how he spoke of the differences that would, in all probability, spring up between us, and how much we should have to bear and forbear, each with the other; and how, the next Sunday, I expressed something of the same sort and hoped I might have grace of peaceableness. And we never in six years had a difference that ruffled the outermost surface even of our natures. And a most delightful remembrance it is to me. If there had been any trouble it would, in all likelihood, have been I that made it.

In the Diary for February 18, 1882, is found:

When I got home, found telegram, announcing brother William's death. Determined at once to go to Marshall this evening. I cannot realize that he is dead, but—it is well for him. February 20th. Went up with brother Anthony to see Clara (William's wife). It was sad to go to the house where I had so often met William's kindly greeting. Poor Clara and Will! We wept together. February 23d. It has been snowing a little all day. Drove over with Will to the cemetery. I wish dear William's grave fixed in my mind. How long will it be before I shall be laid in the same lot?

Since 1864, when his sister Sarah died, there had been but two deaths in this devoted family circle. But now the deaths followed

The Cathedral

rapidly during the next decade till only Montgomery and three widowed sisters remained. The death of William, whom the family had almost regarded in the light of a second father, affected Montgomery profoundly. He wrote to his cousin shortly after his return to St. Louis:

I feel William's death, it seems to me, more than at first. I realize more that I am now the oldest of the family, and that I cannot expect to be a great while here. Nor do I think it desirable. I know there are many ties to bind me to this world (my wife and children and other relatives), and when I think of them all I cannot bear to think of leaving them. But I don't know why it is, but an inexpressible feeling of sadness overshadows me and I shrink from the responsibilities of life. I seem to have lost all confidence in myself; and any duty, outside of the ordinary range, oppresses me with a sense of my insufficiency to meet it. I cannot comfort myself with the longing of the Apostle "to depart and be with Christ." And yet I have had of late more spiritual appreciation of the joys of Paradise and of the love of our dear Lord.

My health has not been good, and I have felt all the time a heaviness and an indisposition to move; and when I have done with the day's duties, the rest is most grateful. I don't know what I should have done without my assistant. He is ready and anxious to work. But yesterday he had been suffering with a boil and was obliged to give up, and I had the whole duty—two services, early Communion, and a Baptism—and I feel pretty well used up this morning.

April 14, 1882.

I thank you for your *very kind* invitation to Sophie and myself to visit you this spring and spend a little time with you at the sea shore. I should be delighted to do so, and I know it would do me good; but the fact is, that I have not the necessary means. I have been involved by the necessary expenses of my family, so that I feel I must husband all my resources. Poor Walter* of course must be cared for, and the year I tried to live on \$1,700 embarrassed me; and I *must* be *honest* and pay my debts.

Now I have told you frankly the reason why I cannot accept your very kind invitation; you know that it is not because I do not

* Walter Schuyler, born in 1859, had since his infancy been subject to epilepsy—the result of an accident. And since 1869 he has been cared for at a sanitarium in Connecticut.

An Ambassador of Christ

want to. My health is decidedly better, and my spirits, in consequence, have brightened up a little. Yet I still feel an unaccountable depression; but I will try in every way to throw it off. We had the most delightful day Easter I have ever known. It was a perfect day. The sun shone brightly and the temperature was just as we could have wished—neither too cold nor too warm. The church was thronged and we had grand music. The offering was not as large as I had hoped. It was only \$306, whereas we needed for the improvements we designed to make about \$800. But we shall raise it by personal applications on the part of the Ladies.

The improvements at first intended were the repairs of the steps and large door at the west end of the church and a new carpet, the old one at this time being in a very dilapidated condition. The work undertaken by the ladies resolved itself into a grand "Old English Fair," held in the Armory, at Eighteenth and Pine Streets, in December, 1882. But though a large number of people attended, yet the expenses were so great that the net receipts were practically nothing; and so once more the matter was presented to the church at Easter, when a munificent offering of \$3,000 was made. One thousand dollars was taken to pay the deficit in the current expenses, and the remainder, together with the \$306 contributed the year before, seemed more than sufficient. But as the work of renovating the church and altering portions of the chapel—for extending the work of the parish—progressed, it was seen that much more was necessary. And so, by the advice of many of the prominent members of the congregation, everything needed was done, some \$2,000 extra expense being incurred, which, with a deficit for the current expenses of a like amount, brought the congregation face to face with a new debt of \$4,000 at Easter, 1884. This was partly met by the Easter offering of \$1,988, and the next year was entirely wiped out by an assessment* of the whole congregation, which seemed to satisfy the

* This plan of assessment was the idea of Mr James A. Waterworth, who had lately entered the vestry. As he expressed it, "Everything else had failed, so that no harm could be done by trying this method—used in so many corporations." The pew owners, renters, and communicants were assessed each a certain sum according to their supposed ability to give.

The Cathedral

parish much more than the old method of soliciting subscriptions, and was so cheerfully paid that this method was continued until after Dr. Schuyler's death. On April 9, 1885, Dr. Schuyler wrote in his Diary: "Vestry meeting at Mr. Gazzam's. Start on the New Year without a dollar of debt."

It was in 1883 that the vestry began to take measures to improve and sell the cemetery property. Streets were cut through in the following years, lots laid out, and the place named "Schuyler Addition." While the amount realized from the sale did not meet the expectations of the vestry, yet, as will be seen, it was the one thing finally needful to put the church on a firm footing as the cathedral.

Ever since its founding Dr. Schuyler had taken the deepest interest in St. Luke's Hospital; and the contributions of his parish had been, by far, the largest toward its maintenance each year. From the start he had been a frequent visitor to the sick; and at the close of 1875 he had begun a weekly celebration of the holy communion every Thursday morning in the chapel, which he never abandoned. At the laying of the corner-stone, June 26, 1881, of the new building on Nineteenth Street and Washington Avenue, he had preached the sermon, and at the dedication of the building on Whitsunday, 1882, he had delivered the address. One of the rooms supported by ladies of his congregation was named the "Schuyler Room"; and on May 31, 1882, he accepted from the bishop the appointment as chaplain to the hospital. It was but the official recognition of what had been for years a fact.

But as acknowledged chaplain of the hospital, Dr. Schuyler felt that he must do more than merely visit the sick and hold services. He wanted a more commodious and beautiful chapel than the room set aside for the purpose afforded; and we find in his Diary, June 5, 1883, "Called on Mrs. Lindell and Mrs. January. Had a conversation with Mrs. Lindell as to a memorial chapel for Jesse January [her grandson lately deceased]. I hope and pray she will do it." June 14th. "This afternoon Mrs. Lindell informed me that she had determined to build St. Luke's Chapel (\$10,000)

An Ambassador of Christ

in memory of Jesse January. God be praised." November 10th. "Mrs. Lindell promised to add another \$1,000 to her gift for the chapel. Thank God. Telegraphed to Mr. Eidlitz" [who had been chosen as architect]. Dr. Schuyler was appointed on the building committee, and, as was his wont, watched over the erection of this new house of God with the greatest care, secured some of the memorial offerings with which it was filled, and preached the sermon at its consecration.

On February 8, 1884, Dr. Schuyler wrote to his cousin:

You ask me how I feel, having passed my 70th birthday. Well, I am constrained to say *old* and *a good deal broken up*. I have not been at all well for some two months *past*, and lately have been troubled with a bad cold, which has kept me in the house several days at a time and one Sunday. I think I have not had a sickness to keep me from Church in over 20 years. I think I am getting better; but after a man has passed seventy years, his days of hard work and much activity are over. I sometimes feel a longing for rest, and as if I could not do much work. It is a great comfort *now* to have an assistant, that I can throw off the responsibility when I feel incompetent to meet the calls upon me.

May 6, 1884.

I have just heard this afternoon that my people wish me to go to Europe. They have been about very generally and raised the money, and a lady of my congregation [Mrs. Silas Bent] sent me word that she wished to see me, and then told me what they had done. It came upon me so suddenly that I did not know what to say. Of course I thanked her very heartily for their interest in me, and for thinking so kindly of me, but could not say what I would do. If I were ten years younger I would have no question of what I ought to do; but now that I have passed my threescore years and ten, is it worth the while to undergo separation from my family for the pleasure or the profit I might derive from it? If you could go with me, I should feel very differently about it. . . . Write and tell me what you think of the project, and give me your advice; but, best of all, tell me that you will go. What a delightful time we might have together! such a time as we will probably never have an opportunity of sharing for so long a time together. I am really all at sea as to what I

The Cathedral

ought to do. It is strange, you may, perhaps, say, that I should be in any doubt in the matter. But I had not had any intimation that there was any idea in the minds of anyone as to such a project for me. I have not been very well this spring, and I presume the knowledge of this fact has suggested this trip to my friends. Sophie and the family all say I must go—but I don't know——

However, his cousin urged him not to let this opportunity pass, and promised to do everything possible in order to accompany him, and so he resolved to accept the generous offer of his flock. Though at the last moment Dr. Anthony Schuyler found that he could not manage to accompany his cousin, yet the Rev. J. I. Corbyn, one of Dr. Schuyler's oldest friends, went with him; and a most delightful time the two old gentlemen had together. Dr. Corbyn said that "Dr. Schuyler was so enthusiastic that he had to sit on his coat-tails most of the time."*

They went by way of Germany, through Austria to Italy and back by way of Switzerland to Paris, then to England and Scotland, visiting Hamburg, Berlin, Dresden, Vienna, Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples, Genoa, Geneva, Paris, Antwerp, Amsterdam, London, Oxford, and Edinburgh. At Oxford he visited Cowley St. John's and saw the spot where his "dear Louis" had spent some of the last months of his short life. Of course Dr. Schuyler wrote voluminous letters home about his travels, which showed the absorbing interest strange lands had aroused in him. There is a whole series in the *Church News*, addressed to the bishop, and after his return, he delivered a series of lectures, which he called, "A desultory résumé of some of the incidents of my late tour abroad." It is not necessary to insert any of the "incidents" here, but some of his reflections may prove of interest:

If there is any benefit which I may call specific to be derived from foreign travel, it is a caution against drawing conclusions

* The following entry was made in his Diary just before he started: "Attended the opening of the Convention. Was surprised and gratified at the close of the service by a very handsome Testimonial from the Bishop and all the clergy, presented by the Bishop. It is something to be proud of and yet to be humbled by, as one can but be conscious of his unworthiness."

An Ambassador of Christ

from superficial observations. We may read and study books of travel with the reflections of judicious and well-informed travellers and doubtless be greatly benefited thereby; but when we come to see for ourselves, and visit the places described, and mingle with the people, we shall be amazed at our many mistaken notions and imperfect conceptions of what we thought we knew. My regret from the time I landed on the other side, and which was only intensified during every day of my sojourn abroad, and which can never grow less, was that I had not had the privilege in my youth of the benefits of foreign travel. There is no source of information, no species of mental discipline so well fitted to liberalize the mind as the acquaintance one thus forms with the customs and usages of different nationalities. Such observations and associations broaden a man's views and soften his prejudices, correct his partialities, and make him more ready to appreciate the claims and sympathize with the wants of a common humanity. . . .

On the way to Vienna.

We were reminded that we were in a Roman Catholic country by the frequent crucifixes which we saw set up at the corners of the roads or on prominent hillocks; and I must confess that these sacred insignia impressed me favorably, and I can well believe they preach solemn lessons to these simple-minded country folk.

In Vienna.

The Mass was being said in the church while we were there, and we would not be so irreverent as to be gazing about while the people were at worship, but esteemed it a privilege to join our prayers in behalf of the Holy Catholic Church throughout the world—recognizing it as *God's House*, consecrated to His service, and where we might humbly look for His Presence to bless us. . . .

. . . And here let me say that very much of the comfort of the traveller, as well as very much of the benefit to be derived from travel, depends upon whether he is disposed to be social and affable in his disposition, meeting strangers with a genial freedom of manner which will encourage intercourse; or standing upon what would be deemed in society the strict rules of etiquette, insist upon a formal introduction before entering into conversation. (In the former case) it is that we gather stores of information with reference to the places we visit or through which we pass, as well as see many new and strange phases of Human Nature.

The Cathedral

(According to Dr. Corbyn, Dr. Schuyler lost no opportunity of making the most out of nearly everyone with whom he came in contact.)

Florence.

In order to have a view of everything that was going on, we drove through the city, and frequently were stopped in the streets by the crowds of human beings who flocked our passage, and, though there was constant danger of encroaching upon one another, and there was need of much patience in winding our way through the crowd, I did not hear a profane word or witness a rude action. It certainly speaks much in favor of the civility and genial disposition of the people. . . .

Now that I recall all the great galleries I have visited, there are none that I linger on in my mind with such pleasing memories as those in the Uffizi and the Pitti Palaces. I live over those days with a mysterious fondness, and sometimes find myself wandering along those aisles or seated in the tribunes, gazing with wrapt wonder at those marvellous works of art. In one room there is a galaxy of paintings and statuary where one could spend days without weariness and return again and again, to be more and more impressed as new beauties are continually revealing themselves. I do not wonder that such masters as Raphael and Michael Angelo are almost worshipped by an enthusiastic, imaginative people.

In St. Peter's, Rome.

Standing there and looking up and around and away in the distance, I could but ask myself, "Is this the work of man?" Here was an almost interminable stretch of the marvellous results of human skill spread out before me—marvellous in conception and perfect in execution—and with it all there was the predominant impression made by the atmosphere of the Building that this was done for the glory of God. How could it be otherwise, when we remark that such men as Raphael and Michael Angelo were the master-spirits? As you walk about it this impression grows upon you.

[And yet his Gothic soul was still more affected by the Cologne Cathedral, which seems to have made a greater impression upon him than anything else he saw.]

An Ambassador of Christ

Rome.

By means of letters of introduction from Archbishop Ryan to prominent ecclesiastics in Rome, we were favored, through their influence, with an introduction to the Pope's Chamberlain; and as there was to be an audience the next day, as a special favor, though the numbers had already been made up, we were admitted. A young priest, who was secretary to the Chamberlain, was particularly attentive to us. . . . The present Pope is evidently a man of commanding intellect, with more practical and enlarged views than Pius IX, and disposed to be more liberal and conciliatory. He has an unusually sweet and amiable expression of countenance and a fatherly and dignified manner.

And in a letter to Mrs. Odell he says:

We were very much pleased with the fatherly old man, and really esteemed it a privilege to receive his blessing.

In England he writes in his Diary, August 10th:

This has been a Sunday long to be remembered. Attended service and received communion at Westminster Abbey.

And on August 29th:

To-day we have visited Melrose Abbey and Abbotsford. It has been an inexpressible pleasure to have seen these places and to have seen the study and library of Walter Scott, associated in my boyish memories as my favorite writer.

And while in England he had a most pleasant visit with the family of Canon Kingsley, whom he entertained during his visit to the United States some years previous. Of Kingsley he says in these lectures:

With one so far above me in mind and devotion to the Master, I felt it a high honor and a peculiar privilege to have held converse with him and to have been assured of his sympathetic recognition, and he did me the favor, which he accorded to only two or three while in this country, of preaching in my pulpit. There was an electric charm about his simple and homely manner which won your confidence and warmed your heart towards him.

The Cathedral

When Dr. Schuyler reached home, on September 30, his first pastoral duty was to visit his old friend and faithful supporter, Mr. John R. Shepley, who was dying. He was with him when he passed away, after a devoted service of over a quarter of a century to Christ Church Parish, and wrote in his Diary: "A dear friend to me and a great loss to us all."

During this decade the mortality among the old and tried members of Christ Church Parish was very great. Such men as Judge Hamilton, Captain Bent, Theodore Forster, and Captain J. C. Swon were called away, one after the other. As Dr. Schuyler wrote to his cousin:

It seems to me unless I die soon there will be none of my oldest friends here to bury me. It is really sad to see how one after another is dropping off and a new set coming on the stage, who, of course, cannot have the same sympathy with the *old* clergyman. It is true, the *children* of the old ones must cherish affectionate remembrances of him who has baptized them as children and married them and baptized their children; but there are constantly coming into the Parish and becoming active many who have none of these associations, and so there are not the same ties to bind us together.* I am surprised as I look around and see how few are left of those with whom I started in my Rectorship here. How true it is that we are only pilgrims and sojourners here, and that we have no continuing city! As one attains our age, we find we have more awaiting us than those we leave behind. There is a kind of inertia that comes over me, and I long to be at rest.

The following extract from a letter written November 24, 1885, may be of interest, as setting forth his views on some innovations:

You speak of having attended a "Retreat" for the first time and of being so much benefited by it. Of course it depends very

* But Dr. Schuyler was mistaken in his forebodings. The "new set coming on the stage" were just like their predecessors, captivated and held by the saintly manliness of their pastor, and young and old worked with him with the same unselfish devotion. The history of Christ Church Parish can show no more faithful and self-sacrificing men than Charles S. Freeborn, William S. Pope, Newton Crane, W. R. Allen, B. B. Graham, Marshall S. Snow, Joseph S. Fullerton, Dexter Tiffany, John Wickham, H. N. Davis, James A. Waterworth, and many others.

An Ambassador of Christ

much upon the person conducting it. I attended one conducted by Father Benson of the Cowley Fathers and I think it did me good. But I could never do such a thing myself. It seems too much like putting yourself above your brethren; and then I hesitate to give expression to all the secret feelings and emotions of my heart. Just as I should shrink from going to the confessional to unburthen my soul to a fellow mortal. . . . I cannot look upon such hesitation as an evidence of spiritual pride.

As to Revival Meetings, I am too much of an old fogey to have much sympathy with them. If they produce any effect it must be by resorting to the measures of unduly exciting the emotional nature. The hymns and the tunes and the prayer-meetings, etc., all look to this end. But I would not be in the way of any who thinks he can do good in this way.

The opening months of 1886 were saddened for Dr. Schuyler by the death of his brother Anthony* and the tragic issue of the well-known case of the Rev. H. D. Jardine. It is not necessary to go into the details of that sad matter, which ended in the sudden taking away of poor Jardine by an overdose of chloroform (some suspicion of suicide not being wanting) and the death of the bishop a few months later. Dr. Schuyler was, in spite of all his efforts to keep out of the matter, drawn into it—first on a question of veracity between him and a brother clergyman, and finally, as president of the Standing Committee, being obliged to differ with his “beloved bishop” in the matter of granting a new trial. Although believing the bishop to be ill-advised in the course he took, he never for an instant doubted the purity of his motives or his purpose to do full justice to all concerned, and to do what seemed fittest for the interests of the Church. Dr. Schuyler took the position he held, not only from his natural tendency to strain everything to the side of mercy, but because he felt that the interests of his order demanded it—the canons of the Church leaving the clergy practically at the mercy of the bishop—and he feared that

* Of this bereavement Dr. Schuyler wrote to his cousin: “I am now the only brother left on earth, and I feel a sense of loneliness when I think of it. But the others, I trust, are safely garnered in Paradise, where I hope it may be my blessed privilege to meet them ere long.” And in his Diary, Marshall, April 12, 1886: “Went with Dr. Montgomery to the cemetery. Sad visit, but yet comforting. Fixed the spot where I hope to lie.”

The Cathedral

the refusal of a new trial in this case would form a precedent fraught with grave danger.

An extract from some resolutions prepared by Dr. Fulton and endorsed by Dr. Schuyler presented to the Standing Committee the day before Father Jardine's death, and passed afterward as a matter of record, and a copy of which, in his own handwriting, Dr. Schuyler has preserved,* express his attitude most explicitly:

Whereas, The Standing Committee of the Diocese of Missouri have heard that the Rt. Rev. the Bishop has overruled the motion for a new trial made by the counsel of the Rev. H. D. Jardine, on the ground that reasons for the granting of such a trial were not sustained by the evidence presented in support of such motion. Therefore,

Resolved, That the Standing Committee do respectfully represent to the Bishop, that while they do not presume to express any official opinion of the ruling of the Court thus made, they believe the best interests of the Church would be subserved if he were now, of his own power and grace, to order a new trial to be held, without regard to any claims preferred or to be preferred by Mr. Jardine himself. [Here follow various reasons.] . . .

For these reasons and without impugning either the motives or the conduct of any person connected with this cause, we give it as our solemn opinion that the good fame of the Church would be enhanced and that no serious injury could be done to any interest if a new trial in the case of Mann and others vs. Jardine were to be ordered.

When the good bishop was stricken with his fatal illness Dr. Schuyler was the clergyman he called to his bedside for spiritual comfort. The following extracts are from the Diary:

April 29, 1886.—At 9 A.M. was called suddenly to see Bishop Robertson, supposed to be dying. Remained till 12.30 P.M. Went to the Bishop at 5 P.M. No particular change in his condition. April 30th.—Visited the Bishop, 12.30. Very little change since morning. May 1st.—Called at Bishop Robertson's, 7.45 A.M. He was dying as I came in. [Dr. Schuyler was

* In this connection it may be stated that Dr. Schuyler preserved everything published in the papers about the case in a special scrap-book, thus showing the deep interest he felt in it.

An Ambassador of Christ

with him till the end.] God comfort his afflicted family and help our poor bereaved Diocese. Sunday, May 2d.—Alluded to the death of our beloved Bishop.

After Bishop Robertson's death Dr. Schuyler wrote the following letter to the bishop's brother:

Your very kind letter of May 10th is received. I was glad to receive it, because I feared that you might have formed, from the reckless stories afloat in the community, an incorrect opinion of my relations with your good brother. I never had any but the kindest feelings towards him or for a moment impugned his motives in the view he took of the unfortunate Jardine case.

It was indeed most unfortunate for us all that there should have been any diversity of opinion in this matter; but so far as I myself was concerned I strove to act conscientiously and to preserve that "Charity that thinketh no evil."

In spite of all these aggravating troubles which embittered his last days, your brother's memory will be cherished in the Diocese with the warmest love and the deepest respect.

And it is a comfort to me to believe that he never doubted my loyalty to him, though he may have been grieved that I was constrained to differ with him. May the God of all comfort be with each and every one of your bereaved family and sanctify this sore bereavement to us all.

And this is from Mr. Robertson's reply:

NEW YORK, May 17th.

I know well that you were fair and just and true to him, as I also know that he *was* grieved because of the differing with him of you and others. I have before me a long letter, written by him to me January 11th—the next day after the death of Rev. Mr. Jardine. But no one knew better than he how natural and inevitable were differences of opinion—how inclined human nature is to take opposite views; how neighbors and brothers even divide on church relations, on political matters—on everything. . . . I saw and felt so much love and tenderness from you all from first to last that I never, never want to hear or think again of any differences. Your letter was very comforting to me, and I shall always value it very

The Cathedral

highly, especially what you wrote about the way his memory will be cherished among you. . . . Let me thank you again and again and to say how glad I will be to see you here or do anything for you.

And, as Dr. Schuyler wrote, the memory of Bishop Robertson is still cherished in Missouri, not only for the great work he did in building up and regulating what is now two great dioceses, but for the purity and nobility of his unselfish soul.

The Diary, May 25, 1886, says: "To-day the Diocesan convention met and was organized in the afternoon. I was elected President. Declined, but the convention insisting, I unwillingly accepted. May 26th.—Have been in convention all day. At the night session, after three formal ballots, Bishop Tuttle was elected. Telegraphed to him at 9 P.M. May 27th.—Have been in the convention all day. There has been a remarkably conciliatory spirit shown by this convention. At 8 P.M. received telegram from Bishop Tuttle: 'Telegram received. If the convention is still in session, choose another man. Wanted here.' "

But the convention had already adjourned, and after prayerful consideration Daniel Sylvester Tuttle decided to accept the call—repeated after so long an interval.

Dr. Schuyler's relations with his new bishop are fully set forth in the following communication, sent by Bishop Tuttle to the present writer:

Warm and grateful to my heart are the memories of your dear father. It gives me pleasure to respond to your request that I write somewhat about him.

Dr. Schuyler first came as a forceful influence into the current of my personal life on May 30, 1868. On that day, walking along the main street of the mining town of Virginia City, Montana, a telegram was put into my hands. It read:

"You have been unanimously elected Bishop of Missouri. Await letter.

"M. SCHUYLER,
"President of Convention."

An Ambassador of Christ

In time the letter came, earnest, persuasive, gentle. I felt it my duty to decline the call, because the untilled field of Montana, Idaho, and Utah sadly needed me.

In the spring of 1875, in one of my tours in the East as missionary bishop during the months succeeding to a General Convention, I came to St. Louis and spent a Sunday, and was met most cordially by the Doctor and invited to preach in Christ Church.

He took a warm interest in my missionary work, and for many years kept up a "Christ Church" Scholarship of \$40 per year in our St. Mark's School, Salt Lake City.

Eighteen years from the time of my Montana residence rolled around. On May 27, 1886, after a day's dusty ride in a stage-coach in Southern Utah, a telegram was placed in my hand before the stage reached my hotel. It read as follows:

"You have been unanimously elected Bishop of Missouri. Please answer.

"M. SCHUYLER,

"President of Convention."

Twice, at times eighteen years apart, as President of the Convention he sent the same message of invitation to me. Such unusual coincidences served to link together his service to the Diocese of Missouri with mine in a special degree. And his Presidency of both Conventions was an indication of the way his brethren delighted to honor him and of his own unfaltering devotion to the interests of the Church.

When I came to Missouri to be its Bishop he stood by my side for almost ten years, father and brother and kindest of friends. During all the time he was President of the Standing Committee of the Diocese. And during all the time he was Rector of Christ Church, the Mother Church of the Diocese, or Dean of the Cathedral when Christ Church was changed into the Cathedral. So, officially, he was a staff for me to lean on. And, personally, he grew near and dear to me in a knitting of the heart, true, close, and tender.

Is it asked, what marked feature of his character is engraven on my mind?

I answer, the rare combination of gentle humility with firm and abiding loyalty to principle. The former excellence was not simply the sweet urbanity of a most gracious presence. The heart, everyone who had anything to do with him knew, was full of love to God and love and helpfulness to fellow-

The Cathedral

men. The latter excellence shone conspicuously, a beacon of most wholesome guidance, on many and many an occasion when temptations to expediency pressed upon him.

As nearly as for any man I ever knew, all the good adjectives of the English language might be called up to describe him. In the hearts of all who knew him his memory is most gratefully and lovingly enshrined. Of no better one than he could the heathen poet have written: "Integer vitæ scelerisque purus," and of quite such an one as he must the God-fearing prophet have been thinking as one who lived "to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with his God."

In October, 1886, Dr. Schuyler attended, for the last time, a meeting of the General Convention as delegate. The meeting was held in Chicago, and was very enjoyable to him in many ways. There he met, as has been mentioned, his old friends, ex-Senator Doolittle and Judge James C. Smith, whom he had not seen for years, and there, too, was his beloved cousin, Dr. Anthony Schuyler. There are records in the Diary of several pleasant meetings of these old friends in the intervals between the sessions of the convention, and of a flying trip of three days that Dr. Schuyler and his cousin took to St. Louis, where Montgomery had the joy of showing Anthony his beautiful church, where the two, on Sunday, October 17th, held the service together and Anthony preached. It was a pleasant sight to see these two old men, both of whom kept their youthful enthusiasm still alive, driving about over the city and viewing the sights from Forest Park and the bridge and the levee. And at the close of the convention the two revisited Marshall, where they had begun life together a half-century before. As usual, Montgomery was drawn to the cemetery, and wrote in his Diary: "One-half of the family are sleeping there now with Father and Mother. Who will be next?"

On Dr. Schuyler's return to St. Louis he was confronted once more with the old difficulty which had beset Christ Church so many years. That is, the movement of the more wealthy population westward had so depleted the revenues, while the work of the church was extending and the number

An Ambassador of Christ

of communicants increasing, that there was the certainty of a deficit of upward of \$4,000 to be met at the coming Easter. The congregation had cheerfully stood assessments of from \$400 to \$2,000 for the three preceding years, but would they meet *this* immense burden? In fact, there was considerable difficulty the next year in collecting the amount, even though the congregation knew that the expenses would be considerably reduced for the next year. The main reduction came from Mr. Silvester unselfishly resolving to resign his position as assistant minister so that a young man without family might be secured for a small salary. Mr. Silvester did not leave until after Easter, 1887,* and for a few weeks there was no assistant, as the rector and the vestry could not settle upon anyone. It was during this time that Dr. Schuyler preached a sermon, part of which was published in the *Church News*, from which the following significant extracts are taken:

In this connection I wish to say a few words with reference to our position as a parish. The church edifice, in its present location, is away from the mass of those who have been associated with it. I believe that it is where it is in God's good providence and for a wise and beneficent end. It is a grand, spacious, and imposing edifice, and should stand for ages as a memorial of the liberality of a generation of Churchmen who are fast passing away. It should be, as soon as practicable, the Cathedral of the Diocese, and is specially fitted for those occasions when, as in the approaching consecration of a Bishop, it is desirable that there should be a becoming place for such a ceremony.

But it may be asked, why should Christ Church be under peculiar obligations to furnish such a place, and why should its members continue to be subjected to the inconvenience of so great a distance from their house of worship? To the first question let me answer, they have settled this under the guidance of Providence by their past liberality; and though at the time unconscious of the full meaning and far-reaching beneficence of their acts, they should now accept it with the

* To accept the rectorship of the George W. South Memorial Church of the Advocate, Philadelphia, which position he held till his death in 1901.

The Cathedral

grateful assurance of the Divine approval, and with a determination not to yield to faint-heartedness in its support.

I have faith to believe that there are some among you whom God hath endowed with wealth, who will remember this church in your "last will and testament," and by your bequests in time to come will provide for an endowment—such an endowment that its doors may be opened daily, with free sittings and a hearty welcome to all its blessed privileges, supporting a corps of clergy who shall work among the surrounding population and the devotees of Mammon, and hallow the murky atmosphere of trade with the incense of holy worship.

It cannot be long, dear brethren, before your present pastor will have fulfilled his mission and laid down his pastoral staff, and believing as he does that, as in the past, so in the future, we have here for the Lord's culture "a vineyard in a very fruitful hill," it is the duty of the laborers therein to continue faithful to their task, standing in the lot which God has appointed, and the divine approval and blessing will rest upon them.

On June 5, 1887, the bishop ordained Charles E. Brugler and John W. Higson as deacons, and Mr. Brugler immediately took his place as assistant, which he held for about a year, resigning in June, 1888, to take charge of the Church of the Ascension, Cabanné. He was an active, energetic young man, and during his incumbency, at his suggestion, was organized "A Guild of young people for collecting money for other than current expenses for Christ Church"—a work which finally culminated in the purchase of the grand organ in 1891. And it is also partly due to Mr. Brugler that, with the invaluable assistance of Mr. Wayman C. McCreery (who had since 1877 been in charge of the music of the church),* the choral services with the vested choir were resumed, with Mr. H. H. Darby as organist and trainer. At first, as in the former attempt, the choral services were held only in the evenings, but before the year passed they were employed both morning and evening. But Mr. Brugler was too young and inexperienced to enable Dr. Schuyler to throw on his shoulders the entire

* The invaluable services of Mr. McCreery continued without intermission until his death in 1901.

An Ambassador of Christ

responsibility of the great parish, as he had done from time to time with the experienced and faithful Mr. Silvester. The summer of 1886 Dr. Schuyler had remained in St. Louis to attend to diocesan work until the arrival of the new bishop, and this summer he also had to remain to "break in" his young assistant. In consequence he was very much run down, and found his work more and more difficult to perform, and at the close of 1887 he convinced himself that a stronger hand than his—now enfeebled by age—was needed to carry on the work of Christ Church in the present emergency. In his Diary, January 1, 1888, he wrote: "Was able to go to church and take part in the service. What will be the issue of this year God only knows."

The following article appeared the same month in the *Globe-Democrat*:

It is probable that when the Lenten season is over Rev. Dr. Montgomery Schuyler will retire from active ministerial life and be made "rector emeritus" of Christ Episcopal Church. Dr. Schuyler says that for the past year he has felt his strength failing, and found that he was not active enough to minister to so large a parish. He spoke to Bishop Tuttle about it, and requested the bishop to place the matter before the vestry, which the bishop did. Dr. Schuyler's idea was that he should be made rector emeritus, and that another assistant should be appointed, who, with the Rev. Mr. Brugler, now his assistant, should do the work. The vestry has taken no action upon the matter as yet, and there is doubt about what their action will be. They will, of course, consider Dr. Schuyler's proposition, but one of the members said that, individually, the vestrymen were opposed to permitting Dr. Schuyler to retire. His resignation they would not receive at all, and they were not disposed to make him rector emeritus. Dr. Schuyler has been rector for so long that they do not wish him to give up that position at all. They prefer that he should continue as he is, and only work when he is inclined, and that his assistant should attend to the duties. It is not likely that any definite action will be taken before Easter. . . . Dr. Schuyler is the senior presbyter of the diocese, having been in orders longer than any other minister here,

The Cathedral

and, with the exception of Mr. Dunn, of Independence, who was ordained just prior to the doctor's advent to this city, he has been longer in the diocese than any other clergyman in it. The doctor said that he thought there were only two men in the State in orders who had been here longer than he, including all denominations. One is Mr. Dunn and the other Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis. . . His work in the Church has made him honored and revered by all its members, and even by those of other creeds he is loved for the noble work he has often done for those in trouble and distress. When cholera was raging here he labored among the sick and dying until he was looked upon as a hero, and through pestilence and dangerous disease he has always been at the bedside of those who needed his ministrations, and he has fed them not only with spiritual food, but in times of distress he has brought the suffering material aid. His noble life has made his white hairs an honorable crown.

Dr. Schuyler's life has been always in accordance with the Scriptural admonition, "Keep thy tongue from evil speaking," and so carefully has he observed it that he is known far and wide for that admirable trait. It was referred to by two gentlemen who were speaking of the doctor at one time, when one of them said: "You couldn't get Dr. Schuyler to say the devil was black." "No," replied the other, "he would say he hoped there was a white hair somewhere about him."

When this matter was presented by the bishop at a meeting held by his call at the episcopal residence, "the Vestry recognized that their venerable Rector, after thirty-five years of service in Christ Church, was entitled to be released from the active duties of the rectorship and to have suitable provision made for his declining years." The only question was, what arrangement would be most satisfactory to Dr. Schuyler, so that he might pass his remaining days among his beloved and loving people, free from care and unnecessary anxiety, and yet be assured that the work of Christ Church was being carried on by fully competent hands.*

* In order that Dr. Schuyler should not suffer from the necessary reduction of salary, a movement was started which resulted in paying off entirely the mortgage on one of the Doctor's houses and half of the other. Of the first he writes in his Diary, July 27, 1888: "How can I be grateful enough!"

An Ambassador of Christ

It is unnecessary to speak of the various plans which were proposed and discussed, but the matter was finally decided at the vestry meeting of March 27, 1888—one of the most important in the history of Christ Church. The following is from the minutes of the meeting:

The Committee on new Rector recommended that, in place of securing another rector, another assistant minister be employed by Dr. Schuyler at a salary of \$1,000 or \$1,200, to be paid by Dr. Schuyler out of his salary. Dr. Schuyler to continue Rector, with full oversight and authority.

The Committee's recommendation, having Dr. Schuyler's approval, was accepted and the report adopted, and Dr. Schuyler was instructed to engage a certain Mr. Welling as assistant, if possible.

A permanent arrangement was made with Mr. H. H. Darby for the surpliced choir services. Some minor matters of business were attended to, when "Mr. Freeborn reported that he was authorized by the Bishop to state that the sum of \$25,000 had been offered as a contribution to the endowment of Christ Church as a Cathedral Church, and that the further sum of \$12,500 was promised in case the vestry would contribute the like sum of \$12,500, and that the Bishop would accept the church as a Cathedral with an endowment of \$50,000."

The proposition was agreed to immediately, as the vestry had more than the required \$12,500 available from the sale of the old cemetery lots, but with the following amendment:

And in agreeing to turn over Christ Church to the Bishop for cathedral purposes we express it to be our understanding that suitable provision shall be made by the Cathedral authorities for the support of the Rev. M. Schuyler, D.D., Rector of Christ Church Parish, during the term of his life.*

Dr. Schuyler returned home that evening filled with joy that the dream of so many years had at last been realized, and wondering who the unknown donor might be. For years the secret was kept, the only thing known being that the generous man was not a member of Christ Church Parish. The

* One of the articles of the cathedral charter was that the Rev. Montgomery Schuyler should be the first dean.

The Cathedral

bishop alone held the secret, until finally, over ten years later, he prevailed upon his friend to reveal himself, that so generous an action should not go unrecorded. And in the Cathedral Year Book for 1900 the name of Charles D. McLure was inscribed as the one who had laid the foundation of the endowment of Christ Church Cathedral.

"In June, 1888, a Cathedral Chapter was incorporated under the laws of the State to receive and hold the Church property; on July 23, 1888, the congregation, at a Parish meeting, joyfully and gratefully approved the transfer; on October 1st the money was duly paid over to the trustees appointed to receive it, Messrs. Charles S. Freeborn, Charles Parsons, and James B. Gazzam, and on December 1, 1888, the trustees of Christ Church Parish ordered the execution and delivery of the deed which transferred the property and functions of the Parish to the larger uses of the Cathedral."*

The arrangement of the details of the organization of the cathedral took much time, both of the rector, who was now appointed dean for life, and of his vestry, who formed part of the first chapter of the cathedral. As Mr. Welling had declined the call as second assistant, and Mr. Brugler resigned his place in June, 1888, the vestry felt that the choice of the "senior assistant" of the new cathedral, who would probably

* It so happened that the record of the last meeting of the Vestry of Christ Church Parish, November 26, 1888, filled out the third volume of minutes, except one page. On this the Secretary, Mr. James A. Waterworth, took occasion to make an admirable "Memorandum," of which this is the conclusion:

"The records of the Vestry extend over three generations, during which period many perplexing questions claimed and had decision by the Vestry. Errors of judgment there doubtless are to be found, but there is nothing in their proceedings or decisions beneath the level of good business capacity, or contrary to charity, or unworthy of Christian men. I esteem it an honor to have had a place for a time in a body that directed the business affairs of so great a parish from its infancy to its full maturity, over so long a period of time and through such critical situations, so conscientiously and successfully, and that has now at the end surrendered its trust enhanced a hundred fold."

And I, too, having had the privilege of studying their records in preparing this work, may say that the above is a true and worthy tribute to as noble a body of men as ever labored in the Lord's vineyard.—W. S.

An Ambassador of Christ

be the second dean, was a matter requiring careful consideration. After much deliberation they settled upon Rev. Carroll M. Davis,* then diocesan missionary; but the bishop set his face against this choice, finding Mr. Davis too valuable in his present work to spare him. No untried young man was to be thought of, and able and experienced men were loth to take an assistant's position. During the following year no less than four admirable men were called—one of whom is now a bishop. All, however, declined, though one of them came to St. Louis to look over the ground before deciding. After each call the bishop was asked to sanction the choice of Mr. Davis, whom the dean and the whole chapter considered most fit for the place, and finally, in May, 1889, the bishop yielded, and Mr. Davis accepted the call.

During all this time Dr. Schuyler cheerfully labored on without a regular assistant, although the bishop, as head of the cathedral, frequently preached there, and various clergymen assisted in the services and preached, so that there were at least two clergy in the chancel every Sunday. Among them were Rev. Dr. E. F. Berkley, all through the summer; Rev. Mr. Alcorn, Rev. Dr. Gierlow, Rev. Mr. Wilkins, and the Rev. Carroll M. Davis. At the same time Professor M. S. Snow, now one of the chapter, rendered invaluable assistance as lay-reader, taking many of the Lenten services and often reading the prayers on Sundays, and in this work Mr. E. A. Morse also assisted. The vested choir also gave great satisfaction, and for the first time in its history the church was often well filled at the evening service, and when a service of song was given, some oratorio or cantata being sung by the choir, it was crowded.

From the new cathedral as a centre the energetic bishop branched out into many new lines of church work. Dr. Schuyler writes to his cousin, October 8, 1888:

We have lately organized a *Clericus*, as we call it, which meets every Monday morning, and which so far has proved

* At present Dean of Christ Church Cathedral.

The Cathedral

very pleasant. They meet at the study at the Cathedral, save occasionally, when we meet socially for lunch at each other's houses. While there is a tendency among some to air their opinions and a general disposition to gab, yet I think it promotes kindly feeling among us and enables us, too, to work together in many things for the general good.* We have resolved upon one thing, which I think is very commendable. We have determined to reserve 20 per cent. out of our communion alms for aged and needy clergy in our own Diocese, to be distributed by a Committee with the Bishop as may be deemed best, each clergyman recommending the person to whom the money is to be given.

With the remainder of the money received from the sale of the cemetery, the chapter, on January 25, 1889, purchased the lot adjoining the cathedral on the east for the site of a clergy and parish house, the price being \$12,500.

Dr. Schuyler wrote to his cousin, May 29, 1889:

As it is the 35th Anniversary to Sophie and myself of our married life I thought I would employ a portion of the occasion in writing to you.

We have indeed been greatly blessed; our pathway through life together has been one of more than ordinary happiness. We have been blessed with eight children, all but two grown to manhood and womanhood, and I may say as *good* in the main as falls to the lot of the great mass of our fellow creatures. We have now four grandchildren,† as good specimens of the coming generation as you would wish to see. Those of the children who are settled and at work for themselves are doing fairly well, and the prospects of the others need give us no anxiety. All are communicants of the Church, how worthy God only knows. . . .

* Thirty-five years before, on his first arrival in St. Louis, Dr. Schuyler, it may be remembered, had assisted to organize a similar gathering. It is interesting to see how age had changed his views of many things in comparing what he says of the two gatherings.

† The first of these grandchildren, who was named Montgomery Schuyler, after his grandfather, was born in the rectory January 25, 1883. Dr. Schuyler took the greatest interest in him, as well as in all his grandchildren, and showed the same love and devotion to them as he had done to his own children, which they returned in like manner. It was a beautiful thing to see the old man tending to and playing with these infants, for of him, as well as of them, it might be said, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

An Ambassador of Christ

Our convention has come and gone. I declined an election as delegate because I felt that I could not conscientiously accept it. I know I am failing mentally and physically, and I knew I could not sit day after day for three weeks or more amid the excitement and strain of the proceedings and debates. I could not accept the office to furnish me a pleasure trip and be in convention only when it suited my pleasure. I get very much wearied even in our own convention. . . .

We have elected the Rev. Carroll M. Davis as my assistant, and he begins his work the 1st of June. He is more than an assistant, as I shall devolve the responsibility of the greater part of the work upon him. It is the understanding that I am to work when I please. I am rather in the position of a "Rector Emeritus," yet not released from all responsibility as to services. The Bishop, as the Head of the Cathedral, shares some of the responsibility. . . . My salary from June 1 will be \$2,500.*

Where we are going for the summer is at Arcadia, among the mountains, 700 feet above St. Louis, and in a beautiful valley. How I wish you could come and visit us. What good times we could have. Could you not possibly run out here for a little while? We shall make room for you and make you comfortable.

On June 6th Dr. Schuyler and his family moved to Arcadia, where he had the first complete summer vacation since his European trip in 1884; and before that time he had not taken the full vacation since his summer in Virginia in 1868. The short trip to Colorado in 1879 and flying visits to Marshall—lately on sad errands—had formed the only respite in his almost incessant labors. But now he could enjoy full leisure. We have records of many excursions and picnics that he enjoyed to the top of his bent, notes of many delightful hours spent in working a little garden, and (because he could not neglect his Master's work when opportunity offered) records of services held in the little church at Ironton.

On November 3, 1889, Dr. Schuyler delivered an "Historical

* It is interesting to note that this was exactly the amount he received when he first came to St. Louis; but this, together with the income from his houses (now almost entirely freed from encumbrance), gave him a very comfortable income the rest of his life.

The Cathedral

Discourse on the Occasion of the 70th Anniversary of Christ Church, St. Louis (now the Cathedral).” In this he gave a succinct account of the history of the church, omitting his own rectorship (as that had been fully treated in two former discourses), but telling in full the story of the change to the cathedral. He added a brief summary of his official acts:

Baptisms, 2,373; Confirmations, 1,045; Marriages, 731; Burials, 1,262, and closed as follows:

But I have already detained you too long. To have been permitted for thirty-five years to serve this parish, just one-half the period of its life; to have watched by it in its dark days (and there have been some *very dark*); to have rejoiced with you at times when great successes have been unexpectedly achieved; and so, to have been cheered and upheld in the routine of ordinary duty, and that, too, without the loss of a fortnight of time by reason of sickness, demands from your old Rector a special tribute of gratitude. There is much for which he ought to be grateful; and, oh! there is much upon which he cannot look back but with a saddened heart.

The years must necessarily be few to which he can now look forward, nor would he wish them more. When we pass the allotted span of human life, the weight of each added year grows heavier than the last, and there is no longer the rebound from depression, nor the cherished stimulus of brightening hopes. As the shadows of evening gather, there comes the stillness of the approaching night, with the quiet summons to say good-bye to the declining day.

“ Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart’s true home, will come at last.”*

The opening of the Diocesan Convention of 1890, on May 27, which was the fiftieth anniversary of the organization of the Diocese of Missouri, was chosen as the most fitting time for the long-delayed consecration of the noble building which was now the cathedral of the diocese. And at the imposing ceremony in

* The discourse was printed by order of the chapter.

An Ambassador of Christ

which all the clergy and the representative laity of the State were represented, and an immense crowd of Churchmen and women were present, Dr. Schuyler had the holy privilege of uttering the "sentence of consecration," whose solemn words he had longed to hear for nearly twenty-three years. He also delivered an "Historical Address on the History of the Diocese" during the preceding half century, which was listened to with the deepest interest, though it consumed an hour and a half in delivery.*

On the first page of the new register of the cathedral Dr. Schuyler wrote the following "Preface":

It will not, he trusts, be considered as officious in one who has been at the head of the Parish for one-half the period of its life to make a personal allusion of his connection with it. For years it had been his day dream that the old Parish church, located in the heart of the business life of the city, might grow into a Cathedral. It was not altogether an inexcusable pride prompting the wish, that the noble edifice so providentially located and admirably adapted by its architectural structure and proportions, should be devoted to such a purpose. It seemed so consonant with the history of the Mother Church west of the Mississippi that in the development of Church growth she should be crowned with Cathedral honors, that the transformation followed as the natural course of events, and there was no special service to mark the change.

But as one, the best of whose life was devoted to the interests of the Parish, it was, indeed, a "*Gold Letter Day*," the crown of his earthly hopes, and the presage and warrant of a nobler future. While he has been intimately associated with its past history, the increasing infirmities of age remind him that he can have little to do with its future; and on its noble Bishop and its active young First Assistant he can cheerfully devolve the responsibility, trusting under their guardianship, with the blessing of the Great Head of the Church, the Cathedral will have a long career of wide and extended influence.

* Afterward printed by order of the Convention.

CHAPTER XVII

LAST DAYS

TO THE REVEREND MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER,

Christmas, 1894.

Once more the happy Christmas time draws near,
Once more we soon shall glide from year to year.
Once more thy living children 'round thee stand,
With thankful hearts to know thou still art here.

For our own sakes we hope that thou wilt stay
Among us all, for many and many a day,
To cheer and comfort us in times of storm,
And guide and help us on our troubled way.

O honest follower of Christ! O soul so pure,
Whose boundless charity can all endure,
Whose love divine rejects no human hand,
Whose faith in God is ever firm and sure!

We love thee well, and trust for many years
Thou may'st still remain to calm our fears,
And by thy great example show us all
How men should walk through paths of joys and tears.

In coming days, God grant thee rest and peace;
Until thy noble earthly life shall cease,
Then, what is mortal going back to dust,
Thy loving soul at last shall gain release.

If duty done and life from blemish free
Shall count for aught, when we have crossed Life's sea;
Then will our fair Lord Christ, with tender smile,
Say: "Come, my faithful servant, unto me."

Of all good men thou surely art the best,
Beyond all others thou hast earned thy rest,
And when thy time shall come, through Heaven's gates,
Thou shalt be welcomed like an honored guest.

GEORGE RAINSFORD TALBOYS.*

* Son-in-law of Dr. Schuyler.

An Ambassador of Christ

In the Cathedral Year Book for 1900 it is said of Dr. Schuyler:

Before he departed, he had seen the desire of his soul for Christ Church gratified. Although he was for seven years a part of the cathedral life and work, and thoroughly in touch with it, and in the front of its movement, he was, nevertheless, the representative and survivor of an old *regime*, whose final passing away only awaited his death. A new chapter in the history of Christ Church had already been begun.

And so a brief enumeration, mostly from the same source, of what was done during those years is all that is necessary here:

A new organ, for which subscriptions amounting to about \$3,000 had been obtained during the life of the parish, was now projected on a scale more suitable for cathedral purposes, and was finally completed, at a cost of \$19,000. It was first used in divine service on Christmas Day, 1891.

The erection of this great organ necessitated several changes in the cathedral. The old side galleries were taken down and all the aisles were laid with a beautiful marble pavement.*

In 1891 a gift of \$15,000 from Mr. Charles D. McLure enabled the Chapter to proceed with their design of building a Clergy and Parish House. The Jubilee of the Priesthood of the Dean, Dr. Schuyler, falling in February 19, 1892, determined the congregation to connect the building with his beloved name. The Schuyler Memorial House was accordingly erected as a monument to his piety and pastoral care during a rectorship of nearly forty years. The house was completed, at a cost of \$37,500, and was formally dedicated and blessed on All Saints' Day, 1893, the seventy-fifth birthday of Christ Church.

The old chapel having been demolished in building the Schuyler Memorial House, a new chapel, in which the daily services

* The vestibule was given by Mrs. H. N. Davis, the centre aisle and east and west aisles by Mrs. Eugenia L. Allen, the north and south aisles by Mrs. Mary E. Bofinger; the remaining portions of the pavement by Mrs. George A. Castleman, who also gave the great brass eagle lectern. Mrs. Allen also gave the brass gallery rail. Messrs. Gains Paddock and Charles S. Freeborn, Mrs. Gertrude M. Gibson, Mrs. John Whittaker, Mrs. B. B. Graham, Mrs. John Wickham and Miss Eliza Carr completed the furnishing of the chancel and altar, and Miss Maria C. Gregory put in the great west windows of the cathedral as memorials.

Last Days

could be reverently and conveniently conducted, was felt to be the most imperative need of the moment. The Chapter not having the funds in hand for the purpose, Captain John N. Bofinger built and furnished, at his own expense, as a memorial to his deceased wife, the beautiful chapel known as "The Mary E. Bofinger Memorial Chapel of Christ Church Cathedral," and presented it to the Cathedral Chapter. The cost of the chapel was about \$25,000. The instrument of donation was presented, and the chapel consecrated February 17, 1895.

In 1895 the new choir-room was completed by the Chapter, at a cost of \$2,000.

As soon as provision had been made for them in the Schuyler Memorial House, numerous societies were organized among the parishioners for religious, benevolent, and social work. The principal of these are: The Woman's Guild, the Woman's Friendly, the Girl's Friendly, the Dorcas Society, the Guild of St. Mary, the Sewing School, the Guild of St. Ethelburga, the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, the Junior Brotherhood, the Young Men's Club, the Choir Guild, and the Hospital Mission. All these societies are full of life and earnestness; they employ a very large proportion of the parishioners in work suited to their several tastes and capacities, and cover almost all the fields of activity which can properly be included in the wide range of modern church work. The Sunday-school contains 350 scholars, and is a very effective school of the Church. All these societies are not only expressions of the zeal and missionary spirit of the parish, but effective means of maintaining its spiritual life and fervor.

And also immediately after the completion of the parish house daily morning and evening prayer was commenced November 3, 1893. Thirty-five years before Dr. Schuyler had reluctantly abandoned the daily services which he had kept up, for the most part unaided, for two years. And now he saw with joy the resumption of what he believed of most importance to the spiritual life of the parish—the custom of daily prayer. And when the new chapel was dedicated a daily celebration of the communion was added, February, 1895.

At the same time the number of communicants had steadily increased from year to year, from 526 in 1888 to 640 in 1896,*

* In 1900 the number of communicants had grown to 720.

An Ambassador of Christ

and the communion alms from \$448 to \$702 (in 1900, \$966), while other donations grew in like proportion.* But more than all this was the growth of the missionary spirit in the congregation, which not only furnished the money, but a host of willing hearts and hands, devoted to spreading the work of the church in every direction. As one of the assistants said: "No one but Dr. Schuyler could have built up a congregation of such spirituality in life and work; and this congregation is the best endowment the cathedral can have."

And there the cathedral stands as he so long desired—in the midst of the business district—extending with lavish hand to rich and poor alike the blessings of Christ and His Church.

What were the relations of Dr. Schuyler and his young assistants† may be best seen from the following communications:

From the Very Rev. Carroll M. Davis.

It would be idle for me in a few lines to attempt to give any adequate expression concerning my personal relations with Dr. Schuyler. I can only say that I count it one of the greatest privileges of my life to have been for seven years associated with him. His fatherly interest, his unflinching sympathy, his deep devotion

* The following from the Year Book of 1900 will give some idea of work accomplished:

"Contributions in Ten Years.

For maintaining the Cathedral buildings and services..	\$155,663.00
For new buildings and furnishings.....	89,801.00
For alms for Parish poor.....	9,607.00
For general objects of benevolence.....	29,730.00
For Missions outside the Parish.....	73,948.00
For support of the Diocese.....	10,831.00
For additions to Endowment Fund.....	15,855.00
For value of gifts not included in above.....	25,000.00

\$410,435.00

"These figures do not include the original \$50,000 of the Endowment, nor represent the full liberality of the congregation, but, we think, better evidence of an awakening to duty and responsibility could hardly be offered. The personal services piously rendered by all the people, and their private benefactions, known only to Almighty God, are incalculable."

† These assistants were: Rev. Carroll M. Davis (the present dean), Rev. John W. Higson (Feb. 2, 1891—June 1, 1893), Rev. W. W. Love (during Mr. Davis's leave of absence, 1893-94), Rev. Allen K. Smith (May 1, 1893), and Rev. Henry W. Mizner (May 6, 1895).

Last Days

of spirit, his ever-thoughtful consideration, made the work a pleasure and an inspiration.

In spite of his long experience and his mature and ripened judgment, his directions always took the form of suggestions or desires, and the sense of companionship in the work was ever predominant. To know him was to love him; but to work under him was not only to respect him but to revere him.

From the Rev. Allen K. Smith (now Senior Assistant).

I count it one of the chief blessings of my life that the first three years of my ministry were passed under the authority and guidance of Dr. Schuyler.

Since his translation into the Church Expectant so many beautiful and true things have been remembered and said of him, one would hardly believe that anything more could be written without danger of repetition. Yet I think one trait has been forgotten—left to me, perhaps, because it could be known by none except one who had worked under him. Most of us, as we grow in years, grow fixed and hardened in the mould set by early youth or manhood.

He, though past the Psalmist's extremest limit, never grew old. That guilelessness, that childlikeness, of which our Lord spoke, followed him all the days of his life, and kept his heart young, his interest alert, and sympathy unfailing.

When the time came for him to shift to younger shoulders the burden of the more active duties and responsibilities of the pastoral life, he did it with an unaffected frankness and paternal spirit of fellowship in the work that made it a delight to serve under him.

Truly he loved his Master's work more than his own way of doing it, finding a genuine and generous joy in our success, and giving counsel, not condemnation, to our failures.

We always knew just where he stood, and felt that in any venture where there was real love and zeal for the prosperity of the work we should always find in him a staunch and loyal upholder. And it was this sweet unselfishness, this true humility, this readiness to decrease where others might to other minds seem to increase, that endeared him to us and made our hearts give back to him the tribute of love and loyalty and devotion, that, I trust, helped to brighten the last years of his pilgrimage. May God give to the Church many more like him!

An Ambassador of Christ

From the Rev. Henry W. Mizner.

It is difficult for me to put into words my feeling without seeming to indulge in the exaggeration of emotional eulogy; but after the lapse of nearly five years I feel that I can judge with calmness of the attitude of my mind and heart toward Dean Schuyler. In memory he holds the same place in my regard that he did when I served under him at the Cathedral.

I can give my appreciation of him—best, perhaps, in this simple way—by saying, in all sincerity, that, next to my own father, I felt for him reverence deeper than for any man I have ever known: reverence in its truest sense is the word that best expresses the impression that Dr. Schuyler made upon me; and this power of inspiring reverence in all with whom he came in contact, not only for himself, but for the Faith for which he stood, it seems to me, was his most distinguishing quality.

During the remaining two years that I spent in St. Louis—after the Doctor's death—very often I heard from the unfortunate ones of life earnest and heartfelt expressions of sorrow at the loss of "*a friend*"; from them I know how perfect his sympathy for the poor and the fallen was. One woman told me of asking from him aid for a rather questionable character with the apology that "she was not, perhaps, entirely worthy but was suffering." "Do not ask too many questions," he said as he gave the money; "none of us are worthy."

Gentleness, sympathy, and simplicity made in him greatness; these are the characteristics, with the addition of firmness, that impressed me most during my short term of ministry with him—a ministry that I am glad to remember was begun under his direction.

I heard one say, on meeting him for the first time, "His presence is a benediction!" and to multitudes in trouble and sorrow and in the many struggles of life, in a deeper sense, his presence was, indeed, a benediction.

The life of Dr. Schuyler drew peacefully toward its close. More frequent mention is made in his Diary of his being "tired" after celebrating the services until, on October 28, 1894, he is obliged to write: "Spent the afternoon at home, very much fatigued. I walked down in the morning. I have made up my mind I am too old to walk and then celebrate and preach." And yet his

Last Days

general health remained good; he was still able to be up and doing. In fact, before his final illness, there were but three occasions when he was confined to the house more than a couple of days at a time; and even then he did not take to his bed. One thing that, more than anything else, assisted to prolong his days was the fact that at last he was able to take a full vacation every year. The summer of 1890 he boarded with his daughter Mary, on a farm near Nashotah, where she then lived. Here his chief pleasures were in cultivating the garden, driving about the country—especially in visiting the Nashotah Theological Seminary, which he had aided in many ways for years—and in playing with his little grandson, who soon attached himself to the loving old man and toddled about him all the time. “Dear little Peter—how I miss him!” Dr. Schuyler wrote as he turned his face homeward. Shortly after his return, a great joy came to him. His son Philip, who had for years been engaged successfully in business, confided to him that he felt he had a call to take up the ministry of the Church. He and his wife both asserted that they would manage to live on the small income that she possessed while he was fitting himself for the holy calling. After satisfying himself that they were both deeply in earnest, Dr. Schuyler gave them a joyful blessing. For a year Philip studied with his brother William and with Mr. E. E. Rankin, an instructor in Washington University, fitting himself for his examination as candidate, working with steady determination from twelve to sixteen hours daily, and passed an admirable examination. Then followed three years at the General Theological Seminary in New York, when husband and wife were only able to see each other during vacations, and finally, in 1894, to his father’s great joy, he was ordained and took charge of the Mission Church of St. Ambrose in the slums of New York. Dr. Schuyler wrote to an old parishioner, “It is a comfort to me to feel that I shall have a representative after I am at rest.”

The many letters of loving counsel and advice which the father wrote to the son have been preserved, and from them the follow-

An Ambassador of Christ

ing extracts, the fruits of the old priest's ripe experience, are taken:

Jan. 16, 1892.

I received your sermon and have read it twice carefully, and found I appreciated it much better after the second reading. I am happy I can say that I think it very good; and though it may be no great compliment, *better* than *my* first sermon. I could but notice that in yours there was evidence of better churchmanship than in mine. There has been, within the last fifty years, since my first sermon was written, a great advance, a marked advance all through the Church, not only among the clergy, but also the laity, both as to doctrine and ritual. The much-maligned Oxford movement was a revival and a return to primitive faith. . . . Really, I am getting quite out of the practice of sermon-writing, as I depend upon my old ones, and think they are better than I could write now. Sometimes I rewrite them. The last sermon I preached I had rewritten, and I have heard more compliments about it than any I have preached in a good while. . . . The danger with beginners is that they are anxious to get *too much* into one sermon. You may extend your matter over two or three sermons.

March 2d.

I am glad you have such a room-mate who can sympathize with you in the spiritual struggle. You can help each other greatly. You must be careful of one thing in your fasting—you may carry it too far. I think Louis did so, and that his bodily health was impaired by it. You probably are not very much tempted by a too luxurious kind of food, and you may really injure your appetite so that it will refuse the *needed* food. We can fast by denying ourselves in various ways; and if you put a ban upon your smoking, you certainly can't injure your health in this way. You must look out that you do not make yourself nervous.

I was very much pleased with your letter as to the style of service in the main, and yet I can think that it would *not* do to dispense with the Morning Prayer for the great congregation. The arrangement you speak of is followed strictly at Nashotah. . . . But I miss the Psalter, the Lessons, and the Prayers. I think the people through the Morning Prayer as prescribed are instructed in the *Bible*, and which, nowadays, when the Bible is so little read, is all-important. There is no doubt that the celebration of the Holy Communion is the *Divinely* prescribed service, and should be used every Sunday. But the early service fulfils this require-

Last Days

ment; and as time goes by it will be more and more generally observed by the people; but I do think the suspension of the regular Morning Prayer as prescribed would be a great loss.

Sept. 4th.

I think it is a matter to be regretted that there is so much diversity of opinion among the clergy, and yet we cannot restrain their liberty in this regard without laying ourselves open to the charge of narrowness and bigotry. These extremes will, after a while, work out their own cure. I am sometimes thoroughly disgusted with some of our "Broad Churchmen," and wish they were anywhere than in the Church, but we must "let patience have her perfect work."

Nov. 27, 1893.

[Speaking of financial matters.] You can well imagine I have some cause for being troubled. But I console myself with the thought that I was led into it by good motives, trying to assist one of my children in trouble. . . . The outlook is a sad one. I have no disposition to complain of the orderings of Providence. If we look at His Dispensation aright, we know that all things work together for good to them who love Him, though brought about oftentimes by the evil machinations of others. A few dollars, more or less, of earthly possessions matters little.

Feb. 11, 1894.

I fully sympathize with you, my dear son, in your anxiety as to the exercise of the sacred ministry when its responsibilities shall be laid upon you. I am glad you appreciate as you do what it means to be commissioned as an Ambassador of Christ. It is a solemn position to occupy as a "watchman on the walls of Zion." And yet I often think we become accustomed to the exercise of our office and forget its solemn meaning. We all need the constant prayers of our brethren, and especially of those who are connected with us by the closest ties of family and affection. As you requested, I have inserted a special petition for you in our family prayers. If we do not always realize its meaning, it will keep you constantly before us, and we can and will pray for you at other times.

April 3d.

Your letter has been on my mind ever since it was received. I have thought of your idea of spending your Diaconate in New York among the poor and the criminals, and while, to my *fatherly*

An Ambassador of Christ

feelings, there is a natural revolt against your occupying such a position of humiliation, and I may say danger in the necessary exposure to disease, yet when I think of what would please our Lord, and what he promises to those who are willing thus to work for Him, I can but sympathize with your wishes. I know it will require a great deal of self-denial. . . .

I have not yet rented the house, so that I have been straitened in my current expenses; but somehow or other, as Micawber used to say, "something turns up," and I get along. Of one thing I am certain: I have never worried about the ambition to get rich.

Nov. 18th.

You must not allow yourself to worry about points of doctrine, or judge yourself too harshly. "Great is the mystery of Godliness," and there are questions continually arising in our minds. "Now we see as through a glass darkly," and we must bide the light of a brighter day. Every Christian is liable to doubts—it is a part of our discipline, and we must not allow ourselves to be discouraged.

Go on and do your work earnestly and faithfully. It is by doing the will of God that "we are to know of the doctrine."

Jan. 12, 1896.

I had a letter from your Aunt Julia a few days ago, and she spoke of having been to your church and being pleased so much with the service and the sermon. She said you preached without notes, and with so much ease. But let me warn you against trusting too much to such facility. I would advise you, by all means, to *write* one sermon a week if possible. It is well to be able to preach in this way, but it is unwise to trust to this practice. It is almost unavoidable that you will fall into a habit of preaching without much preparation, and so constantly repeating yourself. Besides, if you have your sermons written, you have a stock laid by in store, written when you were in the fulness of your mental vigor; and should you live to my age, you would not wish to rely on what you could do with your faculties impaired by age. I write this for your good, and I know you will take it kindly.

The summer of 1891 was passed by Dr. Schuyler at Rye Beach, N. H. Here the sea air did wonders in building up anew his

Last Days

health and strength; and he was enabled to have Philip with him for a time, and give him "instruction in reading" to such good result that many have noticed how similar the son's manner is to that of the father.

Early in 1892 Dr. Schuyler mentioned one day, in casual conversation, that it was nearly fifty years since he had been ordained priest. This fact coming to the knowledge of the chapter, they resolved suitably to commemorate the event. The following account is condensed from the *Churchman* (March 5, 1892):

The ecclesiastical event of the month in St. Louis is the jubilee of Dr. Schuyler, dean of Christ Church Cathedral. On February 19, 1842, the Rev. Montgomery Schuyler, D.D., was ordained to the priesthood, and the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination was celebrated in keeping with the noble service he has rendered the Church in Missouri and the exceptional record of so long a period of active and effective work. The cathedral chapter gave a public reception to the dean in the Museum of Fine Arts building, which was largely attended by his numerous friends, the circle of whom includes all creeds and classes, for there are none in St. Louis who do not delight to do him honor. A special service was held in the cathedral with the celebration of the Eucharist by the bishop. There were present in the chancel the clergy of the city and vicinity, twenty-three in all. The opening address was made by the Rev. F. B. Scheetz, rector of Grace Church, Kirkwood, the only clergyman now in the diocese whose canonical residence coincides with that of Dr. Schuyler, he having been ordained to the diaconate in 1854, the same year that Dr. Schuyler was called to the charge of Christ Church. With a sympathetic hand Mr. Scheetz gave an exceedingly interesting sketch of the dean's thirty-eight years of work in St. Louis, filled with incidents that touched the hearts of the congregation with many precious memories, both sad and happy. The bishop's address followed, in the conclusion of which he said:

"Such a record of uninterrupted, laborious service to the general interests of the Church is not often equalled, and I doubt if it can be found to be surpassed. He has served loyally under three bishops of Missouri, and all have loved him. Two he has followed to their graves of peaceful rest, and to the third the honor is reserved and the pleasure given to greet him on this halloved day, and to speak for himself and for the hosts innumerable

An Ambassador of Christ

of admiring friends, the wishes of joy that their hearts are warm with and the prayers for blessings on his loved and honored head."

At the close of the bishop's address occurred the marked event of the anniversary ceremonies, when he handed to the dean a parchment, announcing that it was an engrossed copy of the resolutions of the cathedral chapter making the parish building about to be erected a memorial, and to be named the Schuyler Memorial House.

The closing address of Dr. Schuyler, in response to the honor conferred upon him, was a modest recital of the events of his ministry, combined with a sketch of the growth of the Church in the last fifty years. Every word of his address was eloquent by reason of the loving sympathy and profound respect of his devoted and warmly-attached people. His concluding words were: "To-day and the events of to-day mark an extraordinary era in my life. There is a past—and there is a future, which it becomes me now humbly to recognize. I cannot live over the past—I cannot strike one sin of omission or commission from the record on high. For each and every one I must answer at a higher tribunal than that of any fellow-man. There are no more fifty years of ministerial service for me. A very few years, at the longest, must close the record of my earthly probation. And then there will be a future, which, God in mercy grant, through the precious blood of His dear Son, may be one of rest and peace in the paradise of the blessed."

In connection with this celebration Dr. Schuyler wrote, in answer to a letter of congratulation from his cousin:

Your kind, loving letter was received, and I cannot tell you how much I prized it. I know every word of it came from your heart. Oh, how much I wish I deserved the praise you gave me and which I have received from so many others!

I know I do not, and it has made me sad. As I said to the committee who had the matter of the Jubilee in hand, "It is useless to make a *lion* out of such a small apology for one." But there was one thing which reconciled me to the public demonstration, and that was, that it has helped materially to bring about an object which had long been dear to my heart—that of building the Mission House, which was so much needed and which was absolutely essential to the Cathedral. I was amazed at the liberality which was manifested by the congregation when the

Last Days

matter was proposed to them. The whole thing was fairly under way before I had the least intimation. The idea was the conception of the Senior Assistant, Mr. Davis, and he proposed it at a meeting of the Chapter when I was not present. They seemed to have taken hold of the proposition heartily.

Among those who contributed was the venerable James E. Yeatman, Dr. Schuyler's old associate on the Sanitary Commission, who sent a letter in which he said:

This is a most fitting memorial for one who has been so faithful and successful a laborer for half a century in the Master's vineyard.

For a simple Parish House I do not suppose that I would have been called upon to contribute, nor would I be disposed to do so; but as a memorial house for so faithful and good a man, one whom all who know him must esteem and honor, and one who has done so much, not only for his Church, but for humanity, that I must ask the privilege and pleasure to be permitted to contribute my mite towards the Schuyler Memorial House as a slight token of the esteem and affectionate regard in which he is held by me.

The summer of 1892 Dr. Schuyler spent boarding with his daughter in Wisconsin, and while there wrote to his cousin, August 14th:

This is a long day, and I have been to Zion Church, Oconomowoc, to preach. It is a drive of five miles through a lovely country. This is the fourth Sunday I have preached since I have been up here—twice at Nashotah and once at Delafield. It is a kind of relief to one's conscience to have something to do on Sunday. I received your sermon last night and read it this morning. It is a capital sermon and well adapted to the times. I get thoroughly disgusted with those men who profess to be Churchmen and don't know whether they believe in the Bible or not. The "Higher Criticism" is so *high* that it is out of my sight. I pray every day, "Lord, *increase* my faith." I am so glad that Phil has no disposition to Broad Churchmanship. He evidently leans to the Ritualistic school. . . . I do hope we shall be able to meet in Marshall. We are about the only males of our generation now in the family.

An Ambassador of Christ

But this meeting had to be deferred, and in September Dr. Schuyler went to Marshall alone. When there, he was particularly anxious about the family lot in the cemetery, and had the monument to his father and mother put in better shape. "How many more of the family are there," he wrote in his Diary, "than among us in the world? How long will it be before I am sleeping there?" And again, "How strange that I should be permitted, after more than fifty-one years, to officiate in my first Parish! Not more than two or three of the old members are left." He seemed impressed with the idea that this was to be his last visit to the spot of his youthful efforts. He went about and called upon all the old inhabitants, his contemporaries, who were still alive, and renewed the memories of the bygone days. The old wooden church which he had helped to build was still in use by one of the sects, and he writes: "I got the key and went into the old church where I preached more than fifty years ago and the vestry-room, where I wrote my first sermon."

On September 14th he went with his sister Mary to take a final look at the cemetery lot and saw "that the work was well done," and then bade adieu to the little town for the last time.

On Christmas he writes in his Diary: "Celebrated Holy Communion 8 A.M., using for the first time my alb and chasuble. I don't think it created any remark. I am satisfied that it is the proper vesture for celebrating Holy Communion." And this was the man who had prevented the placing of a cross in St. John's Church forty-five years before! But it was one of his best characteristics that he could not stagnate. Each year, even in his old age, saw his views growing wider, his humanity deeper, his aspirations higher, as the following letter shows:

ST. LOUIS, January 2, 1893.

REV. JOHN HENRY BARROWS, D.D.

DEAR DOCTOR: Your letter informing me of my appointment as a Member of the Advisory Council on Religious Congresses of the World's Congress Auxiliary, to be held in connection with the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893, is received.

Last Days

I appreciate the honor and accept the appointment; and if I can be of any service by suggestion, or otherwise, will gladly lend my aid. The *idea* of Parliament of Religions is a marked evidence of broadening views on the part of the leaders in every form of religion inside and outside the pale of Christianity. The very conception of such a meeting assumes such proportions to my mind that I am lost in amazement at its vast extent. That it may result in good for the cause of Christianity and for the dissemination of its blessed principles is my most ardent prayer.

On March 17, 1893, Dr. Schuyler wrote to his cousin:

I have been anxiously expecting to hear from you for weeks. Day after day I have said to myself, I shall certainly get a letter to-day. But no letter came. I was shut up in the house for nearly four weeks. Ash Wednesday was the first Ash Wednesday I had missed attending service in fifty-two years. Certainly I ought to be very grateful to our Heavenly Father for such uninterrupted good health. I certainly have been highly favored in this respect; but *now* that I am approaching my four score years, I cannot expect that I shall escape the ills that flesh is heir to in that period of human existence. The Psalmist says, "though men be so strong that they may come to four score years, yet, is their strength then but labor and sorrow, so soon passeth it away, and we are gone."

And how many of those who commenced the journey of life with us "are gone." Of my old college mates I can recall but Doolittle and Smith, who are yet my companions in life's struggle. You are about Smith's age, and Doolittle a few months younger than I.

I am glad to say that I am a good deal better than I was, and hope to preach next Sunday. I think it is five weeks since I have preached. Sophie was quite sick for two weeks just about the time I was taken, but she was my only nurse, and so I think she kept up for my sake.

On April 17, 1893, the corner-stone of the Memorial House was laid by the bishop. Of this Dr. Schuyler wrote to his son Philip:

When the laying of the corner-stone of the Memorial House was mentioned to me I requested to be excused from all participation in the service. It seemed to me indelicate, as the House was

An Ambassador of Christ

in memory of the Jubilee of my Priesthood. Several of the clergy took part and Mr. Waterworth delivered the address.*

In Wisconsin Dr. Schuyler wrote to his cousin, June 10th:

We have been at Mary's just a week to-day and have enjoyed it greatly. I have been up every morning before 5 o'clock and out at work in the garden. I come in before breakfast at 7:30 A.M. and rest and read awhile and sit down to my breakfast with a good appetite.

I do enjoy the garden, in killing off the weeds and watching the growth of the fresh, young plants, which are just showing their heads from the rich, fresh soil. I go out again for a little time in the afternoon, to see how much they have grown and take a little more exercise. Mary has a horse and carriage, and so we take a drive, often going into the town (Oconomowoc), which is about five miles distant and on a fine road and through a lovely country. Nashotah is only distant from one and a half to two miles, and we can walk over there whenever we feel inclined. I was at church there Sunday and promised Dr. Gardner to preach for him to-morrow.

After spending a few days at the World's Fair in Chicago, Dr. Schuyler and his family went on about the middle of July to Rye Beach, where they spent the rest of the summer. His cousin was there for part of the time, and also his sons Roosevelt and Philip, whom he had not seen for two years. Greatly strengthened by the sea air, after a visit to his son in New York, he returned to St. Louis on September 16th, in order to take part the following day in a memorial service for his son Louis at Holy Innocents' Church, Oak Hill.

* The following is from the address of Mr. Waterworth: "On this day of all days, and on this occasion of all occasions, we may be permitted to lay our tribute of affection and respect at the feet of him whose name will henceforth designate this structure and this work. He needs no eulogy; his eulogy is written in the hearts of three generations who rise up to call him blessed. But we owe this eulogy and its public pronouncement to ourselves. We cannot in honor withhold it. Faithful, humble of heart, devoted, he stands at the close of his forty years' pastorate, without a spot on his robes, without a reserve in any mind to stint his full meed of praise, and his exemplary life service could not be commemorated more appropriately or more agreeably to him than by a structure dedicated to the glory of God and the welfare of man."

Last Days

On All Saints' Day, 1893, the Memorial House was dedicated. Before the service he wrote to his son Philip:

This is a trying day to me. It is always, in a measure, a sad one, as our thoughts are more particularly directed and fixed upon the dear ones who have gone before us into Paradise. But to-day the Schuyler Memorial House is to be opened with a service of benediction, and it is expected that I am to make an address. I wish most heartily that the whole thing was over. In spite of everything, I cannot divest myself of the idea that it is a self-glorification. I am sure it is not, so far as my feelings are concerned, but I am afraid outsiders may so regard it.

Besides Dr. Schuyler's address, there was a speech of welcome by the good bishop, a report of the building committee by Mr. H. N. Davis, and a statement of the uses the house was to be put to by Mr. James A. Waterworth. And Dr. Schuyler bore himself so modestly that no derogatory remarks were made. As one of the daily papers said:

There is no clergyman in St. Louis better known or more respected than the Very Rev. Montgomery Schuyler, D.D. For nearly forty years he has lived among us, a pious and faithful priest, a beloved pastor, and a valued citizen. He probably unites in himself the respect and good-will of as many diverse people of all shades and conditions as any other man in St. Louis. The reasons are not far to seek. The occupant of one of the most prominent pulpits in St. Louis, his ministrations have freely embraced all classes of human beings who needed Christian help; his utterances have always been dictated by Christian charity. There are no refusals of Christian service, nor harsh nor cruel speeches written against Dr. Schuyler. His hand has been open as day to boundless charity. He has been singularly meek and quiet in his great place; he has been the servant of all men. His humanity of heart and unaffected simplicity of life and character have made him universally beloved. His life in St. Louis has been an open book, known and read of all men. His character and the love and reverence which he inspires in those with whom he comes in contact as pastor has carried Christ Church through many a rough and critical situation, and has been a large element in the prosperity of the parish.

An Ambassador of Christ

On January 9, 1894, Dr. Schuyler wrote in his Diary:

This is my eightieth birthday. By God's great goodness my life has been prolonged to this great age. May I feel grateful for this marked instance of the Divine Goodness and be deeply sensible of my many shortcomings and misdoings for which I need forgiveness. I celebrated the Holy Communion in the lecture-room of the Memorial House at 11 A.M. The Bishop and Messrs. Robert, Love, and Tuckermann, and a number of my lady friends participated.

On the same morning he received the following letter:

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 9, 1894.

MY DEAR DR. SCHUYLER: Eighty years! God's blessing manifold be on you as the sun rises on the morning of the four-score count! God's loving protection has been yours in all their flight. You have needed no other.

"Integer vitæ scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauris jaculis neque arcu."

Thinking of you, dear Doctor, I seem to be looking upward, ready to exclaim, "My father, my father, the chariots of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!" You are looking up, too, in the sturdy sense of the old motto, "Manus ad clavum, oculus ad cælum." God guide and help you for the loving Saviour's sake, and keep the "evening time" with you, as it is now, "light."

Gratefully and affectionately,

Your bishop,

DANIEL S. TUTTLE.

And in the *Church Standard*, of Philadelphia, soon after appeared the following:

Early last month there was a touching celebration in Christ Church Cathedral, St. Louis, when the venerated Dean, Dr. Montgomery Schuyler, celebrated the Holy Communion on his eightieth birthday. No man now living in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and no man whose name stands highest on the roll of its saintly dead, has more beautifully illustrated the life of charity than Montgomery Schuyler in the long years of his ministry. His has been the charity that suffereth long; that never faileth;

Last Days

that seeketh not her own; that is not easily provoked; that thinketh no evil; that beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. His has been a charity which has shrunk from no danger and from no sacrifice; which, year after year, in the time of pestilence, bore him with the fearlessness of an unconscious child to the bedside of the sick and dying, when many a strong man trembled for his life. His was the charity of a principled Union man in a Southern city during the civil war, steadfastly maintaining his own integrity, and yet refusing to know anything but a suffering brother in hospital or prison, whether the uniform were blue or gray. His has been that patient, hopeful wisdom which is content to let things grow instead of trying to build prematurely; and now, in his eighty-first year, he continues to minister to a congregation which is all his own, in a noble edifice which will be a monument of his service, and as Dean of a Cathedral which, largely through his own consummate wisdom of simplicity, has been established without contention. All Christians are "called to be saints"; there are not many to whom it is given to walk answerably to that high calling as it has been given to our greatly venerated friend and brother, Dr. Montgomery Schuyler.

Writing of this to his cousin, Dr. Schuyler says:

You speak of the article in the *Standard* about my *unworthy* self. I felt it was *so far beyond anything I could possibly deserve* that I wrote Fulton, expressing my sincere sense of the exaggerated estimate of my poor self. But the Clericus at their weekly meeting passed a unanimous resolution that the article be published in our *Church News*. I feel this vote of the clergy with whom I am so intimately associated (*though I know I do not deserve it*) the *highest compliment* I have ever received.

The summer was spent again at Rye Beach, and once more he and his beloved cousin were together. His daughters Gertrude and Sophie, as well as Nellie and her husband, Mr. Talboys, were also with him, and in September he paid a short visit to Southport, Me., where his sisters Louise and Julia and their daughters were. He writes in his Diary: "It was delightful to meet so many of one's own family after so long a separation. Sophie had not seen Julia in over twenty years."

An Ambassador of Christ

On his way home he stopped to visit his son Roosevelt in New York City, and had the great pleasure of preaching and celebrating the Holy Communion in his son Philip's church. After a short visit to his cousin Anthony, in Orange, he returned home October 2d.

During the whole summer Dr. Schuyler had been in constant correspondence with Captain John N. Bofinger about the memorial chapel then building. Mrs. Bofinger, during her connection with the cathedral, had been one of the most active of the faithful band of women who were extending so rapidly the mission work of the parish. The following note came from her shortly before her death:

DEAR DR. SCHUYLER: Enclosed find the letter which adds three to your flock at the Cathedral. May the flock increase until the Cathedral is filled to overflowing, and that God may bless and *spare you to see all this* is my prayer.

It was by inspiring such spirit as this that Dr. Schuyler had succeeded in accomplishing so many things. And even though Mrs. Bofinger had passed away, her ardent spirit continued through her husband to work for the good of his beloved church. On July 19, 1893, Dr. Schuyler had written to Captain Bofinger:

I have just heard, through a letter from Mr. Gazzam, of your truly noble gift to the Cathedral. I pray God to bless you for thus doing honor to His great Name. And it is a great comfort to feel that the memory of your dear wife will be perpetuated and held in reverence through the ages to come. It seems to bring her nearer to us, and to make us realize that she is yet one of us, and a co-laborer still in the work of our dear Lord. You certainly must feel grateful that God has given you wealth thus to do Him honor and to keep your wife's memory fresh and green in the hearts and minds of those she loved.

And Captain Bofinger had shown that he was in sympathy with these ideas by expending in building the chapel more than twice as much as had been expected, and making it one of the most exquisite bits of church architecture and decoration in the country. Dr. Schuyler was deeply interested in its progress, and often

Last Days

during the summer expressed his regret that he could not watch its growth as he had done that of the great church—and the first thing he did after his return home was to go to look at it and was “delighted with the general effect. It will be a gem of richness and beauty.”*

Before the end of October Dr. Schuyler’s daughter Mary and her three children came to live with him, and he writes, October 18th: “We were delighted to see them. I hope they will be happy and contented with us. They are *fine* children.”

On January 10, 1895, Dr. Schuyler wrote to his cousin:

Yesterday was my birthday, and I then completed my 80th year. I am now 81 years old. I do not know of any Schuyler in our family, that is, the New Jersey line, who has lived so long. I think you are the next oldest Schuyler now living of our branch. I was visiting one of my parishioners yesterday, and I told her of my birthday and my age, and she remarked, “I am *ten* years older than you—I am in my 92d year.” But I do not think I should like to contemplate such a prolongation of life. But this is in God’s hands, and we must say with Job, “All the days of my appointed time shall I *wait* till my change come.” We had a very bright and cheerful Christmas, and it seemed like old times to have so many young ones about us and hear the talk of old Santa Claus.

There were fourteen of the family at the table that Christmas Day—six of them grandchildren; and one of the chief delights of the old man was to have the children with him; and they, like his own children, soon made themselves perfectly at home in his study.

Before January closed, Dr. Schuyler was taken with a severe illness, from which he very nearly died; and it was only the devoted nursing of his wife and daughters that saved him. On February 24th he wrote to his cousin:

Last Sunday was the first Sunday I have been out of the house for nearly a month. I have had quite a bad attack of bronchitis

* It may be well to add that Captain Bofinger’s latest gift to Christ Church Cathedral has been a beautiful organ for the chapel as a memorial of Dr. Schuyler.

An Ambassador of Christ

and a sort of gripe, which has really quite weakened me. But Sunday, February 17th, was the day fixed for the consecration of the Chapel, and I felt that I must be there, so they sent a closed carriage for me and brought me down. The consecration service proper was necessarily in the chapel and took place at 10.30 A.M. From the chapel we went directly into the church for Morning Prayer and the Sermon. All I did was to read the letter of consecration. I was unable to attempt to preach, and so my assistant, Mr. Davis, read the sermon for me. It seemed rather peculiar to be sitting in church listening to my own sermon. He read it very well, so that I was satisfied it was all for the best. I do not believe I could have stood the half hour in the pulpit. I shall not preach to-day, but hope to be able to preach on Ash Wednesday. I feel I am growing old, and I cannot recuperate from a spell of sickness as in former years. . . . The weather now is very pleasant and has been for the past week. I do not expect to do much this Lent. I shall try to improve it by attending service and listening to others. I agree with you as to the "great men." They are oftener *great* when seen afar off.

March 12, 1895.

I am doing very little this Lent. I preached Ash Wednesday and last Sunday and hope to preach next Sunday; but have taken very little part in the Daily Services, except Daily Morning Prayer and the Thursday Holy Communion at St. Luke's Hospital. I attend when I can at the other services as a worshipper. . . . I am getting slowly better, but it does not seem as if I had regained my strength.

On Easter morning Dr. Schuyler wrote the following note to Mrs. Odell:

Your sweet note, with accompanying generous present of suit and check, is received. It is useless for me to attempt to express my grateful appreciation of the kind remembrances of my friends.

An association of over forty years with many of my parishioners makes the bonds of friendship very close and strong. It is pleasant to think that, if in the course of nature they cannot be long extended on earth, they reach into the "Beyond," where there will be no interruption to the communings of friendship. Please communicate my thanks to the donors.

Last Days

On June 6, 1895, he wrote to his cousin:

We have made up our minds to go to Niagara, on the Lake. We expect to leave here on the 17th. Sophie will go with one or two of the children a few days ahead of us. We have rented a house, and it will be necessary for someone to see that things are ready to receive us when we get there. I believe if it were left to me I should settle down just where we are. As I grow older, I dread every change more. I know it is better for the health of all of us that we have the change, and we hear that the climate at Niagara is very invigorating.

NIAGARA, June 19th.

We reached this place about noon yesterday. It is by no means a fatiguing journey, though, I must confess, I have less and less love for travelling in the cars. The sleeping-berths I abominate; and yet there is no getting rid of them.*

I think we shall manage so as to go to Geneva and have a trip up and down the Seneca Lake. I don't know anything that would give me more pleasure. It would renew so many memories of the past. I should like to look upon the field I ploughed one summer while William was away at the Eaton school in Troy. How many, many years this carries one back! The field ran down to the Lake shore near Goff's Point.

August 6th.

We expect Robo† the latter part of this week. Nell is here and will be for a fortnight longer. We are enjoying her visit very much. Phil was here and spent ten days with us. He was looking rather thin and worn, but he improved greatly while he was here. I wrote you how we were fixed here. The house is rather small, but the garden is large, with a rich, productive soil—of weeds as well as vegetables—and I do enjoy greatly working in it. I am generally at work at 5 A.M. until breakfast. I wish you could see how nicely I have kept it—no help but my own hands.

I hope to make you a visit at Geneva, but not till after the middle of the month. I know we can have a good time together; and it will be, indeed, delightful to revive again the associations of our youth. We may never have another opportunity.

* Before 1890 Dr. Schuyler would never take a sleeping car, but made himself quite comfortable in the day coaches.

† His eldest son, Montgomery Roosevelt Schuyler.

An Ambassador of Christ

The longed-for trip took place and met all expectations. The two old men wandered about the scenes of their youth, not omitting to take a bath in the Lake, where they had so often gone swimming when boys. On August 20th Dr. Schuyler wrote to his wife:

GENEVA.

Here I am on my old stamping-ground, where *sixty-five years ago* I was a boy in college. Anthony and I walked up and looked at the old college building where three years of my student life were spent. It looks very little changed, so far as that particular building is concerned, though they have greatly enlarged and improved the buildings generally. We went into the new Library building, which is a beautiful one, and very perfectly arranged. We found a young man in charge who had graduated this summer, and he seemed delighted to see the two oldest living students, and expressed his thanks for the call. The President and Professors are all away, so we must content ourselves with the memories of the past.

On his return he wrote to his cousin:

I can never forget the pleasant visit we had together. It has helped me to go back in memory to so many scenes and incidents of my early life. Your memory is so much better than mine that I have had my recollections of so many things corrected and refreshed which I shall recall by myself. And then my visit to you all in Geneva, and our sail in the steamboat along the banks of the Lake, where our uncles lived and where my old home was, and our visit at Carrie's, and our trip to Skaneateles—these are all pleasing incidents on which I shall often dwell when back in the "Far West." I found the garden needed my attention and I have given it.

Before Dr. Schuyler returned to St. Louis he had a visit from his old friend Mr. Sellstedt, and another "delightful time," recalling long-past events.

Dr. Schuyler returned home at the end of September and settled down to his usual routine. On November 20, 1895, he wrote to his cousin:

I must tell you something of myself which reminds me that memory of passing events is fast growing dim with me. I per-

Last Days

formed a marriage in the month of October and forgot in a few days that I had had such a marriage. I generally make a record of them at once. But I had forgotten to do it, and the fact of the marriage passed out of my mind. There was a perfect blank in my memory for weeks, when something occurred which made it necessary for me to recall it, and I could not remember time, place, or the parties. There was not a vestige in my memory of anything that had occurred. I worried over it for days, and at last it occurred to me to ask Sophie; when she remembered all the particulars and brought them back to my mind. It makes me sad to think that my mind is so fast giving way. But *four score and two years* is a long way on the journey of life, and it is not surprising that our powers should weaken. I certainly have great reason to be grateful that my health has been so good, and that I have been spared so long, and yet I say it without affectation, I often feel that I am but a "*poor stick*." Don't you feel thankful that there cannot be *many more years* in the future for us in this world?

January 2, 1896.

Is it not marvellous that one born in 1814 should be *living* in 1896? Certainly I have reason to be grateful to my Heavenly Father for the blessings which have followed me all the days of my life. I am content to abide His time, though sometimes I grow weary and wonder how much time is yet before me. And yet I feel that I am not prepared as I ought to be. At times I am on the troubled sea of perplexity, and yet "It is I; be not afraid," is the gentle voice which comes to my relief. How true it is that "*now* we see through a glass darkly," and what a blessed Hope! "*but then* shall we *know* even as *also we are known*." For the past few days I have not been feeling very bright. Nothing particularly the matter with me but a sort of worn-out, fatigued feeling, as if everything was a labor for me to undertake. But enough of my troubles. We had a most delightful Christmas. Robo was with us, and he had not eaten a Christmas dinner with us before in *many years*. He spent nearly a week with us and seemed to enjoy being at home again. My parishioners remembered us very generously.

February 8th.

I preached lately a sermon on the occasion of an ordination to the priesthood, and rewrote the sermon I preached at your ordination over forty years ago. Little then did I think that I

An Ambassador of Christ

should live to pass my four score and two years. How many who were present then have gone to their last account!

I have not been feeling as bright and well as usual for the past week. It seems to me that I have grown old in the last few days. My limbs are stiffer and my breath shorter, and I am in every way more indisposed to move about. Don't allude in your letter to anything I have written of my health, as Sophie and the children might be alarmed and think it a great deal worse than it is. I have told the young men that I would throw all the extra work of Lent upon them and I would be a listener when there were addresses to be made. I hope to preach to-morrow and to do my usual share of preaching Sunday mornings. I do not go out at night. . . . The weather has been very unpropitious. It seems to me I have never known since we have been in St. Louis so few sunshiny days as we have had in the last two months.

The old priest was failing rapidly, though the loving ones about him were unaware of the nearness of his end, for his voice was as steady and clear as ever in reading the service and in preaching, and his hand-clasp as firm and hearty.

In the last letter which he wrote to his beloved cousin, on Monday, February 17th,* the handwriting is as steady as it was in his youth; but the conclusion is significant:

I am not at all well, and to-day am shut up in the house. I went out yesterday in a carriage and took the ante-communion service. I hope to be able to preach on Ash Wednesday, and shall be careful of myself; but I have a bronchial cough, which annoys me very much, and it makes me feel uncertain as to my condition from day to day. The rest of the family are very well, and all unite in love to you all. You must excuse this uninteresting letter, as I feel very nervous; and just now the children are in

* The same day he had also written to Captain Bofinger :

"Look at the date of this letter and what does it remind you of? I know you will recall the scene of just one year ago to-day [the consecration of the chapel]. It was a gold-letter day in your memory, and you will not need any reminder. I wonder if the dear one whom we commemorated then has the same memory of that sacred scene. I can believe it possible that that scene may be in her memory now, for it may please our Heavenly Father to give his children in Paradise glimpses of what is going on on earth, and the memory of such scenes will come back to them, as they come back to us, and so we are at such times brought nearer each other."

Last Days

my study and the rest of the family are out. So I am a kind of temporary nurse. The weather has suddenly changed, and we are now having the coldest weather of the winter.

Your affectionate cousin,
M. SCHUYLER.

The shadow of death was upon him. He was not able to be in church on Ash Wednesday nor on the following Sunday, February 23d. The next day he managed to attend the funeral of his old friend and parishioner, Mrs. Lindell. He went out to Bellefontaine, and so exposed himself that he suffered a relapse. However, on the following Sunday, March 1st, he could not stay away from church, but was driven there in a carriage and read the Gospel. This was his last service in the beloved parish where he had ministered for nearly forty-two years. From that time he never left the house. Here he was tended most carefully and lovingly by his wife and all his children who were in the city—William and his wife, Mary, Gertrude, Eugene, and Sophie. They took care of him by turns, and some of their most beautiful recollections are of these last hours passed by his side, reading to him his favorite chapters from the Bible and hearing the loving, grateful words that he uttered. Every day he insisted on sitting up in his study, and his chief desire seemed to be to cause as little trouble as possible. I remember reading to him one day the twelfth chapter of St. John—his favorite chapter—and when I had finished, he said, with a voice full of the strength of unshakable faith, “And yet there are some who can doubt the divinity of our Lord!”*

* The last writing from the hand of Montgomery Schuyler, outside of a few fragmentary notes in the Diary, was a brief obituary of Mrs. Lindell and Mrs. J. P. Doan. This appeared in the *Church News* of March 15th:

“There has passed away, within a few days of each other, two of the oldest and at one time the most prominent communicants of Christ Church Cathedral. More than half a century ago they were earnest laborers and generous supporters of the then struggling parish of Christ Church. When the present rector came, more than forty years ago, they were still associated with the parish, and in many a trying scene in its history, and especially through the dark days of the Civil War and the financial disasters which followed, they remained faithful to their trust and unshaken in their devotion. They are among the last of that generation whose membership covers all the most important eras of our parochial history. . . . There

An Ambassador of Christ

But human aid was in vain. He sank slowly but surely from day to day, and, though we hoped against hope, the other children, Roosevelt, Philip and Nellie, were telegraphed for, and our father had the pleasure of seeing all his living children, except poor Walter, gathered about him.

During the last days Mrs. Gibson, the superintendent of St. Luke's Hospital, and an assistant nurse came to aid the family. For a little space the presence of so many of his children had brightened the patient sufferer, and it was hoped that he might come through safely, as he had done the year before. But on the night of Tuesday, March 17th, he had a relapse. Still on Wednesday evening his breathing was so much easier that no one imagined the end was so near. The first part of the night his son Philip watched with the nurse and the rest of the family sat up down-stairs; for the physician had said that this night was the critical time. When Philip came down some time after midnight and reported that all was well, they retired hopeful and reassured. William then took the watch by the bedside and was greatly encouraged by his father's quiet breathing. At four o'clock the father asked faintly, "Is it daybreak yet?" "No, not yet," his son answered. In half an hour he spoke again: "Is it not daybreak?" "No; but it will be soon." "Then I will rest a little while; but tell me just as soon as the day breaks." He rested a short time, then, beckoning his son nearer, he asked him to put him in his chair and wheel him to the window, so that he could see the first gleam of the coming day. His son told him that he would find it very cold in his chair, and the father assented, but asked to be raised in his bed on the pillows. Just as his son, with the assistance of the nurse, had finished arranging the pillows, he looked up with a smile to thank them. There was a sudden choking—a gasp—and then the day dawned.

seems a peculiar fitness in the call of the Last Messenger, coming as it does to those who have passed the four score years, when, as the Psalmist says, 'their strength then is but labor and sorrow.'

" 'The golden evening brightens in the west,
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest,
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the Blest,
Alleluia.' "

Last Days

The following is from the daily papers:

At the altar in Christ Church Cathedral, before which Dean Montgomery Schuyler had so often conducted the impressive services of the Episcopal Church, Rev. Philip Schuyler, the son, on Friday morning said the solemn service of the Holy Communion. It was the memorial service in honor of the illustrious dead.

The Cathedral was dimly lighted. Sombre black draped the candelabra. Above the altar lilies shone in their white purity. In the choir, covered with lilies until entirely hidden by them, rested the coffined body of the beloved Dean.

Above the solemn hush of grief arose the music and the chant of the sacred services and the prayer for the living left to mourn for him who had earned eternal life.

The body of the Dean had been conveyed from the late residence, 2820 Locust Street, to the Cathedral, Thursday afternoon at 5 o'clock. Through the night a tender watch was kept over the casket. At 7 o'clock Friday morning the massive doors of the Cathedral were swung back, and at a few minutes after the memorial service was begun.

Those who had been with the departed during all the years of his labors in Christ Church and in Christ Church Cathedral came to show their respect to his memory in what was, in a measure, the private manifestation of their grief, the sacred gathering of those who had been nearest in life to the dead clergyman. Few others were present.

Only the service of the Holy Communion was said. Rev. Philip Schuyler, who was assisted by Rev. Allen K. Smith and Rev. Henry W. Mizner, read the prayers of the service and the congregation made response. First the prayers for the day, then collects, the epistle and the gospel, and then the Holy Communion.

After the service the pall of lilies was taken from the casket.

At 10 o'clock the bier was removed from the choir to the chancel, and there the remains lay in state.

No clergyman was better known or more widely beloved of the followers of all sects and all creeds than Dean Montgomery Schuyler.

This was manifest while the body of the dead clergyman lay in state in the Cathedral that is a monument to his energy and influence. From 10 o'clock until 4 there was a constant stream into and out of the edifice.

Those who stood and gazed in silence and grief upon the placid

An Ambassador of Christ

features included members of the Roman Catholic clergy, ministers of every denomination in St. Louis, and laymen from every church. Dean Schuyler's name was known and revered of all classes and all denominations.

The church itself, already sombre under the influence of the Lenten season, was draped in black. Heavy black drapings fell in folds over the pulpit. The white marble of the altar, and white pall of lilies, and white roses over half the coffin, and the floral emblems at the foot, furnished the only touch of color.

The simple coffin bore only the silver plate with the inscription:

MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER, D.D.

Died March 19, 1896.

Aged 82 years.

This was in Roman lettering.

The body was clad in an alb, the long, white robe extending to the feet.

Shortly before 4 o'clock, the hour set for the funeral service, the coffin was carried back near the altar, and the stream of people filing down the aisle to gaze on the remains was checked. The seating capacity of the Cathedral was exhausted long before this time. There were no seats reserved, save a few on each side of the middle aisle. These were occupied by the family, the chapter of the Cathedral, and a body of trained nurses from St. Luke's Hospital.

Besides Bishop Tuttle, thirty clergymen assisted at the ceremony.

Shortly after 4 o'clock the organist of the Cathedral took his seat at the instrument. The chancel was deserted, but in the vestry the choir and the clergy were arranged for the procession into the church. As the organ sounded the opening notes of the hymn, "For All Thy Saints Who from Their Labors Rest," the fresh voices of the boy choristers took it up, followed by the deeper tones of the men. From the door of the vestry appeared the procession, headed by a chorister bearing a cross. Following

Last Days

him came the choir and the clergy. In the rear came Bishop Tuttle, attended by Mr. Robert and Dr. Berkley.

Slowly the procession moved down the south aisle to the rear of the church, chanting the hymn, and then up the middle aisle to the altar. About half way down the church the singing ceased and Mr. Robert chanted a sentence from the ceremony. The choir took its place, and the clergymen ranged in a circle on each side of the chancel. Then, while the congregation stood, the choir sang the Episcopal Office for the Dead.

Rev. Dr. Berkley read the lesson prescribed for funeral services, from the first epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians, 15th chapter. At the conclusion of the reading, the congregation joined in singing "Lead, Kindly Light."

Standing at the head of the coffin Bishop Tuttle recited the Declaration of Faith, in which the congregation joined. Then the prayers were said by the Bishop, while the congregation knelt and joined in the responses. There were tears in the voice of the Bishop and sobs were heard in the church as the touching appeals to the Almighty rang through the gloomy building. In conclusion, Bishop Tuttle pronounced the benediction, and the last services in St. Louis over the remains of the man who built the congregation of Christ Church from a small beginning to a powerful instrument in the work of God were ended.

The choir took up the hymn, "Peace, Perfect Peace," and slowly the march back to the vestry began. As each of the priests and deacons passed the coffin, he took a last look at the figure lying there, so white and still. Fainter and fainter grew the sound of the hymn as the choir filed into the vestry, until, at last, it came as a gentle echo. "Amen" came chanted softly from the vestry, the organ tones died away, and the congregation slowly dispersed.

The body was then conveyed to Marshall, accompanied by the Rev. Philip Schuyler, his mother, his youngest sister, and by the Rev. Carroll M. Davis, to represent the chapter of the cathedral. And there in the quiet little cemetery, beside the loved ones who had passed away before him, the mortal part of Montgomery Schuyler was laid to rest.

In his will, among the other provisions, Dr. Schuyler bequeathed his benefit in the Clergyman's Mutual Insurance League to the Endowment Fund of his beloved cathedral—the first be-

An Ambassador of Christ

quest made for that purpose. He also recommended the support of his unfortunate son Walter to the other children, who cheerfully undertook the duty. But the cathedral congregation, to continue their generosity to their beloved pastor even after his death, raised the sum of \$5,000, which is entitled the "Schuyler Fund." "The income from this fund to be paid for the support of Walter Schuyler, the child mentioned in Dr. Schuyler's will, as long as he shall live—at his death, the income to be paid to Mrs. Schuyler during her life, if she be living at the time of the death of Walter Schuyler. After the death of both, the fund shall go to and become a part and parcel of the Endowment Fund of Christ Church Cathedral."

There could be no more fitting act than this.

Of the many testimonials to Montgomery Schuyler's worth which were published after his death, the following from the clergy of the city, which was drafted by his devoted friend and co-laborer, Rev. P. G. Robert, seems most fitting to be placed here:

THE VERY REV. MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER, D.D.,

Dean of Christ Church Cathedral.

Immediately after the funeral obsequies of our beloved brother at Christ Church Cathedral, March 20th, the clergy assembled, and the Bishop appointed a committee to put in permanent record some expression of the place which the deceased held in our hearts, both of love and respect, and a sense of our signal loss and bereavement, now that the summons, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee," has taken him from our companionship.

The sweet self-effacement of his character, we know, would forbid the utterance of the praise and high appreciation that springs to our lips, and yet the gracious influence of his daily life among us as a brother priest, like that of a St. John, has left an abiding impress upon our hearts and memories that needs neither brass nor marble to perpetuate.

The simple beauty of his faith, the warmth and tenderness of his large sympathy, without regard to persons, and careless of self, his sunny disposition and sustained dignity devoid of com-

Last Days

plaint at the ills of life and the frailties of others, and the splendid record of his stainless life, crowned with the noble work of fifty-four years in the priesthood for the Church and human welfare, are a precious heritage to the Church and the world, and a definite power as a stimulus to young men to strive toward higher ideals, and an inspiring example to all, illustrating what is possible to persistency of purpose and fidelity in the Master's service.

THE END.

92
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Schuyler, W. Ambassador of

92
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